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MATTHEW ARNOLD'S NOTEBOOKS.

There are many classes of men with whose inner life the public has no concern. The actor whom we admire, the lawyer who does our business, the stockbroker who invests our savings, each may be saint or worldling, and it is nothing to us. But the priest, the preacher, the poet, the nobler sort of artist, are in an altogether different position. We are not unjust enough to forget that the sermon that impressed us, the poem or picture that moved us, is the record of a "best and happiest moment," as Shelley said, and that the sea of the spirit has its tides, like the other, and cannot always stay at high water. But we still inevitably feel that the man who takes upon himself to be a teacher or inspirer of his generation in these highest ways has given us hostages which only his own character can redeem. *Ut servetur veritas prædicandi, teneatur necesse est attitudo vivendi.* We cannot but demand that with all inequalities of mood and moment, a man's life should be a whole, not an assemblage of unreconciled and discordant parts. In life, as in art, it must be the circumstances in which the character is placed, not the character itself, that present the irreconcilable opposition. The character must have an inner and essential unity, which no outward and occasion-

al diversity can obliterate. And so, in the case of a poet who has stirred the heart and soul of his generation, the stream of his public utterances may move on its way in the sight of all men, filling the plain, making straight for the goal; the secret current of his inner life may be small and weak, blocked by obstacle after obstacle, turned again and again out of its course; yet we feel that we have a right to expect that, however feeble and obscure and devious, it should be at least moving in the same direction, and seeking the same goal as the other.

It is something of this inner revelation that these Notebooks give us in the case of Matthew Arnold. He who was all his life preaching to others is here shown preaching to himself. And certainly if he made no slight or easy demands on the intellect and the character of his readers, he is yet higher and sterner in his demands upon himself.

He whom his critics called a "belletristic trifter," and who smilingly accepted the description, is seen here as he really was underneath, in the nakedness of his soul. We cannot but be reminded of his own sonnet, the Austerity of Poetry. Like the bride of Giacopone di Todì, like the Muse of

Poetry of whom her story made him think, he himself often appeared,

Radiant, adorned outside;

the world knew him so, and rejoiced in the knowledge; but, in his case too, as in that of the Italian bride, Death, the revealer, shows us

a hidden ground
Of thought and of austerity within.

We can now judge between those who looked on him as a cultivated trifler, and those who saw in him, before all things, a moralist, a liver of life in the light of eternity. No one could keep such a book as this for more than thirty years without meaning a great deal by it. It is the record, as plainly to be read as if it had been a journal, of what was most individual and essential in his nature. And it shows that the real man, in the most secret chambers of his soul, in the unseen life of every day, was akin to nothing lower than the very highest moments of his poetry.

The book by which his daughter has earned the warm gratitude of all who love her father's work and memory gives us the notes complete, as Arnold made them, for the first years, 1852-1861, during which the books were kept, and then for every fifth year from 1863 to 1888, the year in which he died. There are also some lists of books he set down to be read in certain years, with those he actually read struck out. Mrs. Wodehouse has contributed a preface, and, for illustrations, she has given us a *facsimile* page of one of the original notebooks, and a reproduction of the well-known photograph of the poet. The books, in which the notes were written, were diaries of the most ordinary kind, intended for the insertion only of engagements, which was, in fact, the primary purpose for which Arnold used them.

The space allotted to each day is only about three inches by one, so that, as a rule, only one of his citations could be written in it, and the longer ones must have covered the space of several days. The names of the authors cited are sometimes given, but as often omitted: sometimes they are represented by initials: full references to chapter, page, or line are hardly ever given. The passages noted are in various languages: Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and German, as well as English. Very few, if any, are original reflections of the poet's own; they are sentences or passages suggested by his reading or his memory. Most of them are easily identified, the books most frequently quoted being the *Imitation*, given sometimes in Latin, and sometimes in English, and the Bible, which is often quoted in Greek as well as from the Vulgate and the English Version.

Some of the initials are obvious; one or two I cannot recognize. G. is of course Goethe; G. S., George Sand; B., Bunsen; C., Cicero. But whether J. de M. is always Joseph de Maistre, R. always Renan, and V. Vinet, I am not sure. The authors cited range from very great names to very insignificant ones. Among them are Goethe, who appears frequently, Pindar, Sophocles, Euripides, Plato, Aristotle, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, Cicero, Lucan, Dante, Leopardi, Lessing, Heine, Vauvenargues, Voltaire, Victor Hugo, Renan, Condorcet, Littré, La Rochefoucauld, Pascal, Sénancour, Bishop Willson and Bishop Butler, Barrow, Burke, Clarendon, Paley, Johnson. Practically the whole book is taken from writers of this rank, but there are a small number of curiously insignificant entries, such as this from the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—"The French could not act differently, if they had determined to chill the enthusiastic admiration and sympathy with which the Republic was regarded on this side of the Chan-

nel." But these are extremely few, and the difficulty of reading the book lies rather in its giving us too much, and not too little, to stop and think about.

It is far from being a monotonous book: indeed, the list of its sources just quoted is proof enough of its variety. It is a confession of the whole man, his seriousness and belief in conduct, his intelligence and belief in mind, his imagination and belief in beauty. Everything that was in him finds its reflection, everything, perhaps, except his delightful humor. For that there was no room here; for this is a book of his needs. It exhibits the efforts he called upon himself every day to make, and humor lives without effort, where it lives at all. What he is doing here is what he all his life called upon the public more than anything else to do: to use books not as the idlest of amusements, nor as a means of purposeless learning, but as what he was so profoundly convinced the best books can be, an unfailing fountain of strength and of consolation; to realize that much time given to reading can only justify itself when it does not forget the grave question of Epictetus: "Is not the reading of books a preparation for life?" But it must be the whole of life; and the value of this book lies in its being at once one of the very finest books of devotion issued in England for many years and so much besides that is the very opposite of ordinary books of devotion. *Angelica hilaritas cum monastica simplicitate*, says one of its notes. Well, there is not certainly much hilarity, either angelic or human, in the book; that, as I have said, was not in its plan. But how much there is in it which monastic simplicity, even when that simplicity was saintliness, nearly always lacked, and for want of which the saints of the Middle Age often seem one-sided, maimed, and almost inhuman; so that the larger life of to-

day is apt to feel impatiently that to be with them is to be enclosed behind narrowing nunnery walls, where to breathe and move are difficult, to grow impossible. Arnold's desire rightly to renounce the world did not make him for a moment put aside his desire rightly to understand it; and he never made the mistake of fancying that the way to increase his spiritual stature was to dwarf his intellect.

Yet, to take that devotional element first, not a monk of them all can choose sterner texts for his daily meditation than this poet and man of the world. People who saw only the weaker side of his studies in religion were apt to think of him as diluting Christianity into a kind of sentiment, half philosophic and half poetic. Yet what we find here is that the things most quoted from the Gospels are the things most uniquely and sternly Christian. Those tremendous sayings, which so few of us dare really face, "Whosoever will save his life, shall lose it," "Whosoever taketh not up his cross, and cometh after me, he cannot be my disciple," are just the texts that he set down to have before him, again and again. And the favorite things from the Imitation are also the most distinctively Christian. The way of self-denial, which is not the way of any philosophy but the way of the Cross alone, is the most frequent of the subjects chosen. "Non est alia via ad vitam, et ad veram internam pacem, nisi via sanctae crucis, et quotidianae mortificationis;" "soli servi crucis inveniunt viam beatitudinis, et verae lucis;" "quanto quisque plus sibi moritur, tanto magis Deo vivere incipit;" "utinam per unum diem bene essemus conversati in hoc mundo;" "vae nobis, si volumus declinare ad quietem, quasi jam pax sit et securitas, cum necdum appareat vestigium verae sanctitatis in conversatione nostra;" these, and such as these, breathing just what was most

intimate, secret, and unique in the Christian message, occur again and again year after year. Few testimonies to the solitary greatness of the Imitation can be more remarkable than this of Matthew Arnold, looking on all questions of life, both creed and practice, from a point of view so very different to that of a mediæval monk, and yet finding just here in this monk's communings with himself the best sort of food on which to wage his so different daily warfare.

But though he touches mediævalism in this way, he has nothing whatever of its turn for idle speculation, or its taste for morbid introspection or luxuriant mysticism. He passes away from it with its own "*Ecce labora et noli contristari*," and plunges into the daily struggle of an active life. No one knows better than he the need and value of solitude; but his solitude must be an oasis in the desert of the world, not a desert of inactivity with an oasis of action here and there. He will note with Lacordaire "*se retirer en soi et en Dieu est la plus grande force qui soit au monde*;" and realize to the full that "*un homme se fait en dedans de lui, et non en dehors*;" and his poems again and again show that he is aware that, in our bustling, hurrying generation, the worst of all states is that of those who, in a round of external activities, "*Fancy that they put forth all their life, And never know how with the soul it fares*." Yet it is the other lesson that he more often presses on himself, "*Ein unnütz Leben ist ein früher Tod*," is an entry that occurs again and again; and it is reduced to definite daily practice by the still more frequent "*Semper aliquid certi proponendum est*." His ideal for himself is "*une vie laborieuse, une succession de travaux qui remplissent et moralisent nos jours*;" and these must be matter of definite choice, selecting some, rejecting others, and bringing all to bear

on that "*fin voulue et désintéressée*," which, differing in each man, is for each man the condition of all growth.

I suppose there is no doubt what that end was in the case of Matthew Arnold. Few lives have had a clearer unity than his. His private character, his poetry, his criticism, his official career, all seem to have kept the same kind of goal before them. In every one of them he was an educationist. For himself as well as for others, he believed in the urgent importance of taking steps to arrive at his ideal, the knowledge of oneself and of the world. He saw, as he thought, one class of his countrymen barbarous and another dull, and he knew, besides, that there are very few of us in whom a strict enquiry would not disclose some remnants of the dullard, and even some of the barbarian. To most people this does not seem to matter much. To him it did, and he exhausted his official influence and his weight with the public as a man of letters in pleading that it does matter, and that it is vital to us as a nation and as individuals to institute a quick habit of mind for dullness, and seriousness for barbarism. That was the ideal that was behind all the forms his unwearied didacticism took. He was not his father's son for nothing. To everything he brought something of the schoolmaster: alike in his poetry, in his critical writings, and in his official reports, he took easily to the part of teacher and preacher, and it was this lesson before all others that he preached and taught. And few men have ever been more practical, little as he had the credit of it. He never wished himself or others to lose time on what could not be drawn into the practical service of life. Of course he had nothing in common with the people sometimes called practical men, who, in the face of all theory and all experience, think, so far as they are capable of thinking, that the

business of education is to produce successful stockbrokers and enterprising commercial travellers. Men, not bagmen, were the plant he wished to rear. And equally, men, not learned men, we must remember. The primary and universal business of education is with the human being, not with the future specialist, whether his specialism take the form of Assyrian roots or English nails and scissors. His attitude is worth remembering at this moment of educational ferment, when we are beginning to gather the grapes of the vineyard he so painfully dug and planted in the wilderness of thirty years ago. Neither technicalism of any kind, nor information-worship of any kind, will meet our needs. If we are carried away by either, the grapes of the now promising vineyard will prove but wild grapes after all. Our bagmen will not be the less enterprising or successful, nor our learned men less learned, for having had their education directed during some impressionable years towards higher, more universal, more essential things than either learning or commerce. Let us try in this matter of education to ask the right questions and not the wrong—not whether a school teaches Greek or natural science, but whether a boy carries away from it a finer character, a more trained and serious intelligence than boys from another school. Let us try to prefer the capacity of thinking to the showy achievements of memory which have so often killed mind, and to honor taste and judgment, which perceive the relations and varying value of knowledge, above the superficial cleverness which displays all alike, with equal interest or equal indifference. Let us remember all that the example of Germany teaches, and not only a part: not only that it is possible to do much more than we do to bring science to the aid of commerce, and to teach modern languages more

effectively, but also that German experience, as well as English, seems to show that, on the whole, the old humanities are the best foundation, and even that the boys trained in them are so much better trained that, if they come later to the modern subjects, they are apt rapidly to overtake those who have had the modern training all along. We hear a great deal about German and American successes in the world, and our own failures; and people have some kind of fancy that the successes come of "modern" education, and the failures of Latin and Greek. It is just as well then to remember, not only such testimony in favor of the classical training as that quoted by Matthew Arnold in 1869 from Dr. Jäger, the director of a great school at Cologne, which united both kinds of studies, but also such facts as those given in Mr. Sadler's recent reports, from which it appears that in the very years in which Germany and America have been supposed to gain upon us, there has been, in the United States, a distinct growth of opinion in favor of Latin, so that more boys in secondary schools are learning Latin than any other subject, and that in Prussia, there has arisen "a new wave of enthusiasm on behalf of the classical humanities," so that the number of boys attending the strictly classical Gymnasien has lately been growing fast. Above all, let us not forget that what Germany has achieved she has achieved by really caring about education and believing in intelligence; and that we can only achieve the same result in the same way. But, whether we are looking at home or abroad, the great thing, Matthew Arnold would say, is to keep our eyes fixed on the true goal. In our education, whether before or after the school age, our business is to hold fast to all that helps us to know ourselves and the world; ourselves that we may not mistake the

part it is for us to play, the world that we may see plainly how and when, with what helps and under what limitations, it is to be played. Life itself is, after all, the one thing round which all the rest must centre. If that be borne in mind, and if the conception of life be really large and generous, we may have the surest faith that we shall not lose our way.

That, at least, was how Arnold saw the problem. In his greatest critical studies the point of view is always of that nature. The question asked about Goethe or Wordsworth or Keats is how we can to-day get actual hold of him. The method is, in the best sense, a practical one. Let us study what we can apply to our life and to ourselves. It is a better thing to learn to appreciate the beauty of a lily or of one of Shakespeare's songs, than to learn the number of square miles in Canada; and that is not only because the one thing is of a higher order than the other, but because the one can be made a part of life, and the other, in most cases, cannot. And so, wherever we follow Arnold, we find this highest sort of practical wisdom. And in nothing he wrote is it more conspicuous than in these Notebooks, written wholly with a view to practice, the direct and immediate practice of the passing day. He draws his supplies, as we have seen, from a wide country, but he accepts nothing that he cannot use. As with the body, so with the mind; the food our system cannot assimilate is worse than useless, it is burdensome, injurious, not far from poisonous. We have seen him at his work of choosing his daily diet on the spiritual and religious side: let us see him at the same work on the merely moral and intellectual side. He is a grown man, and it is strong food, fit for grown men, and fit to stimulate growth. The texts with which he arms himself in the morning to meet the

labors and pleasures of the day are such as these: *Vivitur ingenio, caetera mortis erunt*: he who fancies that his mind may effectually be changed in a short time, deceives himself: *es ist nicht genug zu wissen, man muss auch anwenden; es ist nicht genug zu wollen, man muss auch thun*: *pour exécuter de grandes choses, il faut vivre comme si on ne devait jamais mourir*: was Friedrichen so gross und einzig gemacht hat, ist dass er jede bedeutende Sache, die er unternahm, so eifrig, so thätig betrieb, als wenn sie die einzige wäre die ihn beschäftigte, und als hätte er noch nie was Anderes zu Stande gebracht: *rien ne sauve dans cette vie-ci que l'occupation et le travail*: den einzelnen Verkehrtheiten des Tags sollte man immer nur grosse weltgeschichtliche Massen entgegensetzen. This was the sort of daily food he took with him to the schools he inspected, to the country houses he visited, to the study in which he worked at home. It is stimulating fare; and not only for the few who can hope to accomplish "*de grandes choses*," whether in Frederick the Great's way, or in Matthew Arnold's. Besides things of this sort, there are of course also some extracts, though not so many as one would expect, less general in their application, carrying some suggestion of his own special tastes and habits of life. Not many, indeed, of the passages which he quoted and requoted with such exasperating frequency in his books, reappear in these private notes: not even his favorite "*things are what they are*," from Butler. But the special purpose for which that served him was perhaps rather that it could be used as a kind of solemn episcopal excommunication of those who disagreed with him; so it was hardly needed here. Of the rest, scarcely any appear except Monsieur Cochin's praise of Shakespeare, and, many times repeated, St. Paul's

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are of good report." And it is curious that he who was before all things an English poet, and a critic of English poetry, hardly takes any of his notes from the English poets. Shakespeare appears only once, I think; Milton only once; even Wordsworth of whom he was so special a student and disciple, only twice. The book is indeed almost entirely one of prose: which is again very curious in the man who insisted, with an earnestness that has about it the ring of personal experience, on the great future that lies before poetry when mankind shall have discovered that it is to poetry that we must turn, far more than we have hitherto, "to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us." Perhaps the best poetry was so much a part of him that he had no need to set it down in this way. Certainly the man who made a practice of reading a Canto of the *Divina Commedia* the last thing at night was not likely to make less use of poetry himself than he recommended to others. But whatever the cause there is very little poetry here. Still, the poet and critic are in the book, though overshadowed by the moralist. Indeed, the critic comes in rather incongruously at times, in a way his fine taste would certainly not have let pass, if the book could have gone through his own hands on its way to the printer. One feels, for instance, that the entry, "Sophocles: le modèle de l'homme idéal, la plénitude et l'élévation du développement intellectuel, la noblesse inaltérable de la beauté virile," comes in rather strangely between these for Good Friday and Easter, 1868, "By means of death for the redemption of the transgressors," and "Vellem me pluries tacuisse, et inter homines non fuisse"; and it is still more surprising on January 4th of the same year to read, first, "Little Basil died"; and then, "Formerly, la critique n'était que

l'art de tout discuter: *now*, la critique est l'art de tout comprendre, et de tout expliquer par l'histoire." But in this case the fault lies, at least partly, with the printer; for he has printed the two entries as if they belonged to the same day: which is not the case, as is shown by the facsimile which happens to give this very page. "Little Basil died" was the only entry that day; and when, a week later, it is followed by "Dear little Basil was buried," it is not any literary or critical note that shares the space, but "Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child." Part of this occasional incongruity may also be due to notes being inserted in the space for a particular day some time before the day arrived. He evidently often did this, as is proved by the strangely significant text inserted for the day on which his funeral took place: "When the dead is at rest let his remembrance rest, and be comforted for him when his spirit is departed from him."

The extracts that refer directly to the life of the man of letters are not very many. He who, I suppose, did not write very easily, and always fancied himself unpopular, draws consolation more than once from "das Hervorbringen selbst ein Vergnügen und sein eigener Lohn ist." Several entries exhibit his interest in the problem of the essence of tragedy. Many bear witness to his profound belief in the value of Art as a whole, and his keen interest in its problems. One day he will enter, "Through the contemplation of works of art, to keep alive in the mind a high, unapproachable ideal," the doctrine, and I suppose the words, of Goethe; another day he will take, I think from Renan, the truth, not new but never yet really learned, that "le plus grand peintre n'aperçoit dans le monde que ce qu'il aime à y voir; il y a une préférence au fond de chaque talent;" on another he will note, in words

which are again, I suppose, Goethe's, the Platonic doctrine of the hope and meaning of Beauty: das Schöne ist eine Manifestation geheimer Naturgesetze, die uns ohne dessen Erscheinung ewig wären verborgen geblieben."

There are also a few extracts bearing on his political speculations, which are, as might be expected, of less interest. In politics he was never more than a suggestive amateur: in literature, and, one may say, in life, he was a master. Enough has been quoted to show how he sustained, and how he used, his mastery. The whole of this admirable little book, a book with real life and use in it, which so few are, is simply a practical example of the truth of those two sayings of his, which his daughter quotes in her preface: "The importance of reading, not slight stuff

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to get through the time, but the best that has been written, forces itself upon me more and more every year I live; it is living in good company, the best company, and people are generally quite keen enough, or too keen, about doing that, yet they will not do it in the simplest and best manner by reading." This is from a letter to his sister: the other is from the preface to "Culture and Anarchy": "One must, I think, be struck more and more the longer one lives, to find how much in our present society a man's life of each day depends for its solidity and value on whether he reads during *that* day, and, far more still, on what he reads during it." To go through this little volume is to see how a wise man lived in the best company every day, and kept his ears open.

J. C. Bailey.

MADAME DE LIEVEN.*

The springs which regulate the movement of history are occasionally concealed from contemporary observers, and elude the researches of later students. The character of a Minister or the private conversations of diplomats may have much more influence on the progress of a negotiation than the formal documents which are periodically published for the information of either Parliaments or Peoples. Women, too, have played their part in the conduct of affairs, and the wife, or the mistress, of a monarch has affected, by her counsel or her caprice, the happiness of mankind. But the lady whose letters to her brother form the text of this article stands—so far as we know—in a niche alone. She is the

only instance of which we are aware of a woman, the wife of an Ambassador, practically superseding her husband in his own duties, and, at the same time, actively interfering in the domestic politics of the country to which he was accredited. For no one who is familiar with English history in the reign of George IV., or who has read the letters in this book, or the correspondence which has been published elsewhere, can doubt that Madame de Lieven was the mainspring of the Russian Embassy in London during that reign, or that she exerted considerable influence on the domestic politics of England during the same time.

That influence she secured by the fas-

*"Letters of Dorothea, Princess Lieven, during her Residence in London, 1812-1834." Edited by Lionel G. Robinson. With two Photogravure Por-

traits. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1902.

cination which she exercised over some of the most commanding intellects of the nineteenth century. Prince Metternich, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Grey, Lord Aberdeen, Lord John Russell, and M. Guizot were among those who were either her closest friends or impassioned admirers. With Lord Grey, who had nearly reached his sixtieth year before he made her acquaintance, she was always "dearest Princess;" in letter after letter he professed himself "entirely yours." Her letters to him are at least as warm as his to her. She said of them herself: "Elles sont très intimes, plus intimes que les siennes;" and the feelings which she afterwards inspired in M. Guizot were even stronger than those with which Lord Grey regarded her. Yet we sometimes doubt whether, during the whole of her long residence in England, Madame de Lieven ever allowed her heart to influence her head. She had, throughout those years, one dominating passion, which controlled and overpowered any lighter affection. Whether she was the friend of Prince Metternich, of the Duke of Wellington, or of Lord Grey, her heart from first to last was Russian to the core. She was devoted to the interests of her own country and its rulers. She could tolerate defects in a statesman who was disposed to be on good terms with Russia. She could not forgive a Minister who pursued an anti-Russian policy. She broke from Prince Metternich and the Duke of Wellington—just as she very nearly quarrelled with Lord Grey—because his and their opinions were not sufficiently Russian for her taste. She set no doubt a high value on the intimate relations which she established with the very eminent men whose names are so closely associated with her own. But she was always ready to sacrifice their friendship, their love, on the altar of her country.

If Madame de Lieven had been only

remarkable for her friendships, her memory would have been full of interest. But, in addition, she was not only a very industrious, but a very accomplished letter-writer. Mr. Guy L'Estrange introduced us a dozen years ago to her correspondence with Lord Grey; M. Ernest Daudet has lately given us a few samples of her letters to Prince Metternich and M. Guizot: samples, we may add, which create an appetite for more. And Lord Stanmore has been good enough to lay before us a good deal of her correspondence with Lord Aberdeen, which has been privately printed with the other papers of that statesman. Other letters from her have been published in some or other of the memoirs of the times in which she lived. In all of them there is the same attractive style, the same clear reasoning, the same single-hearted devotion to the cause of her country and its ruling dynasty. She herself indeed modestly declared that her own letters were inferior to Lord Grey's; and that while "les siennes appartiennent à l'histoire, les miennes peuvent servir à des éclaircissements." But few who have read the correspondence will subscribe to this opinion. There is a passion and a power in Madame de Lieven's letters which is seldom met with in political correspondence; there is a keen desire to influence the conduct of persons and to regulate the course of events which imparts to them an historical importance. They are instinct with the life and breath of a strong and resolute personality.

The letters which Mr. Robinson has now edited are of a different character. They are addressed to her own brother, who for many years held "a post of confidence" at the Russian Court, which "kept him in close relations with the Emperor." They were obviously intended for other eyes than those of her brother, and they probably supplement the communications

which the Princess was addressing at the same time to the Empress-Mother and to Count Nesselrode. They are a close and continuous record of the course of domestic politics in this country, and of the views of its leading statesmen on foreign policy. Addressed, as they are, to a brother in full sympathy with the writer's passionate attachment to Russia and its Emperor, they are necessarily devoid of the qualities which distinguish the letters to Lord Grey. In them she is the advocate pleading the cause of Russia; in these the critic reviewing the character and conduct of British statesmen.

In translating and in editing these letters Mr. Robinson has deserved well of his readers. His version, if not altogether free from the defects which are inevitable in the close rendering of any composition in a foreign language, is always clear. The "historical threads" with which he has connected the letters, and the notes with which he has illustrated them, are concise and usually accurate; and the portraits of Madame de Lieven by Sir Thomas Lawrence in her youth and by Mr. Watts in her age, which he has reproduced, enable us to realize the appearance of a lady who occupied so high a place in the fashionable society of London, and exerted so strong a fascination on so many distinguished men.

Dorothea Benckendorff, who was born in December 1784 or 1785,¹ was the daughter of a general in the Russian service, who, at the time of her birth, was military commander at Riga. Her mother, Baroness Charlotte Schilling, was the intimate friend of Princess Marie of Württemberg, the wife of the Emperor Paul I. She died in 1797, and commended her four children to the care of the Empress, whom

Madame de Lieven afterwards described as "a Sister of Charity upon the throne." The Empress treated her from her earliest infancy with motherly kindness, and appointed her, when she left school, one of her maids of honor. Her Court life, however, was of short duration; for, in 1800 or 1801,² she married Count [afterwards Lieutenant-General] Lieven, an officer who became Envoy at Berlin in 1809 or 1810,³ and who was made Russian Ambassador in London in 1812. For the next twenty-two years, the period over which her letters to her brother extend, Madame de Lieven resided, with short intervals, in England.

During the first seven years of her life in London there is no evidence that Madame de Lieven concerned herself with the domestic politics or the foreign policy of the country to which her husband was accredited. "She became a leader of fashion, the intimate friend of Lady Jersey and Lady Cowper, a patroness of Almack's, in which capacity she introduced, in 1816, the waltz to London society. "Without any pretensions to beauty," so wrote Mr. Greville, who, we believe, was one of her many lovers, and who became, in later years, one of her correspondents, "she had so fine an air and manner, and a countenance so pretty and so full of intelligence, as to be on the whole a very striking and attractive person. She almost immediately took her place in the cream of the cream of English society, forming close intimacies with the most conspicuous women in it, and assiduously cultivating relations with the most remarkable men of all parties." Welcome everywhere, she was the guest of the Regent at Brighton; she "made the round of all the country seats of

¹ Mr. Guy L'Estrange says in December 1784; M. Ernest Daudet, in 1784; Mr. Robinson, in December 1785.

² Mr. Guy L'Estrange says in 1801; Mr. Robinson, in 1800.

³ Mr. Robinson says in 1809; Mr. Guy L'Estrange, in 1810.

the kingdom." She told her brother that she was "literally fought for," and that it was not "fashionable" where she was not.

Probably during these years she was extremely happy. England was "beautiful," and she passed much of her time at Richmond, "the most beautiful spot in beautiful England." But, while she delighted in English scenery, and in the splendor of English country seats, she did not, in the first half-dozen years of her exile in London, reconcile herself completely to her life. Her friends there were too silent; they were too *gauche*; "the country itself was always the same—an endless chain of perfections, which appeal to the reason, but which leave the imagination untouched." England was a country in which she might be content to live for a time, but in which she could never wish to die. And, after six years of it, she declared that she had seen "enough of London fogs," and that she would "receive with delight the news of another appointment." The time came, fifteen years later, when her husband's recall definitely removed her from London, but her feelings then were very different from her anticipations in 1819.

"Notre existence ici est honorable et brillante"—so she wrote to Lord Aberdeen. "Je l'aimerais fort si je pouvais oublier l'Angleterre, et si je ne vivais dans un climat fait pour les ours. . . . Je me sens bien loin de l'Europe, dans ce beau château. . . . J'ai un fond de société agréable, mais le cercle d'idées et de conversation est bien loin de ce qui a fait ma nourriture journalière pendant vingt-deux années. C'est bien triste, my Lord, de quitter des habitudes si longues et des habitudes qui m'étaient si chères."

Before a year was over she had fled from St. Petersburg and established herself at Paris.

The many friendships which she had

contracted or cemented in England between 1819 and 1834 were no doubt sufficient to account for this alteration in her opinions. But, in addition, it seems probable that her life from 1819 had been much fuller and more interesting than her life before that date. In the first six years of her long sojourn in England she had played a great social part. She had mingled with all that was best and brightest in English society; she had enjoyed the acquaintance or the friendship of every one that was worth knowing. But, from 1819 downwards, the interest which she had previously taken in social matters was supplanted by the greater interest which she gradually acquired in politics. From 1819 to 1825, indeed, she was alternately attracted by private friendships and political affairs (the first allusion to English politics in the letters to her brother occurs in 1823). But from 1825 her absorption in politics gave her comparatively little leisure for society. Domestic politics and foreign policy form the chief staple of her correspondence, the chief interest of her life.

This change in Madame de Lieven's interests was probably, in the first instance, quickened by her intimacy with Prince Metternich. She met the Prince at the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1818, and, to quote the strong words of M. Daudet, "elle s'était prise de passion pour lui, comme lui pour elle." M. Daudet's words are amply justified by the extracts which he gives from her correspondence with the Prince. "A demain. Demain je t'aimerai comme tous les jours de ma vie! Mon ami, comme il m'est doux de t'aimer. C'est une si ravissante chose." She longed for his company; she deplored his absence as a penance. To the world at large she seemed a prey to *ennui*. But the *ennui* was mainly caused by her separation from her lover.

The intimate relations which Ma-

dame de Lieven established with the Prince at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1818 were renewed at Verona in 1822. M. Chateaubriand has described in bitter language Madame de Lieven's presence at this famous Congress. He did not forgive her for her neglect of Madame Récamier, who had accompanied him to Verona. But even he admits that

les Ministres, et tous ceux qui désirent le devenir, sont fiers d'être protégés par une dame qui a l'honneur de voir M. de Metternich aux heures où le grand homme, pour se délasser du poids des affaires, s'amuse à effiloquer de la soie.

It is quite clear that her *salon* became the centre of all that was best at the Congress. She said herself that there was not a single woman of distinction there,⁴ and that she was the sole representative of her species. At any rate, in language which shows that she believed her brother had no conception of her relations with Prince Metternich, she wrote:—

Every evening the Congress assembles *chez moi*. Both Count Nesselrode and Prince Metternich urged me to allow this as a resource for them, and I find every advantage in such an arrangement, because it brings me into daily contact with those who are most noteworthy, either by the part they play in Europe or by their personal attractions. I already knew Prince Metternich fairly well by meeting him on several occasions; but here I have associated with him on the most friendly terms. The Duke of Wellington, too, who is the best and firmest of my English friends, comes to me constantly.

The society with which Madame de Lieven was surrounded, and her long absence from Russia, induced her own fellow-countrymen at Verona to look on her with suspicion. In her own

words, "the Russians, diplomats and others, all look upon me as a foreigner." She evidently, therefore, at that time had not superseded her husband in his functions of ambassador. But there was one exception to the distrust with which other Russians regarded her. It was at Verona that she gained the friendship of Count Nesselrode, the most distinguished of them all. Her friendship with Count Nesselrode gave her a new interest in politics. The Count had probably the perspicacity to see that he could derive the most valuable information from a woman of his own race, whose singular qualities gave her supremacy in every society which she entered, and who was the most intimate friend of the first man in England and the first man in Austria.

Thenceforward the Princess became the Count's correspondent. Their letters have, so far, not been published; but we suspect that they were both frequent and long. "I have been writing a long letter to Count Nesselrode," so she wrote on one occasion to her brother. "A volume of writing for Count Nesselrode has exhausted all my strength," she added on another. It does not seem too much to say, therefore, that, after Verona, Count Nesselrode began to rely on her reports rather than on those of her husband; and that from this date, she gradually took the increasing interest in politics which has given an historical importance to her letters.

The Congress of Verona, whose most distinguished members were passing their evenings in Madame de Lieven's *salon*, marks a distinct epoch in the foreign policy of Europe. Before it assembled, Austria and Russia had acted together, and had desired to preserve the peace of the world by imposing their own decisions upon the peo-

⁴ The judgment is a hard one on the long list of Princesses whose names are preserved by M.

Chateaubriand in the "Congres de Verone," p. 34; and on Madame Récamier.

ple of the Continent. The British Foreign Office, moreover, under Lord Castlereagh's guidance, had sympathized with the policy which had inspired the Holy Alliance. But Lord Castlereagh's tragic death occurred on the eve of the assembly of the Congress. Russia and Austria drifted apart at its deliberations, the former country supporting, the latter disliking, the interference of France in Spain, which almost immediately resulted from it; and the Holy Alliance never recovered from the divergent attitudes of the two Empires.

At Verona the Duke of Wellington, under the guidance of Mr. Canning, who had succeeded Lord Castlereagh, supported the Austrian view; and, if no other great question had agitated the council-chambers of Europe, Austria and Great Britain might have drawn closer together. In the East, however, the Greek War of Independence was raising issues which were attracting the attention and exciting the sympathy of Western Europe. Russia, the hereditary foe of Turkey, was naturally inclined to look with favor on the cause of the Greeks; Austria, jealous of Russia's progress towards Constantinople, was anxious, on the contrary, to maintain the integrity of the Turkish Empire. The brutal measures which the Turks adopted to stamp out insurrection ultimately produced an alliance between Russia, France, and England, which led to the Treaty of London, the most important arrangement of Mr. Canning's life, and, after his death, to the battle of Navarino. The fall of Lord Goderich's short-lived Ministry and the accession of the Duke of Wellington to power led to another change of policy in the British Foreign Office. The battle of Navarino was formally declared to be an untoward event; the new British Ministry looked with cold disapproval on the proposals which were subse-

quently made for carrying out the provisions of the Treaty of London, and when the Russo-Turkish war of 1828 broke out the Prime Minister of England hardly attempted to conceal his distrust of Russia.

These events had a marked effect on Madame de Lieven's opinions. "Russian to the core," as she described herself, she could not brook an anti-Russian feeling in her most intimate friends. Her opinion of the Duke of Wellington rapidly changed. After the fatal illness of Lord Liverpool in the spring of 1827 she persuaded herself that the struggle in the Cabinet was one between "Gothic ideas and modern tendencies," and that in this contest it was the first duty of every good Russian to support Mr. Canning."

He is a man of extraordinary talent, and he is honest. He is not a Jacobin, and he is the only member of the English Cabinet who is well disposed, entirely well disposed, towards Russia. He is absolutely opposed to the Austrian policy, and as anti-Turk as it is possible to be. On the other hand, one cannot but deplore the imprudence of his speeches. A man whom vanity and success carry away to the extent of giving to his words a meaning at variance with his intentions is not a statesman. I regret it, but we have cause to love Canning, and, for that reason, the other considerations do not trouble me.

Mr. Canning, indeed, surrounded by many difficulties, did not pursue the anti-Turkish policy with the impetuosity which she had expected.

A man may be bold enough so long as he is in the second rank, and yet lose his courage in the first; and such has been Mr. Canning's case. At last, however, he is moving and with us, and to hold back is impossible. Once Mr. Canning embarks, the ship must start on her course; the difficulty has been to start, to induce him to go on board.

The anchor was weighed: the Treaty of London was signed. But the ship had hardly started on her voyage before she lost her pilot.

We have just lost Canning. I say "we," because his loss really touches us personally. I say "we," also as Russians, for he was the sincere friend and ally of Russia.

It was not unnatural that Madame de Lieven should prefer "the Minister friendly to the Greeks to the Minister friendly to the Turks;" her preference for Mr. Canning naturally affected her relations with the Duke of Wellington. We have already seen that she had described the Duke at Verona as the best and firmest of her English friends. Two years before she had said of him:

He is charming, agreeable, and accommodating in the highest degree. He is a most excellent resource for us, and quite happy if one will pet him. The truth is that London bores him, and he is never so much at ease as in our house.

And in 1826, when the Duke accepted a mission to convey George IV.'s congratulations to the Emperor Nicholas on his accession to the throne, she told her brother:

I am delighted that he is going to see our country; and I am sure that his visit will be greeted with much satisfaction by the Emperor and our people. I rejoice in anticipation, both in his success and in the impressions of our country which he will bring back. He is the finest and noblest character of the day; and he is probably even more distinguished by his feelings than even by his high military reputation. The visit he is paying to our country is a genuine pleasure to him, and England could not send an Ambassador more worthy of the great occasion.

Alas! *Variam et mutabile semper femina*. A few months afterwards she

denounced the Duke's conduct in opposing Mr. Canning as "bad, perfidious, and injurious to the country;" and in 1828 she wrote: "The Duke of Wellington is Prime Minister; the Duke of Wellington is Austrian. He prefers the trickiness of M. de Metternich to the straightforwardness of the Emperor Nicholas." His own friends in the Cabinet "are overawed by that despot Wellington." "If only I could wring the neck of this Government, how pleased I should be!" The Duke has no principles; to do nothing is the ruling principle of his policy. Bad faith and impotency are the characteristics of his Government. He has not even the merit of courage. "A greater coward at bottom than this great Captain could not be found."

We have quoted these extravagant utterances of an angry woman to show how little value can be attached to Madame de Lieven's judgment of men. Her opinions of public men, of their character, and of their capacity almost entirely depended on their Russian policy. But it is only fair to admit that the Duke's conduct gave her some cause for annoyance. We are not now alluding so much to his anti-Russian policy, though, if we may apply a modern phrase, we think that his Grace, in 1828, "put his money on the wrong horse."

But we have Lord Palmerston's testimony that the Duke had allowed "a great many little things to set him against the Lievens," and that his dislike of Russia was founded "on strong personal feeling." He persuaded himself, too, that from the formation of his Government M. and Madame de Lieven had been engaged (as principals) in intrigues to deprive him of power; that they had misrepresented at St. Petersburg all that he had done; and that he would be amply justified in insisting on their recall. If, then, Madame de Lieven was guilty of using

terms of exaggerated censure when she was writing of the Duke, the Duke, on his side, did not measure his language when he was writing of Madame de Lieven; and, if we think Madame de Lieven's abuse undignified and in bad taste, we fear that we must add that the Duke's language was not quite worthy of him.

Provocation, indeed, the Duke had. It may be difficult to show that he was right in supposing that the Lievens had been "parties to all party intrigues against" his Administration. Madame de Lieven herself said that "to know everything and to meddle in nothing" were her two chief duties. But, if she managed to know most things, no one can read her correspondence without perceiving that she meddled in a great many. A personal friend of George IV., in constant intercourse with him, she certainly did her best to influence him against his Prime Minister. She probably did more. It is well known that, in the closing months of the reign, the Duke of Cumberland used his utmost influence with the King to induce him to dispense with the Duke of Wellington's services. The Duke of Cumberland was the least reputable of the many sons of George III. There were stories current about him in 1829 and 1830 which might have made any woman shrink from his society; yet there is no doubt that at this time Madame de Lieven was in daily communication with him. It may be an exaggeration to say—as Lord Ellenborough says—that "Madame de Lieven [was] endeavoring to form a Government with the Duke of Cumberland, the Ultra Tories, the Canningites, and

some "Whigs;" but there can be little doubt that she was acting in a manner unusual in a lady in her position, and which accounts for and explains the Duke's resentment.*

It probably cost Madame de Lieven only a slight pang to separate from the Duke. But the years in which she drifted from him were destined to witness the rupture of her relations with another statesman, who held a much warmer corner of her heart. The cause and even the date of her estrangement from Prince Metternich are, so far as we are aware, unknown. M. Daudet thinks that it had commenced in 1823, and that "elle [la rupture] leur fut sans doute imposée par l'impossibilité de se voir et de vaincre les obstacles qui les séparaient." The rupture was, at any rate, complete in 1827, when the Prince contracted a second marriage with another lady. But we doubt whether M. Daudet is right in thinking that absence alone could have caused the breach. Through long years of separation Madame de Lieven maintained unbroken her friendship for Lord Grey; and, fond as she was of the Prime Minister of England, she had never felt for him the passionate admiration with which Prince Metternich had inspired her. We suspect, though we cannot prove, that her rupture with the Prince, like her quarrel with the Duke, was due to political causes. In the years which succeeded the Congress of Verona the policy of Russia and Austria, both in Western and Eastern Europe, widely diverged, and Madame de Lieven was always ready to censure the course which Prince Metternich was pursuing. The

* Her quarrel with the Duke was only temporary. Partly, perhaps, because the settlement of the Greek question removed the chief cause of difference; and partly, we suspect, in consequence of hints from Russia (see p. 275), she managed to re-establish her old friendly relations with the Prime Minister. The Duke had the good sense to meet her advances. "He went to see my children in the country during my absence.

This called for a little politeness on my part, so I wrote to him. He came to see me yesterday, and we ended by saying quite tender things to each other" (p. 225). The reconciliation was so marked that Lord Grey told her that he must "congratulate the Duke on having so thoroughly subjugated" her. (Letters to Lord Grey, vol. i. p. 211.)

old Metternich, with whom she had fallen so violently in love at Aix-la-Chapelle, had been replaced in her imagination by a new Metternich,⁶ with whom she had no sympathy. She lived to regard her former lover as the greatest rascal on the face of the earth ("le plus grand coquin du monde"), and to record her pleasure on hearing the Duke of Wellington say that he had never shared the opinion of his being a great statesman.

It was at about the time at which she first met Prince Metternich that she commenced the remarkable correspondence with Lord Grey which Mr. Guy L'Estrange has given us.⁷ During the first years the letters which passed between them were infrequent, and they only gradually assumed the appearance of extreme affection which they ultimately wore. Politics at one moment indeed seemed likely to separate her from Lord Grey, as they had already estranged her from Prince Metternich and the Duke of Wellington. She actually told him, in 1827, that she should consider "as personal anything [he might] say having a tendency to embarrass the fulfilment of the Treaty [of London]."

Lord Grey had the good sense to reply:

You threaten me, and it is to me a severe threat, that, if I take the part which I feel it is my duty to take on the affairs of Greece, you will consider it a personal offence. This, of course, precludes all discussion. I must submit to the penalty, if I should be so unfortunate as to incur it; but, in my turn, I must add not a threat, but the expression of a resolution, equally sin-

cere and equally firm, that, if our friendship is broken off on this ground, it never can be renewed.

This firm language had a good effect, and, though Lord Grey and she frequently differed in opinion during the succeeding years, their differences led to no interruption either of their friendship or of the correspondence to which the student of history in the reign of George IV. is so much indebted. Madame de Lieven seems instinctively to have realized that Lord Grey was the Duke of Wellington's only possible successor. "Take office, my dear Lord," so she wrote to him in October, 1828. "Take office, my dear Lord," she repeated a few days afterwards; "but then you will not. And the last is the plain truth; for, if you only wished it, you could become Premier." "The evening papers of last night already named you as Privy Seal. This offends me, for I will hear of no half measures for you. As I have already told you, the place you have to take is the first place. I see in you the only man capable of governing England." These expressions were not perhaps very discreet when they came from the pen of an Ambassador's wife. But they were the not unnatural tribute of a clever woman to the prominent statesman who was her most intimate friend. They prepare us, at any rate, for the genuine joy with which she received the news that Lord Grey had been instructed to form a Ministry.⁸

You can imagine how delighted I am, my dear Lord. Honor paid to you is as dear to me as if it were paid to myself, and you have the most sincere

⁶ Lord Grey, in writing to her in 1827, said, "Even the Nouveau Metternich has disappeared from the scene;" and he is evidently employing an epithet which Madame de Lieven had previously used. (Correspondence, vol. i. p. 68.)

⁷ The published correspondence with Lord Grey begins in September, 1824; and Mr. L'Estrange says that the earliest of Lord Grey's letters to her which has been preserved is dated October,

1823. She, herself, however—in arranging the Correspondence in 1834—told Lord Grey that "it begins in the year 1819." (Correspondence, vol. iii. p. 32, note.)

⁸ Lord Grey's first act, on returning from the King, was apparently to send her a short note informing her that he had been commissioned to form a new Administration.

good wishes of my affectionate friendship. . . . Good night, my dear Lord; sleep well; husband your health and strength, and all will go well.

But, amidst her personal pleasure at the accession of her most intimate friend to the first place in the Ministry, she did not allow herself to neglect the interests of her own country. She at once asked Lord Grey to leave Lord Heytesbury at St. Petersburg (a request intelligible enough to anyone who has had the advantage of seeing Lord Heytesbury's unpublished Diary, and who is consequently aware of the high opinion which he had formed of the Emperor Nicholas), and to entrust the Foreign Office to Lord Palmerston,* whom a year before she had described as "an adherent," and who she now told her brother was "perfect in every way."

At this moment Madame de Lieven must have thought that she had secured all that it was possible for her to obtain. After more than seventeen years of life in England she had lived to see her "most affectionate" friend Prime Minister, and a man of her own preference, who thirteen years before had been her partner in the first waltz she had danced in London, Foreign Secretary. But even the most fascinating of women cannot control the conduct of statesmen; and Madame de Lieven, in the next few years, found herself almost as hopelessly opposed to the foreign policy of Lord Grey's Cabinet as she had been some years before at variance with the foreign policy of the Duke of Wellington.

It must be admitted that Russia was peculiarly unfortunate in the period which is covered by the Administrations of the Duke of Wellington and Lord Grey. In the time of the Duke she was pursuing a policy in the East

with which English Liberals were sympathizing, and a Tory Cabinet was in office. In the time of Lord Grey she was pursuing a policy towards Holland, she was forced into a policy towards Poland, which every English Liberal disliked, and she had to reckon with a Liberal Ministry in England.

The separation of Belgium from Holland, in which Lord Palmerston played so great a share, was naturally distasteful to the Emperor Nicholas. On the one hand, it was the first considerable modification of the arrangements which had been made in 1815; and, on the other, it was prejudicial to the interests of the King of Holland, whose eldest son was brother-in-law to the Emperor. It was not, therefore, altogether surprising that Russia should have hesitated to ratify the treaty of November, 1831, under which the separation was finally effected. There were, indeed, rumors that the Russian Ambassador and his wife were themselves opposed to the ratification of the treaty, and were encouraging the King of Holland to resist its acceptance. Lord Grey alluded to this rumor, in writing to Madame de Lieven, on December 15, 1831, and drew from her a reply which is too long to quote here, but which showed that the accusation had severely tried her temper. It so happened that another circumstance at the moment was sorely straining Madame de Lieven's patience. The insurrection of the Poles, which had been perhaps another consequence of the unrest which had almost universally followed "the glorious days of July," was practically suppressed, and Prince Czartoryski, who had been the head of the Revolutionary Government, had escaped to this country. He called on Lord Grey, and Lord Grey invited him to dinner to meet Lord Palmerston. The incident threw the Lievens into a fury. The

* Lord Grey had intended to give the Foreign Office to Lord Lansdowne. (See p. 410 and compare an equally curious letter on p. 275.)

husband called on Lord Palmerston and lodged a formal remonstrance. The wife wrote an indignant letter to Lord Grey, complaining of his receiving "a State criminal, convicted of high treason against his Sovereign—a Sovereign who is the friend and the ally of England." Lord Grey, after saying "that to anyone else my answer would have been short: that it neither became a Foreign Minister to offer, nor me to receive such a communication," proceeded to explain and justify his conduct. But the lady did not immediately recover her temper. In the angry correspondence which ensued, Madame de Lieven became for the first time for many years "dear," instead of "dearest" Princess, and Lord Grey became only most "sincerely" instead of most "affectionately" hers. After a few days' reflection, indeed, both parties to the quarrel resumed their old relations of intimate friendship. But the wound, we suspect, continued to rankle. In no part of the period covered by the long correspondence with Lord Grey are the letters on either side so short, so infrequent, and so full of reproaches, as in the months which immediately succeeded the quarrel. Before it she said: "People would have to be very clever ever to know whether I am Whig or Tory. I only display one color—that is yours, I am *Grey*." After her quarrel she wrote to her brother, "I shall continue to cultivate Lord Grey, though he bores me not a little."

Happily, however, in May, 1832, one cause of difference was removed by the conditional ratification of the Belgian treaty by Russia, and the correspondence between Lord Grey and Madame de Lieven was resumed almost at its former length and on its previous terms of affectionate intimacy. At this point, however, the lady's letters to her brother were almost entirely discontinued, and we lose the advantage which they up to that time supply of a run-

ning commentary on her correspondence with Lord Grey. The loss is the more serious because the relations between this country and Russia again became strained. Both in the West and in the East of Europe the policy which Russia was adopting was opposed to the views of the British Foreign Office. In the West, Russia disapproved the active interference of France and England, which placed Leopold of Saxe-Coburg in security on the throne of Belgium. In the East, the intervention of Russia arrested the progress of Mehemet Ali towards Constantinople, and led to the treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi. Thenceforward Lord Palmerston was inspired by a jealous suspicion of all that Russia had done and was doing, and gradually drifted into the policy of hostility which was ultimately consummated in the Crimean war.

To Madame de Lieven Lord Palmerston's policy came as a cruel surprise. He was the Minister of her own selection, who owed his position at the Foreign Office, as she thought, to her own recommendation. In 1830 she had considered him "perfect in every way;" in 1832 she described him as "a poor small-minded creature, wounded in his vanity, who wants a great warlike demonstration behind which he hopes to conceal his blunders." In 1833 she confessed to hating him, and she had fresh cause for her hatred. For Lord Palmerston had selected Sir Stratford Canning as Lord Heytesbury's successor at St. Petersburg, and had insisted on his appointment, though Madame de Lieven had assured him that he was not a *persona grata* to the Emperor Nicholas. Madame de Lieven appealed to Lord Grey. But the Prime Minister, whom she described about this time "as such a thorough old woman that it is scarcely worth while mentioning him," declined to interfere. In the negotiations which attended this unfor-

fortunate appointment Madame de Lieven undoubtedly showed less tact than temper. But her interference, which irritated Lord Palmerston, in no way condones that Minister's conduct. There is, happily, hardly another instance in history in which an Ambassador has been appointed to a foreign Court against the known wishes of its sovereign; and diplomacy would become impossible if the course which Lord Palmerston pursued in this matter was ordinarily followed.

The appointment was the more unfortunate because it led to a breach in our diplomatic relations with Russia. The Emperor refused to receive Sir Stratford, and the British Ministry did not venture to send him to St. Petersburg. The Embassy remained vacant, and in the following year the De Lievens were recalled from London. Possibly Count Nesselrode may have thought that their influence at the Court of St. James's was no longer useful. There are some grounds for presuming that, even during the Duke of Wellington's Administration, he had thought Madame de Lieven too ready to break from the men, on whom she was mainly dependent for the information which she was instrumental in procuring. After Lord Grey's accession to office he must have been disappointed to find that the Prime Minister, who was so near her heart, and the Foreign Secretary, of her own choosing, were drifting into a policy of pronounced antagonism to Russia. He may, therefore, have thought it prudent to terminate, at any rate for a time, her husband's mission. She, indeed, herself attributed her recall to Lord Palmerston. A few months after her arrival in Russia she wrote to Lord Aberdeen, in one of the unpublished letters which have been opened to us by the courtesy of Lord Stanmore:

Il m'est prouvé depuis mon arrivé en

Russie que c'est à Lord Palmerston que je dois d'avoir quitté, pour toujours peut-être, cette Angleterre que j'aime tant. M. de Talleyrand me disait un jour, "Il dépendra toujours d'un Ministre des Affaires Etrangères, quelque médiocre qu'il soit, de chasser un ambassadeur," et voilà ce qu'il a voulu, et ce qui est arrivé.

The Emperor Nicholas did his best to gild the pill which the De Lievens had to swallow. The husband was placed in charge of the Czarevitch; the wife was made Lady-in-Waiting to the Empress. But the splendor of the Russian Court could not reconcile Madame de Lieven to the tedium of Russian society or the severity of a Russian climate. Her health broke down; the death of two of her sons increased her disinclination to remain in St. Petersburg; and in the summer of 1835 she fled to Berlin, to Baden-Baden, and to Paris.

It is not perhaps necessary to examine too closely the reasons which induced her to leave Russia. Her own health necessitated her doing so; and the rumors which were whispered about her flight, and to which M. Daudet refers, need not be repeated in these pages. It seems certain, however, that the Emperor, for some reason, resented her going. She herself said that he would never forgive her; and, in her later correspondence, there is none of the enthusiasm for Russia and the Emperor that breathes through her earlier letters. The Emperor, indeed, displayed his annoyance at her absence in a manner which was hardly worthy of him. He refused her husband leave to go and see her. He persuaded M. de Lieven to show his disapproval of her residence in Paris, and even to threaten to deprive her of the means of living out of Russia. Incredible as it may seem, he did not permit her husband to announce to her the death of a third son, which she

only learned through a letter addressed to him being returned to her through the post with the word "dead" written on the envelope.³⁰ Though he received her surviving sons he never mentioned their mother's name to them. He treated her as though she were dead. These allusions will perhaps explain her cry of anguish to M. Guizot: "Je frémis-sais d'avance en songeant de l'avenir de mes enfans. Quel pays! quel maître! quel père! hélas!" or her equally bitter saying to Lord Grey, "You, at any rate, do not ask the Emperor Nicholas if you may dare to love me, and whether you may dare to tell me so."

The years, in fact, from 1835 to 1839—the year when her husband died—were the unhappiest in Madame de Lieven's life. She said of herself in 1835 that "she was nothing but a waif in the world." She added in 1836, "Condemned, as I am condemned, by our terrible climate to live exiled from my native land, separated from my husband, and forbidden by a thousand social reasons to go and live in the country that I love best of all in the world after my own, my lot is, indeed, a sad one." She had, however, already formed a *salon* at Paris, which all the foremost men in France were in the habit of frequenting. She was still continuing her correspondence with Lord Grey. She had of late commenced a new correspondence with Lord Aberdeen; and she was on the eve of forming relations of the closest intimacy with M. Guizot, which were destined to bring her, in her old age, an enduring happiness, which she had, perhaps, never previously known.

In former days she had conceived a poor opinion of Lord Aberdeen. She

had regarded him as "a wretched Minister" and "a poor diplomatist"; and though, as far back as 1829, she had become great friends with him during a visit to Tunbridge Wells, and had received from him many confidences, she told her brother at that time that his thoughts were "mean and cowardly." Possibly her increasing dislike of Lord Palmerston's foreign policy drew her more closely to his predecessor at the Foreign Office; at any rate in the autumn of 1832 she commenced the correspondence with him which continued for many years. For some time these letters have only the interest which attaches to the communications of a lady who was exceptionally well informed and deeply interested in the foreign policy of the world. But from Lord Aberdeen's accession to office in 1841 they have a higher importance. For Madame de Lieven had then become the chosen friend of M. Guizot, and, in consequence, she had excellent opportunities of cementing the *entente cordiale* between her two friends, whom she regarded as "la personnification de la paix, de l'honneur, de la bonne foi politique dans leur acceptation la plus large." In that anxious moment, when the peace of the world was threatened by an obscure quarrel between French and English in the Sandwich Islands, she labored, to the utmost of her power, to prevent war. Her intimacy with M. Guizot enabled her to place before Lord Aberdeen the exact views of the Government of France. She repeated to him all that M. Guizot had said in his praise; she made M. Guizot read and reread Lord Aberdeen's warm appreciation of his policy; and in this way she played a prominent part in effecting and pre-

³⁰ This son, it is fair to say, had incurred his father's displeasure, and died in America ("Correspondence with Lord Grey," see vol. i. p. xviii.). But the husband knew of his boy's death four months before Madame de Lieven heard of it. "To me, the boy's mother, he does not write be-

cause I am out of favor at Court. Russia is, indeed, a horrible country, when a man must thus abdicate all natural sentiments, and shrink from fulfilling the most common and sacred duties of life." (Ibid. vol. iii. p. 282.)

serving the good understanding between France and England which these two Ministers established, and which has always seemed to us one of the happiest features in the foreign policy of the nineteenth century.

Her great intimacy with M. Guizot commenced in 1837. After dinner with the Countess of Boigne at Châtenay they rambled together into the park, "et là, seul à seul, ils se sont confessés; l'un à l'autre, la tristesse dont leur âme est pleine;" and M. Guizot,

touché par ces accens, remué jusqu'aux entrailles par la pensée d'une âme à consoler, à relever, à guérir, a pris l'engagement qu'à peu de temps de là il lui rappellera en ces termes, "Soyez-vous que la première parole qui nous a vraiment unis, c'est: Vous ne serez plus seule."

In the happiness of her new friendship Madame de Lieven definitely abandoned all idea of leaving Paris. "Elle s'y fixera, uniquement préoccupé d'arranger sa vie pour Guizot." When he was in Paris M. Guizot called on her twice every day; when he was absent from her he never passed a day without writing to her.

Il est l'unique joie de sa vie, sa lumière et sa conscience. Elle n'a plus que lui. Il est le seul à qui elle se soit révélée telle qu'elle est, le seul qui la connaisse, le seul à qui elle dit tout, et le seul aussi dont la parole ait assez d'efficacité pour apporter quelque soulagement aux épreuves et aux soucis dont le fardeau l'accable.

It may be asked why, after the death of her husband in 1839, this touching friendship did not lead to marriage. M. Guizot himself supplied the answer in writing to Lord Aberdeen immediately after her death:

¹¹ Mr. Robinson says this note ran, "Je vous remercie pour vingt années d'affection et de bonheur." Mr. Greville quotes it, "Merci pour vingt années d'amitié et de bonheur." M. Daudet renders it, "Je vous remercie des vingt années

Il me revient que quelques personnes, en Angleterre comme en France, croient et disent que nous étions mariés en secret. Si ce propos là vous arrive, je vous prie de le démentir absolument. Rien de secret ne nous eût convenu, ni à l'un, ni à l'autre. De plus, je n'aurais jamais épousé personne sans lui donner mon nom, et elle tenait au sien. Nous avions raison tous deux.

In the same letter from which this extract is taken M. Guizot gave to Lord Aberdeen an account of her death.

A l'approche du moment suprême, elle a voulu que nous sortissions de sa chambre. "Je veux dormir," m'a-t-elle dit. Deux heures après elle n'était plus, et son fils Paul me remettait, de sa part, une lettre écrite au crayon, la veille au soir, d'une main ferme, cachetée par elle-même, et pleine d'affection¹¹ —les dernières lignes qu'elle ait écrites.

We have in the last few pages travelled far beyond the text of this article; but, before we finally conclude it, we must endeavor, however imperfectly, to sum up the character of the remarkable woman on whose letters it is based. In her life many hard things were said of her. She was a spy; she was guilty of intrigue; she abused the advantages of her position to betray or to embarrass the men to whom she was mainly indebted for the information which it was her chief business to procure. And no doubt there is some foundation for all these charges. Madame de Lieven did actively interfere in English politics in a manner which, to say the least, is unusual in ladies of foreign birth. But then it is fair to recollect that, if her conduct was unusual, her position was unique. For all practical purposes she was Russian Ambassador in England; and the fair

d'affection et de bonheur. Adieu, adieu! Ne m'oubliez pas. Ne refusez pas ma voiture de soir." The concluding words were explained by a clause in her will in which she left him 8,000 francs a year to enable him to keep his carriage.

way of judging her conduct is to consider whether she did more than an exceptionally able ambassador would be justified in doing. Tried in this way we are not disposed to condemn her.

Her leading characteristic was her intense admiration of her own country, and, till 1834, of its ruling dynasty. She was, as she said herself, Russian to the core; and though she could not reconcile herself to the dulness of a Russian court or the severity of a Russian climate her ambitions and her aspirations were all for Russia and its rulers. She judged the statesmen with whom she was thrown into contact by their policy towards Russia. She had no patience with those men who were opposed to the development of the Russian Empire. She never measured her words in denouncing their policy. We do not for one moment believe that in her heart Madame de Lieven thought the Duke of Wellington cowardly in 1828, still less that she considered Lord Grey an old woman in 1833. These phrases are merely her strong way of expressing her disapproval of their opinions.

No other woman who ever lived was the intimate confidant of so many men of first-rate eminence. She inspired Lord Grey with a passion which makes one smile. In the last twenty years of her life she was bound to M. Guizot by ties of the tenderest attachment, and these were only two of the many men of mark who hovered round the candle and were singed by the flame. We are far from endorsing all the scandal which was at one time busy with her name. She probably herself indeed held rather elastic views in an elastic age on certain subjects. She, at any rate, told William IV. that the Emperor Nicholas was given to gallantry, and that the Empress was not jealous because the Emperor always made her his confidante—a saying which recalls the relations of George

II. with Queen Caroline. But we cannot suppose that the affectionate phrases which she used herself or which she inspired in others necessarily implied any irregular attachment. As we said some years ago in reviewing her correspondence with Lord Grey, "It would be absurd to attribute what is called gallantry to these effusions between an elderly gentleman of sixty and a lady of forty whose personal charms were the least of her attractions."

Her influence was very great. It is amazing to think, but it is apparently certain, that Lord Palmerston was made Foreign Minister at her suggestion. It is equally amazing to know that the Speech from the Throne in 1831 was modified on her remonstrance. The amendment made in the Speech—the substitution of the word "contest" for the word "war" in reference to the Polish Rebellion—was no doubt innocuous. But the surprising fact is that the wife of the Russian Ambassador should have been allowed the opportunity of seeing the Speech before it was delivered. She, at any rate, is not to blame in this matter. If censure is to be applied to anyone, it must fall on Lord Grey and not on Madame de Lieven. But we own, we confess, to a feeling which we have derived from perusing the correspondence that, if Prime Ministers will imitate other men, and lose their hearts, they had better, both for the sake of themselves and their country, avoid the charms of the wives of foreign ambassadors.

If her influence was great, it was, on the whole, wisely and beneficially employed. No Russian can deny that she strove from first to last to promote the interests of her own country. She may have been occasionally mistaken in her methods, but she was always constant in her aims. No fair Englishman will refuse to acknowledge that

she labored to promote and to maintain a good understanding between Russia and this country in the earlier part of her life, and that she was instrumental in promoting the *entente cordiale* between France and England towards the close of it. In this way she rendered a real service to the world; and it is humiliating to think that British public men endeavored to repay it by preventing her return to Paris after the Crimean War. Lord Palmerston might have had the generosity to reflect that, however much she might have opposed his policy, he owed his first appointment to the Foreign Office to her influence, and, if this consideration had not sufficed, he might surely have said, as the Duke of Wellington had said in 1828: "I am too great to make her my victim."¹³

In her life she had her full share of sorrow and disappointment. She had the misfortune to lose three of her sons. She had the disappointment to see her country defeated by France and England, and she had also the mortification to reflect that her own views of men had almost always been modified as time went on. Then men in whom she put her chief faith, like Prince Metternich and Lord Palmerston, lived to pursue a policy which she abhorred. The man whom she had despised—Lord Aberdeen—she came to regard as the wisest and best of English statesmen. Even the Crimean War did not dissolve this friendship. "Mauvaise année!" so she wrote to him early in 1855, "que j'essaye vainement

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de vous souhaiter bonne. C'est un souhait bien personnel, et qui s'arrête devant les choses auxquelles vous touchez. Ah, mon Dieu! en être venu là entre nous, avec vous gouvernant l'Angleterre. . . . Adieu, mon très cher Lord Aberdeen, mon cher ennemi, mon cher ami. Toute à vous." For two men alone—Lord Grey and M. Guizot—she retained an unbroken friendship. The first gave her twenty years of affectionate correspondence; the second brought her twenty years of happiness and love.

Such was Madame de Lieven. With the intellect of a man, and the sensibilities of a woman, she exerted her sway over monarchs and statesmen, and obtained, through their means, an influence which few women have enjoyed. That she had great faults—faults of judgment and temper—few even of her admirers would have denied. That she had great virtues of heart and head few even of her critics should forget. It is not perhaps for the interest of the human family that any of her successors should walk in her footsteps and follow her example. But perhaps some of our readers may feel fresh interest in receiving the gentleman who has just been appointed to represent the Russian Empire at the Court of St. James by recollecting that he bears the maiden name, and is, we understand, the near relative of the lady who played so great a part in the society and politics of London in the reign of George IV.

¹³ The exact saying was, "Je suis trop grand pour faire de ces gueux (mon mari et moi) mes victimes." But we are not concerned with the

Duke's not very gallant words, but with his action in refusing to demand her husband's recall.

THE BEGINNING OF TOYNBEE HALL.

A REMINISCENCE.

"How did the idea of a University Settlement arise?" "What was the beginning?" are questions so often asked by Americans, Frenchmen, Belgians, or the younger generation of earnest English people, that it seems worth while to reply in print, and to turn one's mind back to those early days of effort and loneliness before so many bore the burden and shared the anxiety. The fear is that in putting pen to paper on matters which are so closely bound up with our own lives, the sin of egotism will be committed, or that a social plant, which is still growing, may be damaged, as even weeds are if their roots are looked at. And yet in the tale which has to be told there is so much that is gladdening and strengthening to those who are fighting apparently forlorn causes that I venture to tell it in the belief that to some our experiences will give hope.

In the year 1869, Mr. Edward Denison took up his abode in East London. He did not stay long nor accomplish much, but as he breathed the air of the people he absorbed something of their sufferings, saw things from their standpoint, and, as his letters in his memoirs show, made pregnant suggestions for social remedies. He was the first settler, and was followed by the late Mr. Edmund Hollond, to whom my husband and I owe our life in Whitechapel. He was ever on the look-out for men and women who cared for the people, and hearing that we wished to come eastward, wrote to Dr. Jackson, then Bishop of London, when the living of St. Jude's fell vacant in the autumn of 1872, and asked that it might be offered to Mr. Barnett, who was at that time working

as curate at St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, with Mr. Fremantle, now the Dean of Ripon. I have the Bishop's letter, wise, kind, and fatherly, the letter of a general sending a young captain to a difficult outpost. "Do not hurry in your decision," he wrote; "it is the worst parish in my diocese, inhabited mainly by a criminal population, and one which has, I fear, been much corrupted by doles."

How well I remember the day Mr. Barnett and I first came to see it!—a sulky sort of drizzle filled the atmosphere; the streets, dirty and ill-kept, were crowded with vicious and bedraggled people, neglected children, and overdriven cattle. The whole parish was a network of courts and alleys, many houses being let out in single furnished rooms for 8d. a night—a bad system, which lent itself to every form of evil, to thriftless habits, to untidiness, to loss of self-respect, to unruly living, to vicious courses.

We did not "hurry in our decision," but just before Christmas, 1872, Mr. Barnett became vicar. A month later we were married, and took up our lives' work on the 6th of March, 1873, accompanied by our friend Edward Leonard, who joined us "to do what he could"; his "could" being ultimately the establishment of the Whitechapel committee of the Charity Organization Society, and a change in the lives and ideals of a large number of young people, whom he gathered round him to hear of the Christ he worshipped.

It would sound like exaggeration if I told my memories of those times. The previous vicar had had a long and disabling illness, and all was out of order. The church, unserved either by

curate, choir, or officials, was empty, dirty, unwarmed. Once the platform of popular preachers, Mr. Hugh Allen and Mr. (now Bishop) Thornton, it had had huge galleries built to accommodate the crowds who came from all parts of London to hear them—galleries which blocked the light, and made the subsequent emptiness additionally oppressive. The schools were closed, the school-rooms all but devoid of furniture, the parish organization *nil*; no mothers' meeting, no Sunday school, no communicants' class, no library, no guilds, no music, no classes, nothing alive. Around this barren, empty shell surged the people, here to-day, gone to-morrow. Thieves and worse, receivers of stolen goods, hawkers, casual dock laborers, every sort of unskilled low-class cadger congregated in the parish. There was an Irish quarter and a Jew quarter, while whole streets were given over to the hangers-on of a vicious population, people whose conduct was brutal, whose ideal was idleness, whose habits were disgusting, and among whom goodness was laughed at, the honest man and the right-living woman being scorned as unpractical. Robberies, assaults, and fights in the streets were frequent; and to me, a born coward, it grew into a matter of distress when we became sufficiently well known in the parish for our presence to stop, or at least to moderate, a fight; for then it seemed a duty to join the crowd, and not to follow one's nervous instincts and pass by on the other side. I recall one breakfast being disturbed by three fights outside the Vicarage. We each went to one, and the third was hindered by a hawk-er friend who had turned verger, and who fetched the distant policeman, though he evidently remained doubtful as to the value of interference.

We began our work very quietly and simply: opened the church (the first congregation was made up of six or

seven old women, all expecting doles for coming), restarted the schools, began Bible Classes, established relief committees, organized parish machinery, and tried to cauterize, if not to cure, the deep cancer of dependence which was embedded in all our parishioners alike, lowering the best among them and degrading the worst. At all hours, on all days, and with every possible pretext, the people came and begged. To them we were nothing but the source from which to obtain tickets, money, or food; and so confident were they that help would be forthcoming that they would allow themselves to get into circumstances of suffering or distress easily foreseen, and then send round to *demand* assistance.

I can still recall my emotions when summoned to a sick woman in Castle Alley, an alley long since pulled down, where the houses, three storeys high, were hardly six feet apart; the sanitary accommodation pits in the cellars; and the whole place only fit for the condemnation it got directly Cross's Act was passed. This Alley, by the way, was in part the cause of Cross's Act, so great an impression did it make on Lord Cross, then Sir Richard Cross, when Mr. Barnett induced him to come down and see it one hot summer's day.

In this stinking alley, in a tiny, dirty room, all the windows broken and stuffed up, lay the woman who had sent for me. There were no bed-clothes; she lay on a sacking covered with rags.

"I do not know you," said I, "but I hear you want to see me."

"No, ma'am!" replied a fat, beer-sodden woman by the side of the bed, producing a wee, new-born baby; "we don't know yer, but 'ere's the babby, and in course she wants clothes and the mother comforts like. So we jist sent round to the church."

This was a compliment to the organization which represented Christ,

but one which showed how sunken was the character which could not make even the simplest provision for an event which must have been expected for months, and which even the poorest among the respectable counts sacred.

The refusal of the demanded doles made the people very angry. Once the Vicarage windows were broken; once we were stoned by an angry crowd, who also hurled curses at us as we walked down a criminal-haunted street, and howled out, as a climax of their wrongs, "And it's us as pays 'em." But we lived all this down, and as the years went by, reaped a harvest of love and gratitude which is one of the gladdest possessions of our lives, and is quite disproportionate to the service we have rendered. But that is the end of the story, and I must go back to the beginning.

In a parish, which occupies only 109,500 square yards and was inhabited by 8,000 persons, we were confronted by some of the hardest problems of city life. The housing of the people, the superfluity of unskilled labor, the enforcement of resented education, the liberty of the criminal classes to congregate and create a low public opinion, the administration of the Poor Law, the amusements of the ignorant, the hindrances to local government (in a neighborhood devoid of the leisured and cultured), the difficulty of uniting the unskilled men and women in trade unions, the necessity for stricter Factory Acts, the joylessness of the masses, the hopelessness of the young—all represented difficult problems, each waiting for a solution and made more complicated by the apathy of the poor, who were content with an unrighteous contentment, and patient with a Godless patience. These were not the questions to be replied to by doles, nor could the problems be solved by kind acts to individuals, nor

by the healing of the suffering, which was but the symptom of the disease.

In those days these difficulties were being dealt with mainly by good kind women, generally elderly; few men, with the exception of the clergy and noted philanthropists, such as Lord Shaftesbury, were interested in the welfare of the poor, and economists rarely joined close experience with their theories.

"If men, cultivated, young, thinking men, could only know of those things they would be altered," I used to say, with girlish faith in human good-will—a faith which years has not shaken; and in the spring of 1875 we went to Oxford, partly to tell about the poor, partly to enjoy "eights week" with a group of young friends. Our party was planned by Miss Toynbee, whom I had met when at school, and whose brother Arnold was then an undergraduate at Balliol. Our days were filled by the hospitality with which Oxford still rejoices its guests; but in the evenings we used to drop quietly down the river with two or three earnest men, or sit long and late in our lodgings in the Turl, and discuss the mighty problems of poverty and the people. How vividly Canon Barnett and I can recall each and all of that first group of "thinking men," so ready to take up enthusiasms in their boyish strength—Arnold Toynbee, Arthur Hoare, Leonard Montefiore, Alfred Milner, Philip Gell, John Falk, G. E. Underhill, Ralph Whitehead, Lewis Nettleship! Some of these are still here and caring for the people, but others have passed behind the veil, where perhaps earth's sufferings are explicable.

We used to ask each undergraduate as he developed interest to come and stay in Whitechapel, and see for himself. And they came, some to spend a few weeks, some for the long vacation, while others, as they left the University and began their life's work,

took lodgings in East London, and felt all the fascination of its strong pulse of life, hearing, as those who listen always may, the hushed unceasing moans underlying the cry which ever and anon makes itself heard by an unheeding public.

From that visit to Oxford in the "eights week" of 1875 date many visits to both the Universities. Rarely a term passed without our going to Oxford, where the men who had been down to East London introduced us to others who might do as they had done. Sometimes we stayed with Dr. Jowett, the immortal Master of Balliol, sometimes we were the guests of the undergraduates, who would get up meetings in their rooms, and arrange innumerable breakfasts, teas, river excursions, and other opportunities for introducing the subject of the duty of the cultured to the poor and degraded.

No organization was started, no committee, society, nor club founded. We met men, told them of the needs of the out-of-sight poor; many came to see Whitechapel and stayed to help it. And so eight years went by—our Oxford friends laughingly terming my husband the "unpaid professor of social philosophy."

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In June 1883 we were told by Mr. Moore Smith that some men at St. John's College at Cambridge were wishful to do something for the poor, but that they were not quite prepared to start an ordinary College Mission. Mr. Barnett was asked to suggest some other possible and more excellent way. The letter came as we were leaving for Oxford, and was slipped with others in my husband's pocket. Soon something went wrong with the engine and delayed the train so long that the passengers were allowed to get out. We seated ourselves on the railway bank, just then glorified by

masses of large ox-eyed daisies, and there he wrote a letter suggesting that men might hire a house, where they could come for short or long periods, and, living in an industrial quarter, learn to "sup sorrow with the poor." The letter pointed out that close personal knowledge of individuals among the poor must precede wise legislation for remedying their needs, and that as English local government was based on the assumption of a leisured cultivated class, it was necessary to provide it artificially in those regions where the line of leisure was drawn just above sleeping hours, and where the education ended at thirteen years of age and with the three R.'s.

That letter founded Toynbee Hall. Insomnia had sapped my health for a long time, and later, in the autumn of that year, we were sent to Eaux Bonnes for me to try a water cure. During that period the Cambridge letter was expanded into a paper, which my husband read at a College meeting at St. John's College, Oxford, in November of the same year, where, to quote the Bishop of Stepney's words, "there were present a number of men who have since become well known. Mr. Arthur Acland, Mr. Michael Sadler, Mr. Anthony Hawkins, better known as 'Anthony Hope,' Mr. Spender of the *Westminster Gazette*, and myself." Mr. Arthur Sidgwick was also present, and it is largely due to his practical vigor that the idea of University Settlements in the industrial working-class quarters of large towns fell not only on sympathetic ears, but was guided until it came to fruition. Soon after the meeting, a small but earnest committee was formed; later it grew in size and importance, money was obtained on debenture bonds, and a head sought who would turn the idea into a fact. Here was the difficulty. Such men as had been pictured in the paper which Mr. Knowles had published in this Re-

view of February, 1884,¹ are not met with every day; and no inquiries seemed to discover the wanted man, who would be called upon to give all and expect nothing.

Mr. Barnett and I had spent eleven years of life and work in Whitechapel. We were weary. My health stores were limited and often exhausted, and family circumstances had given us larger means and opportunities for travel. We were therefore desirous to turn our backs on the strain, the pain, the passion, and the poverty of East London, at least for a year or two, and take repose after work which had both aged and weakened us. But no other man was to be found who would and could do the work; and, if this child-thought was not to die, it looked as if we must undertake to try to rear it.

We went to the Mediterranean to consider the matter, and solemnly, on a Sunday morning, made our decision. How well I recall the scene as we sat at the end of the quaint harbor-pier at Mentone, the blue waves dancing at our feet, everything around scintillating with light and movement in contrast with the dull and dulling squalor of the neighborhood which had been our home for eleven years, and which our new decision would make our home for another indefinite spell of labor and effort. "God help us!" we said to each other; and then we telegraphed home to obtain the refusal of the big Industrial School next to St. Jude's Vicarage, which had recently been vacated, and which we thought to be a good site for the first Settlement, and returned to try to live up to the standard which we had unwittingly set for ourselves in describing in the article the unknown man who was wanted for Warden.

The rest of the story is soon told. The committee did the work, bought

the land, engaged the architect (Mr. Elijah Hoole), raised the money, and interested more and more men, who came for varying periods either to live, to visit, or to see what was being done.

On the 10th of March, 1883, Arnold Toynbee had died. He had been our beloved and faithful friend ever since, as a lad of eighteen, his own mind then being chiefly concerned with military interests and ideals, he had heard, with the close interest of one treading untrodden paths, facts about the toiling ignorant multitude, whose lives were stunted by labor, clouded by poverty and degraded by ignorance. He had frequently been to see us at St. Jude's, staying sometimes a few nights, oftener tempting us to go a day or two with him into the country; and ever wooing us with persistent hospitality to Oxford. Once, in 1879, he had taken rooms over the Charity Organization office in Commercial Road, hoping to spend part of the long vacation, learning of the people; but his health, often weakly, could not stand the noise of the traffic, the sullenness of the aspect, nor the pain which stands waiting at every corner; and at the end of some two or three weeks he gave up the plan and left East London, never to return excepting as our welcome guest. His share of the movement was at Oxford, where with a subtle force of personality he attracted original or earnest minds of all degrees, and turned their thoughts or faces towards the East End and its problems. The personality of Arnold Toynbee was remarkable. To use Lord Milner's words in his recent *Reminiscence*, "No man has ever had for me the same fascination or made me realize the secret of prophetic power—the kind of influence exercised in all ages by the men of religious and moral inspiration." Through him many men came to work with us, while others were stirred by

¹ "The Universities of the Poor" by Samuel A. Barnett.

the meetings held in Oxford or by the pamphlet called the "Bitter Cry," which, in spite of its exaggerations, aroused people to think of the poor; by the stimulating teaching of Professor T. H. Green, and by the constant kindly sympathy of the late Master of Balliol, who once startled some of his hearers, who had not plumbed the depths of his wide wise sympathy, by publicly advising all young men, whatever their career, "to make some of their friends among the poor."

The 10th of March, 1884, was a Sunday, and on the afternoon of that day Balliol chapel was filled with a splendid body of men who had come together from all parts of England in loving memory of Arnold Toynbee, on the anniversary of his death. Professor Jowett had asked my husband to preach to them, and they listened, separating almost silently at the chapel porch, filled, one could almost feel, by the aspiration to copy him in caring much, if not doing much, for those who had fallen by the way or were "ignorant of our glorious gains."

We had often chatted, those of us who were busy planning the new Settlement, as to what to call it. We did not mean the name to be descriptive; it should, we thought, be free from every possible savor of a Mission, and yet it should, in itself, be suggestive of a noble aim. As I sat on that Sunday afternoon in the chapel, one of the few women among the crowd of strong-brained, straight-living men assembled in reverent affection for one man, the thought flashed to me, "Let us call the Settlement Toynbee Hall." To Mr. Bolton King, the honorary secretary of the committee, had come the same idea, and it, finding favor with the committee, was so decided, and our new Settlement received its name before a brick was laid or the plans concluded.

On the 1st of July, 1884, the workmen began to pull down the old Industrial School, and to adapt such of it as was possible for the new uses; and on Christmas Eve, 1884, the first settlers, Mr. H. D. Leigh, of Corpus, and Mr. C. H. Grinling, of Hertford, slept in Toynbee Hall, quickly followed by thirteen residents, most of whom had been living in the neighborhood of Whitechapel, some for a considerable length of time, either singly or in groups, one party inhabiting a small disused public-house, others in model dwellings or in lodgings, habitations unsuitable both for their own welfare as well as the needs of those whom they would serve. Those men had, as our fellow workers, become settlers before the Settlement scheme was conceived, and as such were conversant with the questions in the air. It was an advantage also, that they were of different ages, friends of more than one University generation, and linked together by a common friendship to us.

The present Dean of Ripon had for many years lent his house at No. 3 Ship Street for our use, and so had enabled us to spend some consecutive weeks of each summer at Oxford; and during those years we had learnt to know the flower of the University, counting, as boy friends, some men who have since become world-widely known; some who have done the finest work and "scorned to blot it with a name;" and others who, as civil servants, lawyers, doctors, country gentlemen, business men, have in the more humdrum walks of life carried into practice the same spirit of thoughtful sympathy which first brought them to inquire concerning those less endowed and deprived of life's joys, or those who, handicapped by birth, training, and environment, had fallen by the way.

As to what Toynbee Hall has done and now is doing, it is difficult for anyone, and impossible for me, to speak. Perhaps I cannot be expected to see the wood for the trees. Those who have cared to come and see for themselves what is being done, to stay in the house and join in its work, know that Toynbee Hall, Whitechapel, is a place where twenty University men live in order to work for, to teach, and to learn of the poor. And for eighteen years the succession of residents has never failed. Men of varied opinions and many views, both political and religious, have lived harmoniously together, some staying as long as fifteen years, others remaining shorter periods. All have left behind them marks of their residence; sometimes in the policy of the local Boards, of which they have become members; or in relation to the Student Residences, to the Antiquarian, Natural History, or Travelling Clubs which individuals among them have founded; or by busy-ing themselves with Boys' or Men's Clubs, classes, debates, conferences, discussions. Their activities have been unceasing and manifold, but looking over many years and many men, it seems to my inferior womanly mind that the best work has been done by those men who have cared most deeply for individuals among the poor. Out of such deep care has grown intimate knowledge of their lives and industrial position, and from knowledge has come improvement in laws, conditions or administration. It is such care that has awakened in the people the desire to seek what is best. It is the care of those who, loving God, have taught others to know Him. It is the care of those who, pursuing knowledge and rejoicing in learning, have spread it among the ignorant more effectively than books, classes, or lectures could have done. It is the care for the degraded which alone arouses them to

care for themselves. It is the care for the sickly, the weak, the oppressed, the rich, the powerful, the happy, the teacher and taught, the employed and the employer, which enables introduction to be made and interpretation of each other to be offered and accepted. From this seed of deep individual care has grown a large crop of friendship, and many flowers of graceful acts.

It is the duty of Toynbee Hall, situated as it is at the gate of East London, to play the part of a skilful host and introduce the East to the West; but all the guests must be intimate friends, or there will be social blunders. To quote some words out of this year's Report, just written by Canon Barnett, Toynbee Hall is "an association of persons, with different opinions and different tastes; its unity is that of variety; its methods are spiritual rather than material; it aims at permeation rather than at conversion; and its trust is in friends linked to friends rather than in organization."

It was a crowded meeting of the Universities Settlements Association that was held in Balliol Hall in March 1892, it being known that Professor Jowett, who had recently been dangerously ill, would take the chair. He spoke falteringly (for he was still weakly) and once there came an awful pause that paled the hearers who loved him, in fear for his well-being. He told something of his own connection with the movement; of how he had twice stayed with us in Whitechapel, and had seen men's efforts to lift this dead weight of ignorance and pain. He referred to Arnold Toynbee, one of "the purest minded of men," and one who "troubled himself greatly over the unequal positions of mankind." He told of the force of friendship which was to him sacred, and "some of which should be offered to the poor." He dwelt on his own hopes for Toynbee

Hall, of its uses to Oxford, as well as to Whitechapel; and he spoke also of us and our work, which he said was the foundation of it all; but those words were conceived by his friendship for and his faith in us, and hardly represented the facts. They left out of sight what the Master of Balliol could only imperfectly know—the countless acts of kindness, the silent gifts of patient service, and the unob-

The Nineteenth Century and After.

trusive lives of many men; their reverence before weakness and poverty, their patience with misunderstanding, their faith in the power of the best, their tenderness to children and their boldness against vice. These are the foundations on which Toynbee Hall has been built, and on which it stands aiming to raise the ideals of human life, and to strengthen faith in God Almighty, whose Christian name is Love.

Henrietta O. Barnett.

A THIRSTY CRUISE.

In these days when the public interest in the men of the Royal Navy is so strong, and any instance of inhumanity or even carelessness on the part of their officers would meet with such general indignation, it is interesting to an old sailor to recall the very different state of affairs which prevailed in his youth; when the comfort of a ship depended only on the character of her captain, untrammelled by a public opinion which virtually had no existence.

The following chapter of personal experience will serve to point the contrast. Such possibilities may seem in closer relation to the days of Queen Anne than to those of the great Queen we have so lately lost, and the figure of Captain Lordling more worthy of the pen of Smollett than of any later writer. But Smollett did not know him, and I did; and hence my excuse for the yarn, culled from my Midshipman's Journal. It is sixty years since I was serving as a midshipman on board H.M.S. "Xenophon" in the South Seas. She was one of the finest frigates then afloat, but equipped and disciplined no better than the ships which fought with Jervis, and which Nelson led to victory. Indeed in one respect

there had been a retrogression from the olden days of the Navy, for whilst we read that in the year 1593 Elizabeth's great Admiral, Sir Richard Hawkins (known as "the complete seaman,") had a distilling apparatus on board his ship, and found the water so distilled to be "wholesome and nourishing," we in the middle of the nineteenth century had no such stand-by, and paid dearly for our ignorance. In the same seas, and dependent as Sir Richard himself on the winds for our motive power, our sole supply of water, once the anchor was weighed, lay in the limited quantity our tanks might carry or a chance squall furnish. Hawkins's distilling apparatus had been forgotten for two hundred years, and who can dispute the misery its disuse had occasioned? The "Xenophon" however wound up the list as far as Her Majesty's ships were concerned, an unenviable position she never could have held had her captain possessed the common instincts of humanity, or had the wholesome dread of the lash of public opinion constrained him to make an appearance of what he was incapable of feeling.

Captain Lordling, commanding H.M.S. "Xenophon," could claim high

birth. He was a strongly built man, about fifty years old, obstinate and narrow-minded, and with a look of quite honestly-felt contempt for all whom he conceived to be beneath him in birth and rank. The possession of influential friends had, in accordance with the custom of the time, made him a post-captain at the age of twenty-five, and thenceforth, for some twenty odd years, he had devoted himself to the more congenial life of a club man in London, and left his profession to take care of itself. This, however, involved expense, and at that time the command of a man-of-war on the Pacific Station meant for the captain the certainty of securing a large sum of money, often amounting to five or six thousand pounds, which was paid for freightage of gold and silver collected on the coast of Mexico and carried to England. There was then no safe transit across the Isthmus of Panama, and it is obvious that specie perhaps representing a million sterling could not be safely carried in the merchant vessels of the period. Here then was the only cause which could induce our highborn captain to forsake the sunny side of Pall Mall, and in mature age to face the discomforts of a sea life once more.

We soon discovered that, as regards seamanship, he was nowhere, that he had no interest in his profession, and was horribly bored by the routine and discipline necessary on board ship. Fortunately the Admiralty, with a remnant of foresight, when entrusting the "*Xenophon*" to such a captain, took care that the other senior officers should be first class men, or our commission might have been as disastrous for the country as it certainly was for ourselves. It is not to be supposed that Captain Lordling could condescend to friendly intercourse with his inferiors in rank. How much they had reason to regret this circumstance a

droll incident which took place whilst we were at anchor in the Bay of Callao will show; and it is besides too strikingly illustrative of the man's character to be omitted.

Wishing to make an excursion to Cordilleras, he fixed upon our dear old surgeon as his companion, and most unwillingly the recipient of the honor consented to accompany him. They started, furnished with guides, and all went well until they reached the Auperperimac Pass. Here there is an awful chasm, which must be crossed in a wicker basket slung on ropes and travelling from side to side, while a hundred feet below a river roars and rushes through its clouds of spray. The crossing cannot be made at all save in the early morning, for with the day a wind comes up the gorge, which tosses the light bridge hither and thither and renders the chasm impassable. The doctor, seeing that there was some risk, jumped into the basket and crossed first, Captain Lordling following. Immediately the latter was clear of the perilous conveyance, he proceeded to call his companion to account for the gross impertinence of presuming to precede his commanding officer, and requested him to state his reasons for such an unheard of breach of etiquette. No special reason occurring to him, the doctor, equally astonished and indignant, declined the further pleasure of Captain Lordling's company, and made his way back to the ship with all speed, whilst the captain continued his expedition in lonely grandeur. In two days' time, however, he also returned on board, and immediately put the doctor under arrest, to be tried by court-martial for contempt of his commanding officer. It took several weeks of tactful labor on the part of the first lieutenant to convince him that the charge could scarcely be sustained, and not till then was the doctor freed from arrest.

From Callao in 12° South Latitude we were ordered to proceed to San Blas, a port on the coast of Mexico in 23½° North Latitude. The distance being about two thousand four hundred miles, the passage through both Trade Winds as a rule occupied three weeks, and for this the "Xenophon" carried more than a full supply of water, so that it occurred to no one to suppose that we should run short of the first necessary of life. We left Callao on February 16th, and on the eleventh day out the Galapagos group was sighted, and we came to an anchor in Post Office Bay, Charles Island. Here we hoped to replenish our water tanks, and even the enjoyment of the strange flora and fauna of this most distinctive group of islands sank into insignificance beside the (literally) burning question of how they were to be filled. But no water could be obtained, and we sailed without any further supply. It was from this time that our ill-luck began.

For sixteen days we remained becalmed within sight of land, drifting to and fro, crossing and re-crossing the Equator with wearying iteration. On the seventeenth day we got a slant of wind, and losing sight of the islands, hoped we were fairly off at last. But it was not to be; in two days the wind dropped again, and we lay once more at rest on the motionless calm. Thirty-six days out, and barely one third of the distance done!

On March 20th the order was given to stop all water for washing purposes. It was a necessity, and as such it was accepted, but when it was seen that Captain Lordling had no intention of setting an example, and that his own ablutions continued daily, it is not surprising that his unpopularity increased. Another week passed, and still we lay at the mercy of the wearisome calm, its monotony only broken by an occasional turtle hunt. It was now the

seventh week out from Callao, but still our aching eyes looked in vain for signs of a coming breeze. The sails were furled, for they were only beating themselves threadbare with the heave of the ship in the oily sea, as they flapped against the masts and rigging. Coming on deck and glancing at the sail-less yards made it seem a mockery of being at anchor in a safe port. The sun stared vertically at us from a steel-blue sky, and under the double awnings the pitch ran liquid from the seams, clogging our feet as we walked the deck.

And in the midst of these surroundings the order was given to reduce the allowance of drinking water to one pint per day for each officer and man. This allowance was served out in one issue at noon during the men's dinner hour. The meal consisted of salt junk so long in brine and so hard that it could take a handsome polish in skilful hands, or of pork that shrivelled in the boiling to little more than hard rind. It was this delectable fare which inspired the ditty well known to all naval men,

Salt horse, salt horse,
What brought you here,
All the way from Portsmouth pier
After many a kick and hard abuse
You are salted down for sailors' use.

The result of such a diet of course was that when their dinners were over, not a drop of water remained to the poor fellows for the next twenty-four hours of burning heat. The few who tried to save some found it impossible, for they had no place in which to secure it from their improvident ship-mates. In this strait the men fell back on vinegar, of which each mess had a liberal allowance, but in their raging thirst they were not satisfied merely to moisten their mouths with the strong acid; they mixed it with salt water and drank it in large quantities, and the

terrible effect may be imagined, as knocked over by this horrible mixture they rolled in agonies in the fore-castle.

With the officers of course it was different though the allowance of water was the same. Their food was not so thirst-provoking; they could save the precious pint, and even eke it out with a little wine or beer. Mine I locked in my sea-chest, and had it been the Koh-i-noor I could scarcely have valued it more highly.

But what about Captain Lordling? Had he any sympathy for the gallant fellows he commanded? I know not, but this is what he did. For himself he reserved not only an unlimited supply of drinking water, but also an ample sufficiency for washing purposes. Every morning the steward used to carry the dirty soapy water down the ladder on the way to his sanctum, and every day from the marines' berth at the foot of the ladder half a dozen or more stalwart Joeys were on the lookout for his appearance. The instant he descended, the vessel was dragged from him, and its contents eagerly divided among the thirsty crowd. The steward complained to the captain, but nothing came of it; it seemed to him quite natural that some should suffer and others enjoy, and there was no more to be said.

It was now decided to make for Yestapa, on the coast off Central America, an anchorage some two hundred miles distant, and we arrived there when sixty days out from Callao. Who can describe our relief when we reached that marvellous tropical coast, with its coral beach and stately palms, backed by volcanic mountains, and saw between their deep ravines the downward plunge of stream and torrent to the sea? We thought our privations were ended, for although we could see no break in the thundering roll of surf which the mighty Pacific sent combing on the beach, we learned from an Eng-

lish brig which lay there, shipping a cargo of indigo, that the Indians had filled their water-casks and doubtless would do the same by ours. The boats were sent to seek a watering-place, but after a careful survey the officer reported that landing was absolutely impracticable except for the light Indian canoes and catamarans. The Indians were appealed to and immediately offered to raft off a full supply of water for the sum of twelve hundred dollars.

When this news spread (and spread it did like wildfire), never a doubt had we but that our good time was come, and that our thirsty souls would drink and live. But well as we knew our captain, there was a little yet to be learned about him. "Why," he said at once, "the Admiralty might make me pay the money. It's too much! I won't give it!"

Still we did not entirely relinquish hope; a smaller offer was made to the natives, and this they absolutely declined. Things having reached this point, the senior officers, with the doctor, took the extreme course of urging the captain to reconsider his decision, pointing out how much the men had suffered, and the gravity of the responsibility which he incurred. But all was of no avail; our chief was obdurate, and the sole result of their intervention was an order to get under way. The men, therefore, who would gladly have risked their lives to obtain water from the beach, had now, without an extra drop to moisten their parched throats, to heave up the anchor and turn their backs on the land of promise as we made for the open ocean. Sore and sullen were all our hearts, and serious consequences might have ensued among the men, had it not been that a breeze sprang up and their hopes with it. The great mountains faded in the blue distance, and night fell on the sails sweetly asleep as the stately frigate swept through the sea. Alas, next

day the sun rose on a breathless calm! We had not out-sailed our ill-luck, and it was with us again.

One day the clouds began to gather, until a huge dark mass hung pendant in the heavens. Under this, the sea began to boil and foam, then a long, black arm descended; a rapidly moving spiral column of smoking water leaped to meet it, and thus a water-spout was formed; soon that cloud was full to bursting. Oh! what a joy as it climbed over our mast heads! We knew it must burst on us! Then out of the gloom and darkness came the blessed rain, as if the water-spout itself had fallen. Awnings were spread and looped up. Hoses were led from them to the tanks. The scupper holes were plugged, every receptacle was filled. The decks became a surging lake in which all hands rolled and drank. Past privations were forgotten, and although the allowance of water was still kept at a pint per day, yet every bucket and mess can was full, and Jack once more cut a shuffle on the forecastle, and sang of the Lass that loves a Sailor.

The seventy-seventh day from Callao found us still some six hundred miles from our destination, with only a few tons of water left. The sun, which had a declination south of Callao when we left, had overtaken us and was sending slanting rays from the north, but still the heat was intense, baking our black hull as if it were an oven.

The allowance of water was reduced to half a pint per day, and our sufferings were greater than ever. Not Captain Lordling's thought! He strode up and down the quarter-deck, healthfully perspiring at every pore, whilst on the forecastle grim Death claimed its victims from the poor creatures who had sought relief from their thirst in salt water and vinegar.

Every precaution had been adopted to prevent the men drinking this ap-

palling mixture, but it could not be entirely stopped. Case after case was brought into the sick bay and treated by the doctors with every care. The first to succumb was a fine old seaman, the captain of the mast. A funeral at sea is always impressive, and under present circumstances it was more so than ever. The lower disc of the sun, in all the magnificence of the tropics, had touched the horizon. The ship's bell tolled solemnly as we gathered at the open gangway round the shapeless form lying on the grating, weighted with heavy shot. Our worthy chaplain stood, book in hand, and when all was ready Captain Lordling came and took up his position apart. It was a pathetic scene, and our hearts were filled with sorrow and bitterness, which did not pass away when the sound of the sullen plunge had left our ears, and the white hammock, quivering as it shot down, had vanished in the depths.

All through this trying time the captain's live-stock, sheep and poultry, were supplied with no inconsiderable amount of water, while British seamen were thus dying for want of it. The discontent among the men rose high. We little midshipmen, who had friends among them, heard many an ominous growl which never reached the senior officers' ears. They, fortunately, were all popular, and while their private stock of beer and wine lasted, they had freely distributed it among their shipmates. This saved the situation. Even Captain Lordling did not discontinue the custom, then universal in the service, in accordance with which the captain would every day send from his own table a plate of fresh meat and pudding to be distributed by the doctor among the sick, and this was put to his credit. It was not much but it was something, for sailors are a forgiving race, and with them a little consideration goes a long way.

Tormented as the men were by thirst

it is not surprising that many attempts were made to steal water from the deck water-tank. One man would decoy the sentry away, while another rushed in and turned the tap. The sentries were doubled, and some of the men, caught in the attempt, were flogged, receiving after the cruel custom of the time three dozen lashes of the cat. The strictest measures were also taken to ensure the emptying of the tanks, the officer in charge having to examine each one after pumping. Still a few drops would elude every effort, and the captain of the hold (a first class petty officer) used to get into the tanks after the report was made, and gathering up with a sponge the small quantity of water which remained, he would fairly divide it between his messmates. No doubt he acted improperly, but so it was, and having been discovered he was brought before the captain.

On the quarter deck stood Captain Lordling supported by the first lieutenant; before him in charge of the master-at-arms was the prisoner, straw hat in hand, every line of his face speaking of honesty and pluck. His fault having been detailed, the captain asked him what he meant by stealing water, and thus robbing his shipmates.

"Please your Honor," replied the man, "I only sponged up that 'ere drop to save it wasting. It weren't no good to anyone else."

"No good!" repeated the Captain; "why did you not take it to your officer?" This staggered the poor fellow. He had not thought of that, so he said nothing. Then came the sentence. "I meant to flog you, but the First Lieutenant has spoken in your favor so you will only be disgraced to an A.B."

I think, while the hard-earned crown and anchor were being stripped from the man's sleeve, we all felt that if the objects removed had been Captain Lordling's epaulettes, justice would

have been more impartially served. But there was no help for it, and we stood by, and saw it done.

About this time we were but seventy miles from the port of Acapulco, where water could be easily obtained and again the senior officers represented the urgent necessity of putting in there, and again their representations were of no avail. The cause of refusal was pretty well understood. The sooner we reached San Blas the sooner would the specie come on board, to Captain Lordling's very material benefit. So Acapulco was left behind, unvisited. We now kept in with the land, and under the influence of the land and sea-breezes made fair progress. At last on May 20th we sighted the anchorage of San Blas, and the order was immediately given to serve out a gallon of water to each man. Discipline was forgotten in the wildest, most joyful confusion as it was issued. And so, ninety-three days after leaving Callao, our privations came to an end. For the last seventy-seven days of our voyage we had averaged a speed of just one mile per hour, a record for slowness which I scarcely think the annals of sea life could beat.

Doubtless many of the ship's company were injured for the rest of their lives by the salt water and vinegar, but it may be a satisfaction to reflect that Captain Lordling was never one penny the worse. His peculiarities did not end with our thirsty cruise, and much might be written of them. Suffice it to say that they exceeded the licence which even aristocratic birth could command in those days, and before the "Xenophon's" pennant came down he was called before a court-martial to answer for them. He then returned to club life and Pall Mall, and there happily for himself and others remained for the rest of his days. He has long since passed to the Beyond, whither also all his old shipmates have

gone, except the writer of this tale and two others, who have lived to see the old order of uncontrolled power and

severity in the Navy drift into the limbo of things that have been, but never can be again.

Macmillan's Magazine.

J. Moresby.

THE BIBLE.

Last Saturday the British and Foreign Bible Society entered upon the hundredth year of its existence, and at the meeting which was held at the Mansion House in connection with the centenary Mr. Balfour made a most interesting and moving speech in advocacy of the Society's claims. This is, we believe, the first occasion on which a Prime Minister of this country has spoken in public on behalf of the Society since Lord Liverpool in 1815 testified to the progress the Society had made since its institution in 1804; and, as usual, Mr. Balfour's speech was characterized by great depth and liberality of thought. The work which has been done by the Society during the past hundred years is indeed, as he said, a matter for pride, and even something of astonishment. It has circulated as many as one hundred and eighty millions of copies of the Bible or parts of the Bible, and it has had the Bible translated into nearly four hundred languages; yet there still remains work to be done. There are still something like four hundred and fifty millions of people in the world who have never yet had the opportunity of reading the Bible in the only language they can understand, and it is the work of reaching those millions which lies before the Society. But there are more ways than one of looking at the vast problem suggested by those figures, and it was in his consideration of that problem that the Prime Minister's speech was most suggestive and interesting.

A hundred years ago, before the great missionary societies were engaged in anything like so huge a field of operations as occupies them to-day, we had, comparatively speaking, hardly considered the problems of the great literary religions of the East. For the majority of Englishmen, we dare say, the world was divided into two classes: those to whom the Bible was a heritage, who had bowed at the sound of the First Commandment; and the heathen, who worshipped other gods. It was a small conception of the immeasurable design of the Creator, never more rightly assailed than by the fierce reason of Carlyle. "A greater number of God's creatures believe in Mahomet's word at this hour than in any other word whatever. Are we to suppose that it was a miserable piece of spiritual leger-de-main, this which so many creatures of the Almighty have lived by and died by? I, for my part, cannot form any such supposition. I will believe most things sooner than that." And again,—“A false man found a religion? Why, a false man cannot build a brick house! If he do not know and follow truly the properties of mortar, burnt clay and what else he works in, it is no house he makes, but a rubbish-heap. It will not stand for twelve centuries, to lodge a hundred and eighty millions; it will fall straightway.” That was the spirit in which a great mind looked at the question of the propagation of our religion, and in that spirit he was able to see the ultimate meaning of the fact that,

as he wrote, "no Christians, since the early ages, or only perhaps the English Puritans in modern times, have ever stood by their Faith as the Moslems do by theirs—believing it wholly, fronting Time with it, and Eternity with it."

And that, if you look at it closely, was the spirit in which Paul preached at Lystra. His survey of the mind of the men who brought oxen and garlands, believing that the gods had come down from heaven, led him to the deep belief that those men were not prepared for the reception of the whole of the Gospel. He spoke no word of Christ; he spoke of the God "who in times past suffered all nations to walk in their own ways. Nevertheless he left not himself without witness, in that he did good, and gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness." Those words are to-day as great a message, and as wise a counsel, as they were when Paul and Barnabas "scarcely refrained the people, that they had not done sacrifice unto them." Confronted with four hundred millions of Chinese steeped in a religion the literature of which reaches further back into time than the Pharaohs; with the millions of India, trampled by the battalions of Empire after Empire, and turning back from almost unnoticed wounds to her eternal dream; how can we doubt that perpetually in the minds of those who believe the Bible to contain the greatest truths revealed by God to man there must always be the realization that "God reveals Himself in many ways"; that, in the Prime Minister's language, "you must have differentiations and a division of labor in these cases as in other departments of activity, and that a different kind of culture and a different kind of training are required for those missionaries who have to deal with these ancient literary and cultivated languages than

amongst the less advanced tribes of Africa or America"?

But if we realize this, and if we feel with Carlyle that it was no "miserable piece of spiritual leger-de-main" which has allowed thousands of millions of men to live and to die in a faith different from our own, what are the grounds which lead us still to believe that the Bible is the supreme revelation of the Creator's mind, greater and clearer than any book embodying the faith of followers of Mahomet or Buddha or Confucius? Those grounds or reasons might be divided into two kinds; one of which, at all events, might be thought considerable by the strictest of Mahomedans. In the first place, many of us believe the Bible to be the greatest Book in the world, and believe that it ought to be brought to the notice of every inhabitant of the world, because it is the Book that has been given to ourselves. It is natural that it should be so; such an argument, indeed, would be the first that would be used by a Mahomedan or a Buddhist reasoning for the dissemination of his own religion; how could it be otherwise? But although that claim—namely, that our Bible should be the world's Bible because it has been given to ourselves—would be dismissed by the Mahomedan or the Buddhist, if we can suppose them arrayed against us in a mere debate, might there not be advanced another claim, against which a logically minded opponent would find it difficult to find a counter-plea? It would be this. If we may imagine a Being—even such a Being as the God whom Mahomedans, Buddhists, and all non-Christian communities worship each according to their creed—contemplating from afar the ordered progress of the great religions of the world, what would he see? Among the hundreds of millions of God's creatures, he would watch

successive millions added to the millions having knowledge of a Book believed by men to have been given to them by God. For the progress of those millions, for the continued acceptance of one Book beyond other books, there must be a reason, if there is reason in anything; must not that reason be the Creator's set purpose that such a Book, and the Gospel of Christ which it contains, should at last be the Book of the world? There the disciple of Mahomet or Buddha would find an answer difficult. The Book of the nations which stand for progress is not the Koran; and granted, once that progress of some kind is right and good, that the whole Creation does move towards "one, far-off, Divine event," then the progress of the knowledge of the Bible with the progress of mankind cannot be a mere coincidence. If we believe in anything, we must believe that it has been ordered that the energy of the conquering nations of the world should be directed in the path mankind was meant to tread, and that path the religion of Christ as revealed in the Bible.

Yet it is not victorious nations, nor the eloquence of men, converting others to the beliefs they hold, which has chiefly furthered or controlled that progress. It is the Bible itself which is the great missionary and messenger of Christ. Even as Paul wrote that "if I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal," so no man could count on having power, century after century, over the minds of men if the message he preached were false. It is the testimony of the progress of the nations that the message of the Bible, the message of Christ crucified, is true. For the Bible throughout the history of the world has been, and still is—looking at the question from the social and political point of view—the best

foundation of a great polity. The polity of the Athenians, broad-based as it was upon the deep thought of some of the world's greatest philosophers, broke down with the test of a few hundred years. There are few finer lines in Milton than those in which he compares, in the mouth of the Saviour of the World, the power of the thinkers of the dead nations with the power of the Bible. Those thinkers are—

Herein to our prophets far beneath,
As men divinely taught, and better
teaching

The solid rules of civil government
In their majestic unaffected style,
Than all the oratory of Greece and
Rome.

In them is plainest taught, and easiest
learnt,

What makes a nation happy, and
keeps it so,

What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities
flat;

These only with our law best form a
king.

But yet, we may imagine perhaps a Mahomedan objector asking, if the Bible is in truth the foundation of all great polities, and if the progress of the knowledge of the Bible is in truth intended by God to coincide with the progress of mankind, how can it happen that two polities, each based on the Bible, may find themselves at war, one eventually bound to crush the other,—as, for instance, in the American Civil War or the War in South Africa? That is, perhaps, best answered in the sublime words of Lincoln:—"Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered—

that of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes." That, perhaps, best sums up all that can be said on this as on other questions asked by men. We know, at least, that more and more of God's creatures year by year read the Bible and learn the teachings of His Son,

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and we cannot but believe that the increasing knowledge in the world of that Book is part of the great Plan, leading humanity at last, in Bacon's splendid phrase, to "the Sabaoth and port of all men's labors and peregrinations."

SONG-TIDE.

It was, I think, the first week in May—long before summer, the summer of the Calendar—is supposed to begin. The day was a babe just born, smiling in the newly risen sun, and with the dews of sleep still upon her eyelids. From the garden, through the widely open window, came a conglomeration of delicious sounds that first awoke me and then charmed me from my pillow to lean out of the casement and listen and look. In the elm-tree that shades the lawn to the left, seated upon a bough in a place where he could easily be seen, the Master Thrush sat and sang; ye gods! how he sang. No one listened, excepting, of course, myself and, doubtless, his patient wife sitting somewhere (I know where) upon her eggs. A little farther on, upon an apple-tree overlooking the strawberry beds—a favorite haunt of his—sat the Master Blackbird—an old fellow whom I have known intimately for years—trolling out a kind of jovial drinking song. I listen to him very attentively, because in the first place I love the old fellow's song more than any—it is so deliciously merry and convincing, so independent of set rules and of form, so obviously the irresistible outcome of a feeling of jollity and contentment; and in the second place because the old rascal sings so seldom; perhaps he is too well fed, perhaps he

is getting old, maybe he is simply lazy: at any rate he sings so rarely, withal so perfectly, that when he does condescend to lift up his voice it would be a sin not to listen.

In other apple-trees, on the roof of the house, everywhere, starlings are twittering, cackling, whistling after their manner. They are a community and prefer to be known as a community; no one of them seems anxious to individualize himself as the Master Starling; they go together and sing together—making a poor display of music at the best; for a beaky, insignificant little song is theirs, barring one delicious whistle, though they are terribly in earnest over it, and doubtless their ladies think it the sweetest of all music.

In the ivy and from the gutter-pipes, and everywhere where one of them can get a footing, sparrows are twittering, apparently asking one another questions and tarrying not for the answers. Evidently song of some kind is *de rigueur* at this moment of the young day, and every bird in the garden must sit and sing regardless of his neighbors; no one listens—all sing; there is a solid structure of sound between my window and the garden wall, a hundred odd yards away. To the uninitiated it might appear to be a shapeless mass of din, more or less pleasant,

according to taste; but for those who know, in the midst of the hubbub certain voices stand out. The Master Thrush—the Master Blackbird—the belligerent little chaffinch who sits throned in the laburnum yonder; these and a few others are easily distinguishable.

As for the smaller singers, the chorus, the little thin voices of the hedge-sparrow, the wren and others, where are they? Singing like anything, be sure, and adding to the general effect, but certainly not individually distinguishable. There are many whose ears cannot distinguish the high treble of the hedge-sparrow at any time; some have never heard the squeak of the bats at dusk; naturally the minor songsters cannot make themselves heard through the *ensemble* of the Master Singers at this the hour, *par excellence*, of song.

Some of these Master Singers will sing at intervals all day, as soloists; perched upon convenient platforms, from which they may throw out their notes to the best advantage—for they have not the slightest intention that their music should be wasted—they will pipe lusciously from time to time when most of these singers of little merit are silent; but at this particular hour, when the lately risen sun seems to have awakened all the combative and amorous instincts of the entire feathered tribe, all must sing together—no one has time to listen, excepting, doubtless, the proud pleased mate who at this season of the year considers her partner a very magnificent fellow, and has ears for his song only, be he a singer in alt like the hedge-sparrow, or the possessor of a diapason voice like that of the nightingale. There are discordant notes, however, in this wonderful conglomeration of luscious sounds. The old blackbird has caught sight of his enemy—cat or rival, I know not which—and instantly puts an end to his jovial lilt, in order to fly

screeching and chiding earthwards, or wherever he may have discovered the offender. While he is chasing this intruder and scolding at the top of his voice, the rasping din of his angry scream is the most prominent note in the chorus, spoiling the effect just as one bad voice, if loud enough, will mar the most delicious harmony of a perfect choir.

Then there is that nuisance of a fellow the amorous rook. He, too, thinks he can sing, and must needs choose a tree in my garden from which to show off his voice. His singing is the merest caricature of the art of song. He sits and postures grotesquely; croaks, squawks, and raspy sounds of a non-descript nature follow one another from his throat. Is he a clown, buffooning? Is he intentionally spoiling the effect of this superb music-hour, by intervening thus weirdly with his unwelcome, unmusical utterances? Is he imitating the rest in his own tom-foolish manner, out of spite or jealousy, of malice prepense?

I think not. I imagine that he is in grim earnest. He fancies his singing. He thinks it is quite as good as any other fellow's, and perhaps a little better. It may be there is a lady of his persuasion who believes the same, though I scarcely think so. Being a rook-lady, she is not to be trusted in matters concerning the affections. Quite likely that while he sits grotesquely twisting his absurd black body, and uttering the unconvincing melodies he believes to be so seductive, she has quietly given him the slip, and has gone away to flirt with some other gentleman. When he has finished his song he will discover that he has been deceived, and his singing will suddenly change to frank cawing as he starts with strong wing-flaps, straight across country, to find her.

"I know where you'll be," he screams, as he swiftly skims the

hedgerows, flying low and rapidly. "Off with what's-his-name again. Let him wait till I catch him, and you too, my beauty!"

One is glad that he is gone. He should confine his love-making and his vocal efforts to his own rookery, where—no doubt—his singing is appreciated, and where—be it observed—there may be heard any morning or evening in May such a babel of cackling and cawing and croaking and bubbling and quarrelling and weird love-tones as will turn a listener giddy if he sits and listens long enough to it.

Suddenly, as I lean from the window, drinking in the delicious music, my very soul steeped in luscious sound, every voice ceases. A few odd birds, which had perhaps taken no part in the concert, rise silently from among the strawberry beds and elsewhere and flit swiftly into the sanctuary of hedge or tree.

What has happened? Has the word suddenly gone forth that I am watching—I who ought to be in bed and have no business spying and listening at this hour, as every bird well knows?

No; for I have been at the window for ten minutes, and be sure that there is not a bird in the garden that is not aware of the fact.

What is the matter, then?

The secret is not long withheld from me. Into the open air-space between the two large elms, which stand like sentinels one on each side of the lawn, there suddenly sails a merlin; he is flying rather fast because our friend the amorous rook caught sight of him as he swept, on vengeance intent, over the country, and, feeling indignation against the world in general, postponed his revenge in order to spoil the sport of a fellow creature.

"Off you go!" is now the burden of his song as he caws loudly and menacingly behind the merlin's tail-feathers.

"None of your bird-hunting here—keep on the move, please!"

One or two birds of quick flight launch themselves from tree or hedgerow to join in the hustling pursuit: a tiny willow-wren among the rest. Between them they succeed in keeping the detested ogre on the move; while thus hustled along, they know well enough, he cannot poise and stoop; if he were to attempt it, one or more of his pursuers would make a dart at him and spoil his aim; so he flies rapidly out of sight, hoping to shake off his angry, chiding followers. One can imagine him bitterly cursing them, and especially the rook who first called attention to his presence. But for him he might, by this time, have secured a plump garden-fed thrush for breakfast, or something equally luscious.

When he has sailed out of sight and the rook has abandoned the pursuit and turned his thoughts once more towards the legitimate revenge which was his primary motive, and the little birds have returned to tell their friends how they have chased the ogre away, and of the awful language he used when he perceived that his sport had been marred as far as their domain was concerned, the concert quickly reopens. The Master Thrush gives out the introit, and the service begins. One by one the singers take up their cues; in two minutes there is not a bird silent.

As a matter of fact, though one would like to think of this great morning sing-song as a *Te Deum*, as a Psalm of Praise, and so forth—is one justified in so regarding it? In one sense, yes; in another, no! It is probable that defiance is at the bottom of the music. The male birds challenge one another in song while the female sits apart, listens, compares, and admires. The greater song birds, it is true—the Master Thrush and his peers—seldom come to blows over their vo-

cal competitions; but others, such as the snipe family, fight to the death at spring-time after the interchange of a few challenges; so do the ruffs; and some of the larger gamebirds, especially those of the grouse tribe, are equally pugnacious. With the Master Thrush, the Master Blackbird, and so forth, the case is different. Each has established supremacy over a certain district; he has pegged out claims for a sphere of influence, and in that sphere he is supreme. No doubt he has had to support his claim, from time to time, with beak and nail; very probably each season he is obliged to enforce upon the attention of his own sons the unpleasant fact that though he has generously allowed them to be born and brought up within his dominions, they are no longer entitled to wander at large and to conduct their love affairs here, once the mating and singing season has come in. In November last I heard some of these youngsters trying their virgin voices in the Master's preserves; their efforts were quaintly sweet, but tentative and short-lived; an east wind came and discouraged them. Personally I should have thought that an east wind would have added an argument in favor of the mistaken view they had evidently adopted—namely, that it was early spring and time to begin singing—for on this part of the Devonshire coast our spring-joy is dashed with much pain, thanks to the prevalence of these same east winds; but this, their first taste of it, discouraged those young singers. Doubtless when the real singing time begins each season, their father, the Master Thrush, puts up a notice that he is Sir Oracle, and when he opens his mouth, let no bird sing—in his sphere of influence; then follow chasings and chidings—and emigration to the nearest claim that has not yet been pegged out.

If a parent thrush should come upon

one of her offspring a year after it had left the nest, would she know it for her own? I doubt it. At any rate, her affection for the bantlings would not outlast the year.

Thus the Master Thrush, having through the excellence of his art risen above his natural spring-tide instinct to fight, prefers in these times to compete in song rather than with beak and claw for supremacy. His singing is a constant competition. He sings and listens to his rival, far away, maybe, and scarcely audible in the distance, and then sings again. He performs with one ear upon his rival's efforts and the other upon his own; she whom he would charm (sitting in her nest, over there, in the plum-tree) listens to and hears him only; in her ears his song is the perfection of art.

But there are some lesser lights in the world of song, who still sing to defy as well as to captivate; to goad into fury as well as to inspire with soft emotions. There is that pugnacious little rascal the chaffinch, for instance, who is always anxious for a fight; the words of his song are "Will you oblige me by treading upon the tail of my coat?" and if there is another as pugnacious as himself within hearing, it is likely that his longing for a fight will be indulged.

Nevertheless, and in spite of the fact that many of the performers are inspired by motives the reverse of worthy; that the leading idea of most of them is defiance, a desire to go one better than the other fellow, and not a conscious wish to express praise or gratitude for the good things of life, and especially the blessings of a fine spring morning, it is undoubtedly permissible, if we will, to regard the entire chorus of singers as taking part in the great *Te Deum* which the earth and all that is in it are constantly raising, consciously or unconsciously, to the Supreme Being who is Author

of all. For every beautiful thing is in itself a voice crying aloud in praise to its Maker; whether these birds sing to please their mates, to annoy their rivals, to give vent to their own feelings of delight, or to "show off" to the world in general, the ultimate effect is the same. "Te Deum laudamus," says the luscious blackbird, and "Te Deum laudamus," repeats that grotesque old fellow up in the elm-tree who calls himself "rook," and fancies that he can sing a measure with the best!

A morning or two ago I lay awake before dawn in order to make sure what voice would be the first to make itself heard, whether in the garden or in the marsh below or on the beach beyond.

A certain cock in a distant farmyard, a bird for whom I have no respect and who can surely feel none for himself, was the first living thing to disturb the silence of departing night. After him came the cry of a prowling cat, an animal of intemperate and dissipated habits, who occasionally selects my garden for his nocturnal debauches. I do not count either of these. Apart from them the first to raise his voice was a sea-gull; his tone seemed to tell of the indignation of mighty hunger; he was off landward in search of some early farmer who would do him the favor of turning up a fat worm or so with his plough.

Immediately following the gull, a wild duck quacked out his greeting to the coming day. He had arrived at dusk, with a party, at the pond down below in the marsh and was announcing his intention to begin breakfast. There are several of his friends there now—I can see them as I lean out of the window—feeding and chasing one another among the reeds. By the time the early milkman is abroad with his cans, or any other sound of human life comes to fill the air with terror, the little company will be far enough away

in some quiet spot known to them where distressing matters such as men and women and noisy children are not to be seen and heard and there is Peace.

Soon after the awaking of the ducks the Master Blackbird began to "trim his jetty wing;" he hardly waited to shake the sleep-dust from his eyes before he trolled out his first jolly, jocund notes, giving a merry send-off to the general chorus of the garden, which soon got to work once he had begun, and in half an hour was hard at it, as now at this moment—only listen what a solid mass of sweet sounds it is; is there anything in music to equal it? A magnificent band playing a Beethoven symphony, quotha? perhaps, my dear sir, and perhaps not. I am not competent to judge: it is a question that depends for answer upon the temperament of the hearer. I love both the one and the other, but I know which I would retain if I were obliged to hold to the one and abandon the other.

Close to my ear there is a kind of continuous pedal-bass going on—it is the hum of half a hundred bees busily inspecting the roses and other creeping growths that cover the walls of the house. I think I know where these diligent fellows come from. They have travelled nearly a mile to pay us a visit here, and indeed they are most welcome. Also, I should say this garden must be a profitable hunting ground for them.

Perhaps it is a return call for a visit I paid these bees a short while since. It was my first introduction, under the *ægis* of their personal conductor, to their private domain and storehouses, and I paid it—I must admit—with some trepidation. My friend was used to the little creatures and they to him. "I am going to clean out a hive," he said; "would you like to come and watch?"

"From a safe distance," I replied, "I should."

"Oh, you won't get stung," he rejoined; "I have a spare suit of armor for you."

A few minutes later, begloved, bevelled, and helmeted, my bicycle clips carefully adjusted, behold me timidly approaching the hives with my friend, a few wandering bees—perhaps scouts intentionally placed, for their arrangements seem marvellously complete in every way—a few of these scouts buzzing about us and taking a close interest in our proceedings.

"Doesn't this cleaning-out process anger them?" I asked anxiously; "it must be very upsetting."

I hoped he would reply that they were accustomed to it and did not mind. Instead, he remarked that sometimes the proceedings infuriated the bees, but sometimes they were in a good humor and took everything kindly.

"They don't go for strangers, do they?" I asked.

And again my friend shocked my sense of security by replying, "Oh, yes, they do, sometimes! We'll light some of this stuff and make a smoke," he added; "that keeps them off us."

He lit some smoke-producing compound, and we then proceeded to the business in hand. My friend, with admirable intrepidity, handled the thousands of bees inside that hive as though they possessed not a sting among them. Fortunately for us, it was the day of good humor; the bees did not resent his interference; they did not even postpone the occupations upon which they were engaged, and which were various; very few flew away; none attempted to attack the rash intruders upon their privacy.

I learned a great deal about bees that day as to which I had hitherto been crassly ignorant. In the hope that I may chance to be addressing one as

ignorant of bee-lore as myself, I will pass on a few items of information, those which especially struck my fancy. Bees are the most perfect realization of the honest, useful, loyal citizen. Every one of them has his function or office in the community and does his best for the public weal at the sacrifice of personal convenience, profit, or ease. The duties are various; besides the great army of honey-gatherers, there are the honeycomb-makers; the nurses who tend and feed the babies in their cells; the cleaners, whose duty is to clean the pollen from the legs of the workers; the drones—males, these, from among whom the Queen Bee chooses her husband; the ventilators—this is a function which caught my fancy more than anything I learned about these wonderful little creatures; the ventilators are a detachment whose business is to stand near the front entrances to the hive, and by constantly making their wings move after the fashion of a fan or a punkah, to keep the air in motion.

The whole interest and devotion of a bee seem to centre in the Queen. When the hive is disturbed, the first thought and anxiety of every inhabitant is "What about her Majesty—is she safe?" For a moment there is commotion, a tumbling and rushing in each storey of the house; by some mysterious telegraphic code the news is sent from end to end of the hive. If the message is "All's well," in a moment every bee has settled quietly to his work again; if it becomes known that her Majesty has quitted the hive, the place empties itself in no time; the Queen must be followed and found.

In every one of the cells deftly and accurately fashioned—and how wonderful is the workmanship!—by the builders, the Queen deposits an egg; for each different type of bee a different cell has been made; one shape for the Queens, another for the drones, a third

for the workers, but all the eggs are the same when deposited. The further development of the little being is apparently determined by the shape of the cell it lives in and by the food supplied to it, different rations being prepared for the denizens of each type of cell.

Though only one drone is actually required to provide a consort for the Queen, Nature—with her usual generosity—produces far more than are needed. When it is seen that there is no further use for the drones, the community quietly falls upon them and kills them.

When the young Queen is almost ready to issue from her cell, which she will do full grown, fully equipped, and, most wonderful of all, fully experienced in the first moment of life, a perfect creature, the promptings of instinct compel the old Queen to take her departure; the hive must be given over to the young community; it is the law of nature. Away goes the old Queen, and after her go her faithful subjects, those who have worked for her and with her; who have built her palace and reared and fed her family—that family for whose benefit she is now quitting her home; away go Queen and Commoners to find and found another community—and so *ad infinitum*. This wholesale departure is the Swarm, and is a matter for which the careful beekeeper must be prepared, or he will lose his bees.

How different is the lot of a Queen Wasp. Hers is a life of toil indeed! At the end of the wasp season, when the colder weather sets in, she finds herself the sole survivor. She, too, hates the cold and is anxious to get out of it into shelter. Her friends and lieges are dying around her on every side, starved by cold and hunger; instinct prompts her to seek some sanctuary in which she may somehow cling on to life in order, when spring comes,

to create a new community of her kind.

So, weak in leg and feeble on wing, she may be seen on some sunny autumnal day prospecting around for winter quarters. She will fly into your study, perhaps, and visit every corner before she flies out again, convinced that the place will not suit her. Nevertheless she will pay you another visit later on, as though desirous of making quite sure before finally rejecting quarters which, in some respects, seemed so full of promise.

Finally, she will creep into some hole in a stone wall, some cranny or crevice in roof or tree-trunk, or Heaven knows where, and there she will keep alive as best she can, huddled in anyhow, with all manner of low company, torpid or half torpid, until the warmer airs of advancing spring awake her and remind her of duties to be performed for the good of her kind. Then once again she goes a house-hunting; she must find, now, a suitable place for a nest. She hardly has strength to set her feeble wings in motion; food is scarce and difficult to come by. Perhaps she will pay you another visit, in her house-hunting expedition, a spectral, shadowy wasp of large dimensions but of slow flight, inclined to settle and rest. This is the time—it seems a shame to say so, after all that she has been through—but this is the time to put her quietly and quickly to death if you would save your fruit and keep your breakfast jam dish innocent of waspy thieves when August comes; for every house-hunting Queen slain at this juncture means a wasp's nest the less; the annihilation in her person of a potential host of stinging, thieving, dangerous pests, far more difficult—every one of them—to catch and kill than this poor fragile wanderer whose hold upon life is already so feeble. Spare her, and she will go forth and do, single-handed, what the whole

hiveful of bees must assist in doing for their Queen: she will find a site, make the nest, fabricate the cells, lay the eggs and bring up the children, all "off her own bat," though the first first batch of her progeny will assist her, as soon as they are old enough, to bring up the rest of the family.

It is a pretty story of pluck and unselfishness and capacity. I admire the Wasp Queen with all my heart. I would I had her admirable qualities. I wish her luck, and I hope for her sake that she will visit your study instead of mine and that the furious shot you aim at her Majesty may serve but to drive her in safety out of your window. I squash every one that I capture: I hate myself for doing it each time that an execution takes place, but I cannot blind myself to the certainty that I shall continue to squash all Queen Wasps in May. Of course there is an alternative: temper stern necessity with mercy, if you will; catch your Queen Wasp alive and convey her into the garden—not your garden, but that of some neighbor a considerable distance down the road.

How infinitely more admirable a person she is, her Waspish Majesty, than the queens of the bee and ant communities, whose functions begin and end in egg-laying! Yet she has so little hold upon our imaginations that our sole idea, upon seeing her, is to kill her. Perhaps it is less our fault, in the circumstances, than her misfortune.

Her Majesty the Ant Queen is quite a lazy person. She leaves all the work of the community, like the Queen Bee, to the neuters. The gentlemen, in each case, may be left out of the reckoning as worthy of little or no consideration. Only a day or two ago, while digging up a plant of early potatoes, I accidentally upturned an ant nest. A few winged males and the queens ran hither and thither helplessly: the

mummy-like eggs of the community lay in scores upon the soil; the working ants, the neuters, seemed for one instant dazed and unable to cope with the stupendous misfortune which had befallen the colony—but only for an instant; almost immediately each worker had caught up a huge bundle of larvæ quite as large as herself, and was hastening away with it in search of some nook in which it might be laid for temporary shelter; once the first shock was over, not one remained idle; each knew what should be done and did it. There are several of these capable little fellows at this moment crawling about the rose-tree at my elbow. I know what they are after—the aphides, the detestable little "green fly" that infests our roses. If you watch an ant's proceedings when he finds one of these fat, disgusting little creatures you will see that he pricks its body with one of his antennæ and that a drop of moisture instantly exudes. This is a sugary fluid of which our friend is very fond. The aphid does not seem to mind being milked in this fashion. Personally I would rather the ants should kill the little wretches and eat them; this cut-and-come-again policy is useless from the point of view of the unfortunate human who desires to get rid of his green fly.

There is a twitter from another window-sill close at hand—so close that I hear the little voice in spite of the wonderful chorus of bird song resounding on every side: it is my very dear friend the Master Robin. He is asking me why I do not come out and dig him up some worms, or at least put out some food for him. I call him the Master Robin because by right of might he has acquired the best sphere of influence about these premises: the claim nearest the house. The claim includes the right of *entrée* to this establishment. He considers—I am sure

of it—that he has quite as much right in the dining-room during meal-times as I have. The window may be open but three inches at the top, yet in he comes. There is no sound to herald his coming: he is there. When he has eaten his crumbs, and has ascertained that no more are to be had, he goes. To depart straight through the narrow opening at the top of the window is difficult, it appears; therefore he first flies up to about the level of the exit and rests for a moment upon the head of a stuffed falcon that hangs with outstretched wings between the windows—then, with a chirp, he has sailed out, making a beautiful “shot” for the narrow exit. Why is he not afraid of the stuffed falcon? To my eyes, the terrible bird is realistically set up, yet my little friend has never been taken in by it.

I do not think the robin cares to take part in the great chorus now in course of performance. He feels that his sweet little voice is lost among so many louder ones. He is a soloist *par excellence*. There will come a time when he will have the singing practically to himself, and that is what he likes. There is one thing he cannot tolerate, and that is the presence of bats during the hours when he himself is up and about. Sometimes he wakes early enough in the morning to catch one or two of these active little creatures still busy among the moths and flies that belong to the hours of darkness; then, with a chiding note that perhaps signifies “I’ll teach you to be a bat, you rascal!” he chases the belated hunters back to their lairs, and proceeds to pick up from lawn and garden-path such small game as they may have left dead and wounded after a long night’s chasing.

How delicious the cuckoo sounds in the distance! One may almost consider him a kind of conductor of the chorus; so rhythmic is his call that he

appears to beat time for the rest. No one takes any notice of him, of course, or of any other singer out of his own species. For all those two chaffinches answering one another know, or care, there is not a thrush or blackbird singing anywhere within hearing, though the air is positively a-tingle with the luscious pulse-beats of their melody. That cuckoo is singing for all he is worth; perhaps he feels that in a fortnight, or at most two, he must change his song or he will not be acting up to his reputation; for when June comes he must cry “Cuck-ook-oo,” instead of “Cuckoo.” Why does he do this? I confess that, as a child, I had a theory on the subject. It was this: to me it seemed that the bird uttered his new song in a tone of distress (I still think the note suggests a worried tone of mind). It might be, I used to fancy, that his child—he or she whom he had put out to nurse with strangers—had just grown old enough to tackle his parent upon this point; that it suddenly flew up from somewhere and confronted him; that it shook a menacing claw and said, “Aha, you old villain, I’ve caught you at last, have I—now then, what do you mean by leaving me to starve, for all you knew or cared, and to be brought up as a foundling?”—and that there and then it attacked and pursued its frightened sire, who darted hither and thither uttering the distressful cry of “Cuck-ook-oo!”

Now, if one were to leave the garden and go out into the fields, though a chorus of bird voices almost as loud as this would charm one’s ear from every side, yet the character of the music would be altogether different. The larks would bear the burden of the symphony. The larks are the first violins of nature’s orchestra. Other members of the orchestra would be very prominent; our friend the cuckoo would be more in evidence than now, when he is far away in the distance.

The lowing cattle would provide pleasant, deeper tones. The sea is very quiet to-day, but there is always a pedal bass going on upon the beach, softer to-day, louder to-morrow; the gulls sometimes have a page of the music almost to themselves. This is always at springtide, when they are congregated in their hundreds, for some mysterious purpose, upon the sands and, as though impelled by some unseen agency, burst suddenly and simultaneously into a babel of loud cries, which continue for a few minutes and then abruptly cease. I think this must be the gull's version of the spring song; for, gulls being quick-tempered and intolerant, when one opens his beak to chant forth his words of love or defiance, the challenge is so instantly taken up that the general effect is that of a simultaneous burst of strident cries. Every now and then I can hear this very thing from my window, here, though the beach is a quarter of a mile away. The babel of sound swells up for a moment and almost drowns the softer voices near at hand, then mercifully dies away again.

Once more there is a sudden cessation of the music—is the merlin, the hated ogre of the district, about to pass again? No, this time it is that abominable nuisance, the wandering cat. He actually presumes to cross the lawn under my very window. A pair of blackbirds dart shrieking at him, three or four cheeky small birds join them, a greenfinch, a couple of sparrows and—yes, my dear friend the robin. Nobody's Cat pretends to be unaware of their presence. He sits down and deliberately proceeds to clean his left paw. The deputation of birds furiously resent the delay. They settle and jump about near his head, chiding, chattering, swearing—no doubt—in a withering and blighting fashion in their own language. Nobody's Cat

stops washing and fixes a cold green eye upon one of the blackbirds; the taste of fledglings is in his mouth; as a matter of fact, he is full of luscious fare; he has had a good morning and wants to sleep. Away he trots to seek a soft shady spot for his nap; but the blackbirds follow—his slumbers will be disturbed!

Our own sleek and well-fed cat is not allowed out at nights at this season. I should never be able to look my birds in the face again if I were to allow Thomas a free hand with their fledglings. I do hope they do not think that this ugly-looking vulgar rascal, Nobody's Cat, is mine. I would not forfeit their esteem and confidence for a full dozen of the best cats that were ever shown at the Crystal Palace exhibition.

Away trots Nobody's Cat, pursued and accompanied by his chiding swearing *entourage*; in the shrubbery the *cor-tège* stops, but the swearing continues. They have located the spot in which their enemy has curled himself up to sleep, but they will not leave him. He must be scolded and flustered and kept awake; then perhaps he may remove himself, scale the garden wall, and go somewhere where his presence will be better appreciated.

Meanwhile the rest of the singers have resumed their concert; life and springtide are so short—no time must be wasted.

I should like to go out now into the fields and woods; to walk along the beach and listen to the music there; it is all the same music, whether in garden, field, or by the sea, only differently scored. But it is scarcely four o'clock, and I am, in truth, somewhat sleepy. Moreover, the chorus is gradually waning. Singing is probably hungry work; one by one the performers are leaving the platform, as in Haydn's (is it Haydn's?) humorous creation; soon only old Conductor

Cuckoo will be left beating time with none to follow it save here and there a Master Singer, in some distant copse, loth to deprive the world of the delicious cadences to which for an hour he has accustomed it.

As I return to my deserted pillow the robin appears upon the window-ledge which I have this moment abandoned. "What," he seems to say, "aren't you coming to dig me any worms after all? Play the game and do your duty!"

Longman's Magazine.

"Wait till after breakfast, Robin," I murmur drowsily; and my dear friend, whether in joyful anticipation of the pleasant time thus promised him, or simply because at this season, and at this gorgeous hour of the young day, no bird can contain himself for long without slipping almost unconsciously into music, suddenly bursts into a delicious silvery phrase of song, as he sits on the window-ledge, as charming and as perfect as the young sunshine itself.

Fred Whishaw.

THE BLACK MAN'S BURDEN.

Take up the black man's burden! child of an alien blood,
 Drawer of Albu's water and hewer of Albu's wood,
 From the shores of the blue Zambesi to the foam of the further end
 They need the sweat of the black man's brow for the white man's dividend.

By the dread of the Yellow Peril, by the slang of the Seventh Sea,
 By the godly cant and the royal rant of the race that set you free,
 Wherever the red gold glitters, wherever the diamond shines,
 Go forth, upon compulsion, and labor in the mines.

The winds of the West have heard it, the stars of the South replied,
 When the Lords of the Outer Marches went forth on a fruitless ride,
 That the son of the swarthy Kaffir must wake from an idle sleep
 When the lone grey Mother calls for toll, and the Lord has made it cheap.

Foster-sons of the Empire, wards of the baked Karoo,
 This is the law the Mother makes and her sword shall prove it true;
 "Wherever the red gold glitters, wherever the diamond shines,
 Take up the black man's burden and labor in the mines."

The Speaker.

G. F. B.

A DAY OF REST

The ancient Mexicans divided the year into weeks of five days. They held a fair on the fifth day, so that after four days of work a man desisted from laboring in his vocation and carried his produce to market. The conquerors of the Mexican imposed upon him, with the Catholic religion, the week of seven days, and the seventh became the market day instead of the fifth. Over the greater part of the country Sunday has not yet become a day of rest; at most it brings a change of occupation. In the villages of the hot lowlands (*tierra caliente*) it is the busiest day of the week. Once a month or so the tawdry old church has its turn of the priest of the district, who mumbles an early mass or two, and on these occasions the Indian gives a quarter of an hour to his "duty" before beginning the real business of the day. But there is no restful dreamful dozing, no Sunday School, only newly washed clothes and a great deal of buying and selling, gossiping, gambling, drinking and flirting, and frequently, the natural result of these last, fighting.

To prepare for the weekly market on Sunday the up-river Indian improvises a rude raft, two or three young trees roughly chopped down, and lashed together with some of the pliant vines that crowd the tropical forest. On it he places his little store of maize, coffee, rubber, cacao or tobacco, and with a slender pole skilfully guides his frail vessel down stream. When he lands his goods on the river bank at the village he abandons the raft and with the produce of his cargo supplies himself with the commodities he wants, a blanket, sandals, salt, a knife, a cheap gun, a gay handkerchief, a jar of native rum. Probably before nightfall he

is drunk; but by next morning's dawn, if he has not got into gaol, he is away through the forest paths to his home, his unconsumed purchases on his back. If he lives down stream from the village, he poles his canoe up and returns in it. If he comes overland by road, the stout backs of his womenkind carry their full share of the burdens. The less distant bring to town provisions to furnish meals for those who have travelled farther, and squat in the market-place selling their maize-cakes (*tortillas*) and other Indian eatables.

The British or American settler, accustomed at home to a peaceful Sunday, sometimes tries to introduce the custom on his own plantation. He fails, even when it, like the one in which I write, is far from town or village.

We are here in the *tierra caliente*, on the picturesque fringe of the Sierra Madre mountains. The house stands on a height above the river, so far back as to leave room for the road and a few dark orange trees between it and the steeply descending bank. The river is invisible directly in front, but to the right the eye can follow a long stretch of it as it comes shimmering down between its densely wooded banks. The great trees that overhang the water are covered almost to their topmost branches with long trailing vines, whose hanging leaves form a close green curtain between the river-way and the forest. The river itself in the sunshine looks like a broad highway of burnished silver between cliffs of emerald. On the left, a hundred yards down stream, the ground is partly cleared of trees, and slopes gently to the water's edge, and there the river bends away to the right, leaving a broad stretch of sand and gravel be-

side a quiet pool in which the people bathe.

For Belén, our cook, Sunday begins, as the Sabbath did for the ancient Hebrews and for our Puritan ancestors, on Saturday evening. It is then that, when dinner is over and all her pots are scoured, the dishes washed and placed on the rack, her fires raked out and the floor of the kitchen swept, she starches and irons her weekly clean sprigged-muslin skirt. This is a work of no mean skill, as we can see, for the process is carried out in public on the verandah. The starched muslin is delicately damped before the iron passes over it. Belén takes a sip of water in her mouth and with a long breath ejects it from her lips in the finest imaginable spray over the surface of the cloth. The hot iron, whose temperature she first tries with the palm of her left hand, follows the slender shower. Next day Belén appears in a billowy skirt, its ample folds gathered simply at her ample waist. Above the skirt she wears a snow-white chemise, sleeveless and cut low, so as to exhibit in full her polished chocolate arms and shoulders. Round her sinewy neck a tiny red and blue silk handkerchief is loosely pinned; her thick hair shines with our best cooking lard, and on her head is a steeple-crowned *sombrero* as large as a parasol; in her firm and rosy lips she holds a big, strong, black cigar, and a crimson paper rose is stuck behind her ear.

Belén's full name is María de Belén Rodríguez, Mary of Bethlehem Rodríguez. There are many Maries, for, when a child is born, the calendar is consulted and the infant receives the name of the saint whose day it happens to be. This has the advantage of always letting people know when their friends' birthdays come round, so that they may offer their felicitations punctually. Mary of Guadalupe, Mary of the Pilar and Mary of Jesus are respec-

tively called, for short, Lupe, Pilar and Chucha. Our Mary is called Bélen, which, being of the Coast, she pronounces Beléng through her very sharp nose. She is rather tall and elderly, very dark, very ugly, and as hard as whiplash. Besides being a cook of much knowledge and experience, she can manage a canoe and ride a horse, and she has a temper which has earned for her the nickname of *La Tarantula*. In addition to her monthly wages Belén gets one real's (about sixpence) worth of soap and half a pound of starch every week. This is an allowance we are very glad to make, and we think we get value for it in her appearance on Sunday.

Procopio, who milks the cows, is a hardworking little man with a broad face and a pair of very strong bow legs. He wears the usual cotton shirt and cotton trousers, the shirt hanging loose over the trousers, a cool and agreeable manner of wearing it and one suited to the climate. The authorities of one of the principal Mexican cities recently decreed that no one should be permitted to enter its precincts wearing his shirt in this manner. I inquired into the reason of this singular sumptuary law, and learned that it was merely a corollary to an edict prohibiting the wearing of arms at the fairs and other festivals; a knife or pistol was so easily concealed under the loose shirt. In the country such restrictions are not thought of, and Procopio wears his snow-white shirt to-day as Hodge in Buckinghamshire wears his smock frock. But this is not all. Procopio turns up one trouser just as any other gentleman does in muddy weather, but, unlike any other gentleman, he rolls up the other above the knee. This arrangement is too habitual to be accidental, but I am unable to explain it. Perhaps his ancestors, for some sufficient but now forgotten reason, wore one leg bare, and the habit

is a survival like the buttons on the back of a coat. In that case if I inquired of Procopio himself it is unlikely that he could tell me, any more than his wife, Teresa, could tell me why she, like the other ladies of her race, puts the end of her scarf, or, if she does not happen to be wearing it, her brown hand before her mouth when she speaks to me, which certainly does not help me to understand her. Probably she could not explain why she does it. It may be that she has learned the custom from her mother, who learned it from hers, who learned it from the Spaniards, who learned it from the Moors, who, being Mahomedans, made their women veil their faces in the presence of men.

Procopio is no eight-hours man. His hours are the twenty-four, or any of them in which there is work to be done. He rises very early in the morning. For reasons, we like the milk brought to the house direct, and the can placed where it can be seen. If I am not already awake, he wakens me as he opens the door to bring it in. He comes at an hour which varies casually from half-past two to half-past five. The Indian, like the horse, seems to need little sleep, and his customary toilet takes scarcely more time than theirs. A yawn and a shake suffice on week-days. Procopio is intelligent and has learnt to know the hour by looking at the clock, but he can tell it almost as well by looking at the sky. His milking-time however depends on his luck in getting the cows together. The cows are neither housed nor tethered. They are wild, light-limbed creatures, as active as deer and little more domesticated. In the hot day-time they stand in the river, or push into the deepest forest shades, to escape as much as they can the burning sun and the troublesome flies. The night is their chief feeding time, when they wander over the partly cleared land or

seek the long grasses by the water side.

Waking on Procopio's entrance with his lantern and pail, I rise if it is not too early, and dress, careful to pull on my boots before setting my feet on the ground, and also to shake out the boots before pulling them on, for a scorpion or a toad may have chanced to take up its lodging in them during the night. I go outside. Lights are twinkling in the workers' kitchen, where the women are busy on their knees, grinding the maize and baking the *tortillas*, and the morning coffee is bubbling in the pot. Overhead the sky is clear but dark, and seems stretched like black velvet above the twinkling stars. Jupiter blazes low in the East, and a tiny spark that shimmers close to his rim I fancy to be one of his moons. The pole-star almost rests upon the tree tops, and over the opposite horizon stands up feebly the cripple Southern Cross. A low faint paleness tinges the eastern sky. The heavy dew is bending down every leaf and twig on the trees and every blade of grass. An hour after sunrise it will have mounted up in vapor and covered the sky with a curtain of cloud. An hour later that will have been warmed into transparency, and the empty sky will be again as clear as when every star seemed to hang below it in space.

Soon or late after Procopio's arrival comes the house-boy, Aurelio, wrapped in his *zarape* against the cool morning air. Being a friend of the cook, he lights her fires for her, saturating the sticks lavishly with petroleum when he can lay his hands on it. Her fires, for she uses three, are conveniently made on a table in the centre of the kitchen. This table is a rough affair and rests on four stout posts driven into the ground. It is covered with earth five or six inches deep, which is prevented from falling off by a ledge. The fires have burnt the earth hard, and the

wood ashes have made it smooth and grey. The space under the table is convenient for keeping the firewood. The pot over each fire rests, after the Mexican fashion, upon three stones, and the fire is made of sticks arranged in the form of a star. The converging points are lit, and as they burn, the sticks are thrust further in. The smoke finds its way out through the palm roof of the house, which it has blackened till the cedar rafters look like ebony. Belén smokes the house without smoking the dinner, at least not more than one learns to tolerate. She boils the milk for the morning coffee in a round jug of thin earthenware without a lid, and says that the way to keep it from the smoke is to boil it uncovered.

Before going out to work the men get hot coffee. It is made very sweet with the coarse brown sugar of the country, and each man, as his name is called, comes up with his bowl and gets his ladleful along with the first of his daily allowance of maize-cakes. He then squats down and eats his breakfast in a position which no man whose ancestors have sat on chairs can ever learn to adopt. Presently a bell rings, the men are mustered in line, the roll is called, the tools are given out and the gangs are sent off to work. As it is Sunday they only do a task of three or four hours, for which they receive no wages. It is supposed to be an equivalent for the day's food and lodging, and is called the *faena*.

The gangs started, I drink my coffee and then go to attend to the sick. This is a work that has to be done every day in the week, for on a plantation there are always some people sick, and almost always some shamming.

The thatched portico of the house, locally named the *corredor*, is the dispensary, and here the sufferers, true or feigned, wait their turn with Indian patience, a picturesque little crowd in the level sunshine of the morning.

Those who have fever are wrapped in their gaudy blankets. A man who has a sore head has a bright handkerchief tightly knotted round the base of his skull. A woman with a headache fixes a little bit of sticking-plaster, the size of a sixpence, on each temple. Sore legs are tied up in dirty rags. Women have brought bowls or bottles to carry away the medicine for patients who cannot leave their beds.

The treatment is of necessity a little rough and ready, and such common-sense and experience as may be available have to supply the place of professional skill. A good store is kept of Epsom salts and quinine, a roll of sticking-plaster, some phenicated vaseline, a little laudanum, a little ammonia for snake-bites and scorpion-stings, a little turpentine wherewith to treat the hideous *moyocuil* preparatory to squeezing him out of the great inflamed ball he makes under your skin. A poultice is easily made with hot milk and bread, or failing these (and they are often failing) the ever clean and convenient soap and sugar. Arnica grows wild among the mountains, and the Indians themselves make an infusion of this wonderful healer of wounds.

Alejandro, the tall mountaineer who has charge of our working bulls, is my first patient. His big straw *sombrero* is pulled low over his eyes, his scarlet blanket covers his mouth and nose, the end of it thrown over his left shoulder. In appearance he resembles the villain of the comic opera, but he comes forward only apologetic, ashamed of the trembling of his hands and the tottering of his steps. He has been hauling palm-leaves from the forest to repair a roof and has got soaked in the rain. Too strong a man to think it worth while to dry himself, he has sat down, taken his supper, and gone to sleep wet as he was. His little woman (*mujercita*) is temporarily at another plantation;

if she had been with him she would have given him dry clothes. I feel his pulse. It is beating quickly and his skin is burning. His head and all his bones ache. "*Está bastante fuerte la calentura*, (the fever is pretty strong,)" he says with a smile and a shake of the head. He gets a big dose of salts, and is told to go and lie down and to return to-morrow for a dose of quinine. I know he won't lie down; he will only sit about here and there in the shade; this is not his first *calentura*. To-morrow he will come up still weak and shaky, and will get twelve grains of quinine. Next day he will get ten grains, and in the afternoon will probably return to work. After that he will have a lessening dose every day for a week, at the end of which he will be as well as ever. But Alejandro is a *serrano*, a hillman, and an exceptionally strong one. Besides, as the other men say of him, "*tiene verguenza* (he has shame)." They mean that he has a conscience, a sense of honor, too rare an endowment among Mexican workers.

Another fever patient is also a man from the mountains of the temperate region, who has got his illness by bathing in the river in the hot sun. The treatment for him is the same as for Alejandro, the regular treatment for fever, quinine preceded by an effectual cathartic. Ireneo has cut his foot with his hatchet. I wash it carefully, putting a drop of carbolic in the water, then apply arnica and close the wound with sticking-plaster. Ireneo winds on some bandage of his own over all, and hobbles off to pass the day gossiping in the neighborhood of the kitchen.

Joaquina comes with an ailing wailing baby. As I see no outward sign to account for the little creature's fretfulness, I infer a pain in its small stomach, and venture to administer a tiny dose of magnesia from my private stock. My proceeding is horribly em-

pirical, but I dare not disappoint the poor mother by doing nothing at all for her baby; it were better to give it a tea-spoonful of warm water and sugar. The Faith Cure even at second hand is not altogether a delusion.

In a distant and more ambitious plantation they have a doctor, a graduate of Mexico, which is no mean city in respect of its Medical School. He has an imposing diploma, bearing the seal of the University and his photograph incorporated in the text, so that no impostor may steal and use it. But I am told they have a larger proportion of sick and a longer average term of cure than we who treat by rule of thumb and rely largely upon luck. A doctor when he is new is apt to be very popular here, like any other novelty. His mere presence among them calls people's attention to the state of their health, and, like the reading of a book of domestic medicine, makes them imagine they have the symptoms of all sorts of illnesses. Besides there are motives for an Indian's actions, and the ways in which his ideas work, that are not to be interpreted by analogy with those of white people. He is capable of thinking that the doctor will be disappointed, and even offended, that perhaps he will go away, if patients do not turn up in plenty. He will come for treatment out of curiosity, to increase his knowledge, or out of avarice, fearful lest he may miss a share of anything valuable that may be going. And he will fish cunningly for a suggestion from the doctor's questions as to what kind of pain it may be well for him to have, and where it should be situated.

The sick disposed of, there is a gang of workers (time-expired men who have completed their contract) to be "liquidated," and this is the day for it; on a week-day it would interfere with business. The fourth commandment is read in Mexico, "Six days shalt thou

labor and do all thy work, and on the seventh shalt thou make up thy books."

These men have come down from their mountain villages to work on the plantation for a fixed period, and then to return. They do not engage for a very long time, their own crofts needing their care. Their wages are not paid weekly or fortnightly, but at the end of their contract. They have however received a portion of their earnings in advance before leaving home, ostensibly for their slender outfit and the expenses of their families during their absence. Small detaining debts of some have had to be paid before they could set out. The headmen of their villages have taken care to secure from the employer their monthly capitation tax. The majority have asked for and expended on superfluous drinks and cigarettes a weekly trifle of pocket-money. A few, looking to the end, have "scorned delights and lived laborious days." Others, unable to resist the seductions of the Store, have supplemented their rations with wheaten bread and white sugar, and their wardrobes with silk sashes and embroidered hats. These often find it hard to admit at liquidation, when they see their neighbors receiving much and themselves little, that they cannot eat their cake and have it. Each man has his separate debtor-and-creditor account in the plantation books and his pass-book to correspond. But many cannot read (though their wits are none the less keen in a bargain) and many speak only their Indian language. These have to be communicated with through their gang-leader, who knows enough Spanish for business purposes. Everything has to be explained at large and at length. Time is of no consequence and prompt despatch is suspicious. Thus the final adjustment of accounts to the mutual satisfaction of master and man often demands much temper

and tact, and always demands unlimited patience.

But now the *faena* is over work has ceased and all are free for the day. The store is thronged. Picturesque groups of men in big *sombreros* and clean white cotton shirts and trousers, and women in gay muslin skirts and long-fringed scarves stand or sit here and there. The crowd of spectators at the pay-table has had another fringe added to it. As we finish the last liquidation the house-boy comes to announce that the late breakfast (*almuerzo*) or early dinner, whichever one may choose to consider it, is ready, for it is eleven o'clock. The horn sounds to call the workers to their food. We arrange our papers, lock up the money-box, and sit down to table. Belén has cooked the meal. There is an excellent soup made of black beans, lard and grated cheese; but the chief glory of the meal is turkey, turkey chopped in pieces, stewed, and then smothered in a dark brown sauce. The dish is handed round and every body helps himself to the part he likes best, if he can distinguish it. If he cannot it makes little difference, for the principal ingredient in the sauce is *chile*, and every piece tastes as if it were red hot. This sauce is a great favorite in Mexico and is called *mole*, a word which means *mild*! The turkey is sometimes served whole, but in that case it is not trussed as we are used to see it, but lies pathetically on its side with its legs stretched half across the table. The house-boy, who also acts as housemaid, for he makes the beds and sweeps the rooms, and as butler, for he draws the corks, magnifies his office and distinguishes himself from the common servant by wearing a laundried shirt spotted with pink anchors, and tucking it in after the European fashion. He is also tightly belted with a scarf of purple silk. His feet are bare. He carries in the dishes from the kitchen, which is only

separated from the dining-room by a row of sticks. Belén comes and leans against the doorpost, arms and feet crossed and cigar in mouth, to watch with her sharp black eyes the progress of each morsel. She asks how we like this and that. We profess delight and smack our lips. We dare not criticise Belén in public, not in Spanish at any rate, and even in English she almost seems to know by divination when a word is said about cookery. We are in her power, for cooks are scarce, and we might never manage to cajole another into banishment in the wilderness.

After breakfast the workers betake themselves to private business or diversion. Most white men embrace the opportunity for a *siesta*. I have letters to write. But alas, on Sunday my Mexicans have some leisure too. Privacy has not yet been invented here, nor has it been discovered that anybody's time is of any value. I know an American who has built himself a little attic to his hut and retires into it when he desires to be alone, pulling the ladder up after him and letting his people clamor below for his attention in vain. He is thought to be disordered in his intellect. As yet I live as my neighbors do and am an easy prey to interruption.

I get to the length of "*Muy señor mío y amigo* (Dear sir and friend,)" and am considering in what polite Spanish I can best couch a remonstrance to a dilatory merchant in Veracruz, when I have to stop to arrange a dispute between the cook and another lady. It is all about a broken *molinillo*. I do not know this at first. The cook begins by a respectful offer to resign her situation, which is too serious not to engage my immediate attention. I am inexperienced in the ways of women. The *molinillo* is a little turned wooden thing, partly pestle, partly whisk, with which a Mexican lady grinds and

mixes the chocolate in her cup, whirling the instrument between the palms of her hands. There is, I fear, hard swearing on both sides. The thing has been lent. The borrower denies liability, setting up, as it seems, the defence made classical in the historic kettle case. The value of the utensil when new might be three half-pence. It seems little to make a fuss about between friends. I laugh, so do they. They care nothing for the *molinillo*, nothing whatever. They will go on with their work as I desire. For my part I see that what they really cared for was the importance of being allowed to talk at length in the presence of the *Patrón*. They have had their wish and go away perfectly satisfied.

But meantime a little man with a jolly smiling face arrives, a parcel under his arm, his great felt silver-tasselled hat in his hand, and comes forward to salute me with all the elaborate forms of Spanish-Mexican politeness. For a moment I do not recognize him. He is the *sastre ambulante*, the travelling tailor. I had fallen in with him at another plantation and given him a few yards of white duck and a commission to make me a couple of pairs of trousers. He produces them. They prove, on being tried there and then, to be rather generously cut, so he pulls out his shears and his needle and thread, his little legs seem to cross themselves automatically, and he sinks contentedly down on the ground to make the needful alterations.

I turn again to my writing, but I have not got down three sentences when there is a tramp of horses' feet outside. Visitors have arrived. They are strangers, but we are far from the region of hotels, and hospitality to the passing traveller is a matter of course. We shake hands and mutually introduce ourselves. They are Mexicans, two up-river tobacco planters and a San Juan merchant on their way coast-

wards. A *copita* of Spanish brandy in lieu of a cocktail is served round, and water is brought that our guests may wash off the dust of their journey while the remains of our breakfast and some tinned meats are set out for them.

After they have eaten we light our cigars and seat ourselves in the porch. Writing must be postponed till night. The thermometer behind us in the shade marks 104°. Aurello comes up from the river and passes into the kitchen. Outside there is a small circle of idle people, and I know that every one of them will manage to bother me about something or other. I see among them an Indian who, as it is Sunday, has come in his canoe and has brought maize to sell. Another has a little present of fruit for me and of course a petition for a present in return,—a little medicine, or lime, or perhaps gunpowder. They are too polite to interrupt our conversation. All are perfectly good-natured. They can wait, till the evening, till to-morrow, till any time. Mexico is "*el país de mañana* (the country of to-morrow.)"

As we sit idly smoking, now and then asking or answering a question that occurs, or brushing off a mosquito, Aurello, behind us, rubbing up a glass, remarks in a casual way, just as if he were saying that the flies are troublesome, "A woman is drowned down there."

"Drowned!" I say, "when?"

He thinks for a moment. "About a quarter of an hour ago," he says, holding the glass up to the light and eyeing it critically before placing it on the table.

I start up. "Where is she?"

Aurello comes forward and points to the little group forming a circlet on the gravel. "There on the bank, señor," he says. "You can see them standing round her."

With a word of apology to my visitors, who look at me with polite sur-

prise, I pick up the brandy bottle and, calling to Aurello to get the ammonia and follow me, I run quickly down.

There is a small circle of a dozen half-naked people crowding round something that lies on the ground. Fifty more are standing or sitting within as many yards, talking and laughing and quite indifferent to the poor little tragedy that has just happened beside them. One of the nearest groups is listening to a young fellow who sits under a tree a little way up the bank playing a guitar and occasionally improvising a comic verse. The people make way for me, and those about the drowned woman stand back. I recognize her as one of the *molenderas* (the women grinders at the mill), Petrona, a young unmarried girl. She lies on her back covered from breast to ankles with a piece of old sacking, her shawl folded and placed under her head. I ask what has been done, and two or three hasten to tell me. They have held down her head to let the water she had swallowed run out, but it was of no use; and now they have laid her down nicely. There is no more to be done; by-and-by her father will take her away. Her father is standing outside the little circle, his back towards it, and although he must hear every word he does not turn round. He is naked to the waist, and I can see that he has been in the water.

Making the people stand back, I kneel down and put the glass of my watch to the girl's lips. There is no sign of breath. I touch her hands and feet, and they are cold in spite of the blazing sun. I can feel no pulse at her wrist nor any beating of her heart.

I try to remember the directions (which we have all read at sometime somewhere) for resuscitating drowned persons, but meanwhile I do not delay to pour some brandy into her mouth, which I open with difficulty, and to hold the ammonia bottle to her nos-

trills. Then I set two men to slap the soles of her feet, and one to fan her face with his *sombrero*, while I and another move her arms from her sides up above her head and back again, so as to induce, so far as I know how, artificial respiration. No doubt I should have wrapped her in warm blankets, but none were available, and besides they could hardly have been hotter than the sun, which beats on us so fiercely that I ought to have a sun-stroke.

For a long time our labor appears to be ineffectual. The slappers and fanners have to be relieved by others. I feel as if I had worked an hour. The sun seems to be frying my spinal marrow as I stoop there on the burning gravel. But I think I remember that the directions are to persevere for two hours, and we persevere, for half-an-hour, maybe, or three-quarters. I pour some more brandy into her mouth. This time we think we see,—we are not quite sure—the faintest possible movement in her throat, like a feeble attempt to swallow. This cheers us and we do not slacken our efforts.

At last we see unmistakable signs of life. Her breast moves slightly of itself. She breathes. I call her father, and as soon as there is no doubt of her recovery I leave her in his charge.

When I inquire how the thing happened, I learn that Francisca, another *molendera*, the wife of one of the workers, asked Petrona to bathe with her. Enjoying themselves and frisking about in the warm river, they suddenly slipped over a ledge into a hole which was beyond their depth. Francisca could swim a stroke or two, Petrona not at all, and they went down. Someone saw them sink and called to the young men who were bathing near. These came to the rescue and speedily pulled out Francisca none the worse, though badly frightened. Then they dived and brought up poor Petrona,

who was carried ashore unconscious, and, after being treated ineffectually by the emptying process, was given over for dead sometime before my arrival on the scene.

I return to the house, passing on my way the gentleman with the guitar, who has never ceased playing all the time; indeed he continues his performance to an audience whose endurance is as remarkable as his own for the rest of the afternoon, only pausing for his supper, well into the night.

For my part, having completed the somewhat doubtful service to Petrona of bringing her back to a world where she is doomed to much toil and little gain, after she had probably got over the most painful part of the process of leaving it, I return to our guests. They take a calm and polite interest in hearing what has happened, and seem surprised, though too well-bred to say so, that I have taken so much trouble.

As we sit talking after supper, a long wail ascends from the people's quarters. It ceases soon and quietness succeeds. I send, however, to enquire the cause, and the watchman comes up to tell me. It seems that an afterpiece has followed the drama—or melodrama, as it had a guitar accompaniment. Francisca's husband had spent the afternoon in the woods and did not return till long after all was over. Some busybody hastened to tell him what had happened. He was annoyed, and, taking a stick, he gave his wife a good thrashing. This over, there is quietness.

The long day closes, and at last I am able to return to my writing. I bless the Spaniards for having at least changed the Day of Rest from the fifth day to the seventh. Were the Republic of Mexico to follow the example of the first Republic of France and ordain a week of ten instead of seven days, I feel that I could sigh an acquiescence.

Andrew Marshall.

THE CONNEMARA MARE.

PART I.

The grey mare who had been one of the last, if not the very last, of the sales at the Dublin Horse Show, was not at all happy in her mind.

Still less so was the dealer's understrapper, to whom fell the task of escorting her through the streets of Dublin. Her late owner's groom had assured him that she would "folly him out of his hand, and that whatever she'd see she wouldn't care for it nor ask to look at it!"

It cannot be denied, however, that when an electric tram swept past her like a terrace under way, closely followed by a cart laden with a clanking and horrific reaping-machine, she showed that she possessed powers of observation. The incident passed off with credit to the understrapper, but when an animal has to be played like a salmon down the length of Lower Mount Street, and when it barn-dances obliquely along the north side of Merion Square, the worst may be looked for in Nassau Street.

And it was indeed in Nassau Street, and, moreover, in full view of the bow window of Kildare Street Club, that the cup of the understrapper's misfortunes brimmed over. To be sure, he could not know that the new owner of the grey mare was in that window; it was enough for him that a quiescent and unsuspected piano-organ broke with three majestic chords into Mascagni's "Intermezzo" at his very ear, and that, without any apparent interval of time, he was surmounting a heap composed of a newspaper boy, a sandwich man, and a hospital nurse, while his hands held nothing save a red-hot memory of where the rope had been. The smashing of glass and the

clatter of hoofs on the pavement filled in what space was left in his mind for other impressions.

"She's into the hat shop!" said Mr. Rupert Gunning to himself in the window of the club, recognizing his recent purchase and the full measure of the calamity in one and the same moment.

He also recognized in its perfection the fact, already suspected by him, that he had been a fool.

Upheld by this soothing reflection he went out into the street, where awaited him the privileges of proprietorship. These began with the despatching of the mare, badly cut, and apparently lame on every leg, in charge of the remains of the understrapper, to her destination. They continued with the consolation of the hospital nurse, and embraced in varying pecuniary degrees the compensation of the sandwich man, the newspaper boy, and the proprietor of the hat shop. During all this time he enjoyed the unfaltering attention of a fair-sized crowd, liberal in comment, prolific of imbecile suggestion. And all these things were only the beginning of the trouble.

Mr. Gunning proceeded to his room and to the packing of his portmanteau for that evening's mail-boat to Holyhead in a mood of considerable sourness. It may be conceded to him that circumstances had been of a souring character. He had bought Miss Fanny Fitzroy's grey mare at the Horse Show for reasons of an undeniably sentimental sort. Therefore, having no good cause to show for the purchase, he had made it secretly; the sum of sixty pounds, for an animal that he had consistently crabbed, amounting in the eyes of the world in general to a rather advanced love-token, if not a formal declaration. He had planned

no future for the grey mare, but he had cherished a trembling hope that some day he might be in a position to restore her to her late owner without considering the expression in any eyes save those which, a couple of hours ago, had recalled to him the play of lights in a Connemara trout stream.

Now, it appeared, this pleasing vision must go the way of many others.

The August sunlight illumined Mr. Gunning's folly, and his bulging port-manteau, packed as brutally as only a man in a fit of passion can pack; when he reached the hall, it also with equal inappropriateness irradiated the short figure and seedy tidiness of the dealer who had been his confederate in the purchase of the mare.

"What did the vet say, Brennan?" said Mr. Gunning, with the brevity of ill humor.

Mr. Brennan paused before replying; a pause laden with the promise of evil tidings. His short silvery hair glistened respectably in the sunshine: he had preserved unblemished from some earlier phase of his career the air of a family coachman out of place. It veiled, though it could not conceal, the dissolute twinkle in his eye as he replied:

"He said, sir, if it wasn't that she was something out of condition, he'd recommend you to send her out to the lions at the Zoo!"

The specimen of veterinary humor had hardly the success that had been hoped for it. Rupert Gunning's face was so remarkably void of appreciation that Mr. Brennan abruptly relapsed into gloom.

"He said he'd only be wasting his time with her, sir; he might as well go stitch a bog-hole as them wounds the window gave her; the tendon of the near fore is the same as in two halves with it, let alone the shoulder, that's worse again with her pitching out on the point of it."

"Was that all he had to say?" demanded the mare's owner.

"Well, beyond those remarks he passed about the Zoo, I should say it was, sir," admitted Mr. Brennan.

There was another pause, during which Rupert asked himself what the devil he was to do with the mare, and Mr. Brennan, thoroughly aware that he was doing so, decorously thumbed the brim of his hat.

"Maybe we might let her get the night, sir," he said, after a respectful interval, "and you might see her yourself in the morning—"

"I don't want to see her. I know well enough what she looks like," interrupted his client irritably. "Anyhow, I'm crossing to England to-night, and I don't choose to miss the boat for the fun of looking at an unfortunate brute that's cut half to pieces!"

Mr. Brennan cleared his throat. "If you were thinking to leave her in my stables, sir," he said firmly, "I'd sooner be quit of her. I've only a small place, and I'd lose too much time with her if I had to keep her the way she is. She might be on my hands three months and die at the end of it."

The clock here struck the quarter, at which Mr. Gunning ought to start for his train at Westland Row.

"You see, sir—" recommenced Brennan. It was precisely at this point that Mr. Gunning lost his temper.

"I suppose you can find time to shoot her," he said, with a very red face. "Kindly do so to-night!"

Mr. Brennan's arid countenance revealed no emotion. He was accustomed to understanding his clients a trifle better than they understood themselves, and inscrutable though Mr. Gunning's original motive in buying the mare had been, he had during this interview yielded to treatment and followed a prepared path.

That night, in the domestic circle, the

dealer went so far as to lay the matter before Mrs. Brennan.

"He picked out a mare that was as poor as a raven—though she's a good enough stamp if she was in condition—and tells me to buy her. 'What price will I give, sir?' says I. 'Ye'll give what they're askin',' says he, 'and that's sixty sovereigns!' I'm thirty years buying horses, and such a disgrace was never put on me, to be made a fool of before all Dublin! Going giving the first price for a mare that wasn't value for the half of it! Well; he sees the mare then, cut into garters below in Nassau Street. Devil a hair he cares! Nor never came down to the stable to put an eye on her! 'Shoot her!' says he, leppin' up on a car. 'Westland Row!' says he to the fella. 'Drive like blazes!' and away with him! Well, no matter; I earned my money easy, an' I got the mare cheap!"

Mrs. Brennan added another spoonful of brown sugar to the porter that she was mulling in a saucepan on the range.

"Didn't ye say it was a young lady that owned the mare, James?" she asked in a colorless voice.

"Well, you're the divil, Mary!" replied Mr. Brennan in sincere admiration.

The mail-boat was as crowded as is usual on the last night of the Horse Show week—overhead flowed the smoke river from the funnels, behind flowed the foam river of wake; the Hill of Howth receded apace into the west, and its lighthouse glowed like a planet in the twilight. Men with cigars, aggressively fit and dinner-ful, strode the deck in couples, and threshed out the Horse Show and Leopardstown to their uttermost husks.

Rupert Gunning was also, but with excessive reluctance, discussing the Horse Show. As he had given himself a good deal of trouble in order to cross on this particular evening, and as any-

one who was even slightly acquainted with Miss Fitzroy must have been aware that she would decline to talk of anything else, sympathy for him is not altogether deserved. The boat swung softly in a trance of speed, and Miss Fitzroy, better known to a large circle of intimates as Fanny Fitz, tried to think the motion was pleasant. She had made a good many migrations to England, by various routes and classes. There had, indeed, been times of stress when she had crossed unostentatiously third-class, trusting that luck and a thick veil might save her from her friends, but the day after she had sold a horse for sixty pounds was not the day for a daughter of Ireland to study economics. The breeze brought warm and subtle wafts from the machinery; it also blew wisps of hair into Fanny Fitz's eyes and over her nose, in a manner much revered in fiction, but in real life usually unbecoming and always exasperating. She leaned back on the bench and wondered whether the satisfaction of crowing over Mr. Gunning compensated her for abandoning the tranquil security of the Ladies' Cabin.

Mr. Gunning, though less contradictory than his wont, was certainly one of the most deliberately unsympathetic men she knew. None the less he was a man, and someone to talk to, both points in his favor, and she stayed on.

"I just missed meeting the man who bought my mare," she said, recurring to the subject for the fourth time; "apparently he didn't think her 'a leggy, long-backed brute,' as other people did, or said they did!"

"Did many people say it?" asked Mr. Gunning, beginning to make a cigarette.

"Oh, no one whose opinion signified!" retorted Fanny Fitz, with a glance from her charming, changeful eyes that suggested that she did not always mean quite what she said. "I believe

the dealer bought her for a Leicester-shire man. What she really wants is a big country where she can extend herself."

Mr. Gunning reflected that by this time the grey mare had extended herself once for all in Brennan's backyard: he had done nothing to be ashamed of, but he felt abjectly guilty.

"If I go with Maudie to Connemara again next year," continued Fanny, "I must look out for another. You'll come too, I hope? A little opposition is such a help in making up one's mind! I don't know what I should have done without you at Leenane last June!"

Perhaps it was the vision of early summer that the words called up; perhaps it was the smile, half-seen in the semi-dark, that curved her provoking lips; perhaps it was compunction for his share in the tragedy of the Connemara mare; but possibly without any of these explanations Rupert would have done as he did, which was to place his hand on Fanny Fitz's as it lay on the bench beside him.

She was so amazed that for a moment she wildly thought he had mistaken it in the darkness for his tobacco-pouch. Then, jumping with a shock to the conclusion that even the unsympathetic Mr. Gunning shared most men's views about not wasting an opportunity, she removed her hand with a jerk.

"Oh! I beg your pardon!" said Rupert pusillanimously. Miss Fitzroy fell back again on the tobacco-pouch theory.

At this moment the glowing end of a cigar deviated from its orbit on the deck and approached them.

"Is that you, Gunning? I thought it was your voice," said the owner of the cigar.

"Yes, it is," said Mr. Gunning, in a tone singularly lacking in encouragement. "Thought I saw you at dinner, but couldn't be sure."

As a matter of fact, no one could have been more thoroughly aware than he of Captain Carteret's presence in the saloon.

"I thought so too!" said Fanny Fitz, from the darkness, "but Captain Carteret wouldn't look my way!"

Captain Carteret gave a somewhat exaggerated start of discovery, and threw his cigar over the side. He had evidently come to stay.

"How was it I didn't see you at the Horse Show?" he said.

"The only people one ever sees there are the people one doesn't want to see," said Fanny. I could meet no one except the auctioneer from Craffroe, and he always said the same thing. 'Fearful sultry, Miss Fitzroy! Have ye a purchaser yet for your animal, Miss Fitzroy? Ye have not! Oh, fie, fie!' It was rather funny at first, but it palled."

"I was only there one day," said Captain Carteret; "I wish I'd known you had a horse up, I might have helped you to sell."

"Thanks! I sold all right," said Fanny Fitz magnificently. "Did rather well, too!"

"Capital!" said Captain Carteret vaguely. His acquaintance with Fanny extended over a three-day shooting party in Kildare, and a dance given by the detachment of his regiment at Enniscar, for which he had come down from the depôt. It was not sufficient to enlighten him as to what it meant to her to own and sell a horse for the first time in her life.

"By the by, Gunning," he went on, "you seemed to be having a lively time in Nassau Street yesterday! My wife and I were driving in from the polo, and we saw you in the thick of what looked like a street row. Someone in the club afterwards told me it was a horse you had only just bought at the show that had come to grief. I hope it wasn't much hurt?"

There was a moment of silence—astonished, inquisitive silence on the part of Miss Fitzroy; temporary cessation of the faculty of speech on that of Mr. Gunning. It was the moment, as he reflected afterwards, for a clean, decisive lie, a denial of all ownership; either that, or the instant flinging of Captain Carteret overboard.

Unfortunately for him, he did neither: he lied partially, timorously, and with that clinging to the skirts of the truth that marks the novice.

"Oh, she was all right," he said, his face purpling heavily in the kindly darkness. What was the polo like, Carteret?"

"But I had no idea that you had bought a horse!" broke in Fanny Fitz, in high excitement. "Why didn't you tell Maudie and me? What is it like?"

"Oh, it's—she's just a cob—a grey cob—I just picked her up at the end of the show."

"What sort of a cob? Can she jump? Are you going to ride her with Freddy's hounds?" continued the implacably interested Fanny.

"I bought her as—as a trapper, and to do a bit of carting," replied Rupert, beginning suddenly to feel his powers of invention awakening; "she's quite a common brute. She doesn't jump."

"She seems to have jumped pretty well in Nassau Street," remarked Captain Carteret; "as well as I could see in the crowd, she didn't strike me as if she'd take kindly to carting."

"Well, I do think you might have told us about it!" reiterated Fanny Fitz. "Men are so ridiculously mysterious about buying or selling horses. I simply named my price and got it. I see nothing to make a mystery about in a deal; do you, Captain Carteret?"

"Well, that depends on whether you are buying or selling," replied Captain Carteret.

But Fate, in the shape of a turning tide and a consequent roll, played for

once into the hands of Rupert Gunning. The boat swayed slowly, but deeply, and a waft of steam blew across Miss Fitzroy's face. It was not mere steam; it had been among hot oily things, stealing and giving odor. Fanny Fitz was not ill, but she knew that she had her limits, and that conversation, save of the usual rudimentary kind with the stewardess, were best abandoned.

Miss Fitzroy's movements during the next two and a half months need not be particularly recorded. They included—

1. A week in London, during which the sixty pounds, or a great part of it, acquired by the sale of the Connemara mare, passed imperceptibly into items none of which, on a strict survey of expenditure, appeared to exceed three shillings and ninepence.

2. A month at Southsea, with Rupert Gunning's sister, Maudie Spicer, where she again encountered Captain Carteret, and entered aimlessly upon a semi-platonic and wholly unprofitable flirtation with him. During this epoch she wore out the remnant of her summer clothes and laid in substitutes; rather encouraged than otherwise by the fact that she had long since lost touch with the amount of her balance at the bank.

3. An expiatory and age-long sojourn of three weeks with relations at an Essex vicarage, mitigated only by persistent bicycling with her uncle's curate. The result, as might have been predicted by anyone acquainted with Miss Fitzroy, was that the curate's affections were diverted from the bourne long appointed for them—namely, the eldest daughter of the house—and that Fanny departed in blackest disgrace, with the single consolation of knowing that she would never be asked to the vicarage again.

Finally she returned, third-class, to her home in Ireland, with nothing to

show for the expedition except a new and very smart habit, and a vague assurance that Captain Carteret would give her a mount now and then with Freddy Alexander's hounds. Captain Carteret was to be on detachment at Enniscar.

PART II.

Mr. William Fennessy, lately returned from America, at present publican in Enniscar and proprietor of a small farm on its outskirts, had taken a grey mare to the forge.

It was now November, and the mare had been out at grass for nearly three months, somewhat to the detriment of her figure, but very much to her general advantage. Even in the South-West of Ireland it is not usual to keep horses out quite so late in the year, but Mr. Fennessy, having begun his varied career as a travelling tinker, was not the man to be bound by convention.

He had provided the mare with the society of a donkey and two sheep, and with the shelter of a filthy and ruinous cowshed. Taking into consideration the fact that he had only paid seven pounds ten shillings for her, he thought this accommodation was as much as she was entitled to.

She was now drooping and dozing in a dark corner of the forge, waiting her turn to be shod, while the broken spring of a car was being patched, as shaggy and as dirty a creature as had ever stood there.

"Where did ye get that one?" inquired the owner of the car of Mr. Fennessy, in the course of much lengthy conversation.

"I got her from a cousin of my own that died down in the county Limerick," said Mr. Fennessy in his most agreeable manner. "'Twas himself bred her, and she was near deshtroyed fallin' back on a harra' with him. It's for postin' I have her."

"She's shlack enough yet," said the carman.

"Ah, wait awhile!" said Mr. Fennessy easily; "In a week's time, when I'll have her clipped out, she'll be as clean as amber."

The conversation flowed on to other themes.

It was nearly dark when the carman took his departure, and the smith, a silent youth with sore eyes, caught hold of one of the grey mare's fetlocks and told her to "lift!" He examined each hoof in succession by the light of a candle stuck in a bottle, raked his fire together, and then, turning to Mr. Fennessy, remarked:

"Ye'd laugh if ye were here the day I put a slipper on this one, an' she afther comin' out o' the thrain—last June it was. 'Twas one Connolly back from Craffroe side was taking her from the station; him that thrained her for Miss Fitzroy. She gave him the two heels in the face." The glow from the fire illumined the smith's sardonic grin of remembrance. "She had a sandcrack in the near fore that time, and there's the sign of it yet."

The Cinderella-like episode of the slipper had naturally not entered into Mr. Fennessy's calculations, but he took the unforeseen without a change of countenance.

"Well, now," he said deliberately, "I was sayin' to meself on the road a while ago, if there was one this side o' the country would know her it'd be yerself."

The smith took the compliment with a blink of his sore eyes.

"Annyone'd be hard set to know her now," he said.

There was a pause, during which a leap of sparks answered each thump of the hammer on the white-hot iron, and Mr. Fennessy arranged his course of action.

"Well, Larry," he said, "I'll tell ye now what no one in this country

knows but meself and Patsey Crimmeen. Sure I know it's as good to tell a thing to the ground as to tell it to yerself!"

He lowered his voice.

"'Twas Mr. Gunning of Streamstown bought that one from Miss Fitzroy at the Dublin Show, and a hundred pound he gave for her!"

The smith mentally docked this sum by seventy pounds, but said, "By dam!" in polite convention.

"'Twasn't a week afther that I got her for twinty-five pound!"

The smith made a further mental deduction equally justified by the facts; the long snore and wheeze of the bellows filled the silence, and the dirty walls flushed and glowed with the steady crescendo and diminuendo of the glow.

The ex-tinker picked up the bottle with the candle. "Look at that!" he said, lowering the light and displaying a long transverse scar beginning at the mare's knee and ending in an enlarged fetlock.

"I seen that," said the smith.

"And look at that!" continued Mr. Fennessy, putting back the shaggy hair on her shoulder. A wide and shiny patch of black skin showed where the hatter's plate glass had flayed the shoulder. "She played the divil goin' through the streets, and made flitthers of herself this way, in a shop window. Gunning give the word to shoot her. The dealer's boy told Patsey Crimmeen. 'Twas Patsey was careing her at the show for Miss Fitzroy. Shtan' will ye!"—this to the mare, whose eyes glinted white as she flung away her head from the light of the candle.

"Whatever fright she got she didn't forget it," said the smith.

"I was up in Dublin meself the same time," pursued Mr. Fennessy. "Afther I seen Patsey I took a sthroll down to Brennan's yard. The leg was in two halves, barrin' the shkin, and the

showldher swoll up as big as a sack o' male. I was three or four days goin' down to look at her this way, and I seen she wasn't as bad as what they thought. I come in one morning, and the boy says to me, 'The boss has three horses comin' in to-day, an' I dunno where'll we put this one.' I goes to Brennan, and he sitting down to his breakfast, and the wife with him. 'Sir,' says I, 'for the honor of God sell me that mare!' We had hard strugglin' then. In the latther end the wife says, 'It's as good for ye to part her, James,' says she, 'and Mr. Gunning'll never know what way she went. This honest man'll never say where he got her.' 'I will not, ma'am,' says I. 'I have a brother in the postin' line in Belfast, and it's for him I'm buyin' her.'"

The process of making nail-holes in the shoe seemed to engross the taciturn young smith's attention for the next minute or two.

"There was a man over from Craffroe in town yesterday," he observed presently, "that said Mr. Gunning was lookin' out for a cob, and he'd fancy one that would lep."

He eyed his work sedulously as he spoke.

Something, it might have been the light of the candle, woke a flicker in Mr. Fennessy's eye. He passed his hand gently down the mare's quarter.

"Supposing now that the mane was off her, and something about six inches of a dock took off her tail, what sort of a cob d'ye think she'd make, Larry?"

The smith, with a sudden falsetto cackle of laughter, plunged the shoe into a tub of water, in which it gurgled and spluttered as if in appreciation of the jest.

PART III.

Dotted at intervals throughout society are the people endowed with the faculty for "getting up things." They

are dauntless people, filled with the power of driving lesser and deeper reluctant spirits before them; remorseless to the timid, carneying to the stubborn.

Of such was Mrs. Carteret, with powers matured in hill-stations in India, mellowed by much voyaging in P. and O. steamers. Not even an environment as unpromising as that of Enniscar in its winter torpor had power to dismay her. A public whose artistic tastes had hitherto been nourished upon travelling circuses, Nationalist meetings, and missionary magic-lanterns in the Wesleyan schoolhouse, was, she argued, practically virgin soil, and would ecstatically respond to any form of cultivation.

"I know there's not much talent to be had," she said combatively to her husband, "but we'll just black our faces, and call ourselves the Green Coons or something, and it will be all right!"

"Dashed if I'll black my face again," said Captain Carteret; "I call it rot trying to get up anything here. There's no one to do anything."

"Well, there's ourselves and little Taylour" ("little Taylour," it may be explained, was Captain Carteret's sub-altern), "that's two banjos and a bones anyhow; and Freddy Alexander; and there's your dear friend Fanny Fitz—she'll be home in a few days, and those two big Hamilton girls—"

"Oh, Lord!" ejaculated Captain Carteret.

"Oh, yes!" continued Mrs. Carteret, unheedingly, "and there's Mr. Gunning; he'll come if Fanny Fitz does."

"He'll not be much advantage when he does come," said Captain Carteret spitefully.

"Oh, he sings," said Mrs. Carteret, arranging her neat small fringe at the glass—"rather a good voice. You needn't be afraid, my dear: I'll arrange that the fascinating Fanny shall sit next you!"

Upon this somewhat unstable basis the formation of the troupe of Green Coons was undertaken. Mrs. Carteret took off her coat to the work, or rather, to be accurate, she put on a fur-lined one, and attended a Nationalist meeting in the Town Hall to judge for herself how the voices carried. She returned rejoicing—she had sat at the back of the hall, and had not lost a syllable of the oratory, even during sundry heated episodes, discreetly summarized by the local paper as "Interruption." The Town Hall was chartered, superficially cleansed, and in the space of a week the posters had gone forth.

By what means it was accomplished that Rupert Gunning should attend the first rehearsal he did not exactly understand: he found himself enmeshed in a promise to meet everyone else at the Town Hall, with tea at the Carterets' afterwards. Up to this point the fact that he was to appear before the public with a blackened face had been diplomatically withheld from him, and an equal diplomacy was shown on his arrival in the deputing of Miss Fitzroy to break the news to him.

"Mrs. Carteret says it's really awfully becoming," said Fanny, breathless and brilliant from assiduous practice of a hornpipe under Captain Carteret's tuition, "and as for trouble! We might as well make a virtue of necessity in this incredibly dirty place; my hands are black already, and I've only swept the stage!"

She was standing at the edge of the platform that was to serve as the stage, looking down at him, and it may be taken as a sufficient guide to his mental condition that his abhorrence of the prospect for himself was swallowed up by fury at the thought of it for her.

"Are you—do you mean to tell me you are going to dance with a black

face?" he demanded in bitter and incongruous wrath.

"No, I'm going to dance with Captain Carteret!" replied Fanny frivolously, "and so can you if you like!"

She was maddeningly pretty as she smiled down at him, with her bright hair roughened, and the afterglow of the dance alight in her eyes and cheeks. Nevertheless, for one whirling moment, the old Adam, an Adam blissfully unaware of the existence of Eve, asserted himself in Rupert. He picked up his cap and stick without a word, and turned towards the door. There, however, he was confronted by Mrs. Carteret, tugging at a line of chairs attached to a plank, like a very small bird with a very large twig. To refuse the aid that she immediately demanded was impossible, and even before the future back row of the sixpennies had been towed to its moorings, he realized that hateful as it would be to stay and join in these distasteful revels, it would be better than going home and thinking about them.

From this the intelligent observer may gather that absence had had its traditional, but by no means invariable, effect upon the heart of Mr. Gunning, and, had any further stimulant been needed, it had been supplied in the last few minutes by the aggressive and possessive manner of Captain Carteret.

The rehearsal progressed after the manner of amateur rehearsals. The troupe, with the exception of Mr. Gunning, who remained wrapped in silence, talked irrepressibly, and quite inappropriately to their rôle as Green Coons. Freddy Alexander and Mr. Taylour bear-fought untiringly for possession of the bones and the position of Corner Man; Mrs. Carteret alone had a copy of the music that was to be practised, and in consequence, the company hung heavily over her at the

plano in a deafening and discordant swarm. The two tall Hamiltons, hitherto speechless by nature and by practice, became suddenly exhilarated at finding themselves in the inner circle of the soldiery, and bubbled with impotent suggestions and reverential laughter at the witticisms of Mr. Taylour. Fanny Fitz and Captain Carteret finally removed themselves to a grimy corner behind the proscenium, and there practised, sotto voce, the song with banjo accompaniment that was to culminate in the hornpipe. Freddy Alexander had gone forth to purchase a pack of cards, in the futile hope that he could prevail upon Mrs. Carteret to allow him to inflict conjuring tricks upon the audience.

"As if there were anything on earth that bored people as much as card tricks!" said that experienced lady to Rupert Gunning. "Look here, *would* you mind reading over these riddles, to see which you'd like to have to answer. Now, here's a local one. I'll ask it—'Why am dis room like de Enniscar Demesne?'—and then *you'll* say, 'Because dere am so many pretty little deers in it'!"

"Oh, I couldn't possibly do that!" said Rupert hastily, alarmed as well as indignant; "I'm afraid I really must go now——"

He had to pass by Fanny Fitz on his way out of the hall. There was something vexed and forlorn about him, and, being sympathetic, she perceived it, though not its cause.

"You're deserting us!" she said, looking up at him.

"I have an appointment," he said stiffly, his glance evading hers, and resting on Captain Carteret's well-clipped little black head.

Some of Fanny's worst scrapes had been brought about by her incapacity to allow anyone to part from her on bad terms, and, moreover, she liked Rupert Gunning. She cast about in her

mind for something conciliatory to say to him.

"When are you going to show me the cob that you bought at the Horse Show?"

The olive branch thus confidently tendered had a somewhat withering reception.

"The cob I bought at the Horse Show?" Mr. Gunning repeated with an increase of rigidity. "Oh, yes—I got rid of it."

He paused; the twangling of Captain Carteret's banjo bridged the interval imperturbably.

"Why had you to get rid of it?" asked Fanny, still sympathetic.

"She was a failure!" said Rupert vindictively; "I made a fool of myself in buying her!"

Fanny looked at him sideways from under her lashes.

"And I had counted on your giving me a mount on her now and then!"

Rupert forgot his wrath, forgot even the twangling banjo.

"I've just got another cob," he said quickly, "she jumps very well, and if you'd like to hunt her next Tuesday —"

"Oh, thanks awfully, but Captain Carteret has promised me a mount for next Tuesday!" said the perfidious Fanny.

Mrs. Carteret, on her knees by a refractory footlight, watched with anxiety Mr. Gunning's abrupt departure from the room.

"Fanny!" she said severely, "what have you been doing to that man?"

"Oh, nothing!" said Fanny.

"If you've put him off singing I'll never forgive you!" continued Mrs. Carteret, advancing on her knees to the next footlight.

"I tell you I've done nothing to him," said Fanny Fitz guiltily.

"Give me the hammer!" said Mrs. Carteret. "Have I eyes, or have I not?"

"He's awfully keen about her!" Mrs. Carteret said that evening to her husband. "Bad temper is one of the worst signs. Men in love are always cross."

"Oh, he's a rotter!" said Captain Carteret conclusively.

In the meantime the object of this condemnation was driving his ten Irish miles home, by the light of a frosty full moon. Between the shafts of his cart a trim-looking mare of about fifteen hands trotted lazily, forging, shying, and generally comporting herself in a way only possible to a grass-fed animal who has been in the hands of such as Mr. William Fennessy. The thick and dingy mane that had hung impartially on each side of her neck, now, together with the major portion of her voluminous tail, adorned the manure heap in the rear of the Fennessy public-house. The pallid fleece in which she had been muffled had given place to a polished coat of iron-grey, that looked black in the moonlight. A week of over-abundant oats had made her opinionated, but had not, so far, restored to her the fine-lady nervousness that had landed her in the window of the hat-shop.

Rupert laid the whip along her fat sides with bitter disfavor. She was a brute in harness, he said to himself, her blemished fetlock was uglier than he had at first thought, and even though she had yesterday schooled over two miles of country like an old stager, she was too small to carry him, and she was not, apparently, wanted to carry anyone else. Here the purchase received a very disagreeable cut on the neck that interrupted her speculations as to the nature of the shadows of telegraph-posts. To have bought two useless horses in four months was pretty average bad luck. It was also pretty bad luck to have been born a fool. Reflection here became merged in the shapeless and futile fumings of a man badly in love and preposterously jealous.

Known only to the elect among Entertainment Promoters are the methods employed by Mrs. Carteret to float the company of The Green Coons. The fact remains that on the appointed night the chosen troupe, approximately word-perfect, and with spirits something chastened by stage fright, were assembled in the clerk's room of the Enniscar Town Hall, round a large basin filled horribly with a compound of burnt cork and water.

"It's not as bad as it looks!" said Mrs. Carteret, plunging in her hands and heroically smearing her face with a mass of black, oozy matter believed to be a sponge. "It's quite becoming if you do it thoroughly. Mind, all of you, get it well into your ears and the roots of your hair!"

The Hamiltons, giggling wildly, submitted themselves to the ministrations of Freddy Alexander, and Mrs. Carteret, appallingly transformed into a little West Indian coolie woman, applied the sponge to the shrinking Fanny Fitz.

"Will you do Mr. Gunning, Fanny?" she whispered into one of the ears that she had conscientiously blackened. "I think he'd bear it better from you!"

"I shall do nothing of the kind!" replied Fanny, with a dignity somewhat impaired by her ebon countenance and monstrous green turban.

"Why not?"

Mrs. Carteret's small neat features seemed unnaturally sharpened, and her eyes and teeth glittered in her excitement.

"For goodness sake, take your awful little black face away, Mabel!" exclaimed Fanny hysterically. "It quite frightens me! I'm *very* angry with Mr. Gunning! I'll tell you why some other time."

"Well, don't forget you've got to say, 'Buck up, Sambo' to him after he's sung his song, and you may fight with him as much as you like afterwards,"

said Mrs. Carteret, hurrying off to paint glaring vermilion mouths upon the loudly protesting Hamiltons.

During these vicissitudes, Rupert Gunning, arrayed in a green swallow-tailed calico coat, short white cotton trousers, and a skimpy nigger wig, presented a pitiful example of the humiliations which the allied forces of love and jealousy can bring upon the just. Fanny Fitz has since admitted that, in spite of the wrath that burned within her, the sight of Mr. Gunning morosely dabbing his long nose with the repulsive sponge that was shared by the troupe, almost moved her to compassion.

A pleasing impatience was already betraying itself in cat-calls and stampings from the sixpenny places, and Mrs. Carteret, flitting like a sheep dog round her flock, arranged them in couples and drove them before her on to the stage, singing in chorus, with a fair assumption of hilarity, "As we go marching through Georgia."

For Fanny Fitz the subsequent proceedings became merged in a nightmare of blinding heat and glare, made actual only by poignant anxiety as to the length of her green skirt. The hope that she might be unrecognizable was shattered by the yell of "More power, Miss Fanny!" that crested the thunderous encore, evoked by her hornpipe with Captain Carteret; and the question of the skirt was decided by the fact that her aunts, in the front row, firmly perused their programmes from the beginning of her dance to its conclusion.

The entertainment went with varying success, after the manner of its kind. The local hits and personal allusions, tollfully complied and ardently believed in, were received in damping silence, while Rupert Gunning's song, of the truculent order dedicated to basses, and sung by him with a face that would have done credit to Othello, received

an ovation that confirmed Captain Carteret in his contempt for country audiences. The performance raged to its close in a "Cake Walk," to the inspiring strains of "Razors a-flying through the air," and the curtain fell on what the *Enniscar Independent* described cryptically as "*a tout ensemble à la conversazione* that was refreshingly unique."

"Five minutes more and I should have had heat apoplexy!" said Mrs. Carteret, hurling her turban across the clerk's room, "but it all went splendidly! Empty that basin out of the window, somebody, and give me the vaseline. The last time I blacked my face it was covered with red spots for a week afterwards because I used soap instead of vaseline!"

Rupert Gunning approached Fanny with an open note in his hand.

"I've had this from your aunt," he said, handing it to her; it was decorated with sooty thumb-marks, to which Fanny's black claw contributed a fresh batch as she took it, but she read it without a smile.

It was to the effect that the heat of the room had been too much for the elder Misses Fitzroy, and they had therefore gone home, but as Mr. Gunning had to pass their gate perhaps he would be kind enough to drive their niece home.

"Oh——" said Fanny, in tones from which dismay was by no means eliminated. "How stupid of Aunt Rachel!"

"I'm afraid there seems no way out of it for you," said Rupert offensively.

A glimpse of their two wrathful black faces in the glass abruptly checked Fanny's desire to say something crushing. At this juncture she would rather have died than laughed.

Burnt cork is not lightly to be removed at the first assay, and when, half an hour later, Fanny Fitz. with a pale and dirty face, stood under the dismal light of the lamp outside the

Town Hall, waiting for Mr. Gunning's trap, she had the pleasure of hearing a woman among the loiterers say compassionately:

"God help her, the crayture! She looks like a servant that'd be bate out with work!"

Mr. Gunning's new cob stood hearkening with flickering ears to the various commotions of the street—she understood them all perfectly well, but her soul being uplifted by reason of oats, she chose to resent them as impertinences. Having tolerated with difficulty the instalment of Miss Fitzroy in the trap, she started with a flourish, and pulled hard until clear of the town and its flaring public-houses. On the open road, with nothing more enlivening than the dark hills, half-seen in the light of the rising moon, she settled down. Rupert turned to his silent companion. He had become aware during the evening that something was wrong, and his own sense of injury was frightened into the background.

"What do you think of my new buy?" he said pacifically. "She's a good goer, isn't she?"

"Very," replied Fanny.

Silence again reigned. One or two further attempts at conversation met with equal discouragement. The miles passed by. At length, as the mare slackened to walk up a long hill, Rupert said with a voice that had the shake of pent-up injury:

"I've been wondering what I've done to be put into Coventry like this!"

"I thought you probably wouldn't care to speak to me!" was Fanny's astonishing reply, delivered in tones of ice.

"I!" he stammered, "not care to speak to you! You ought to know——"

"Yes, indeed, I do know!" broke in Fanny, passing from the frigid to the torrid zone with characteristic speed, "I know what a failure your horse—"

dealing at the Dublin Show was! I've heard how you bought my mare, and had her shot the same night, because you wouldn't take the trouble even to go and look at her after the poor little thing was hurt! Oh! I can't bear even to *think* of it!"

Rupert Gunning remained abjectly and dumbfoundedly silent.

"And then," continued Fanny, whirling on to the final point of her indictment, "you pretended to Captain Carteret and me that the horse you had bought was a 'common brute,' a *cob* for carting, and you said the other night that you had made a fool of yourself over it! I didn't know then all about it, but I do now. Captain Carteret heard about it from the dealer in Dublin. Even the dealer said it was a pity you hadn't given the mare a chance!"

"It's all perfectly true," said Rupert, in a low voice.

A soft answer, so far from turning away wrath, frequently inflames it.

"Then I think there's no more to be said!" said Fanny hotly.

There was silence. They had reached the top of the hill, and the grey mare began to trot.

"Well, there's just one thing I should like to say," said Rupert awkwardly, his breath coming very short, "I couldn't help everything going wrong about the mare. It was just my bad luck. I only bought her to please you. They told me she couldn't get right after the accident. What was the good of my going to look at her? I wanted to cross in the boat with you. Whatever I did I did for you. I would do anything in the world for you—"

It was at this crucial moment that there arose suddenly from the dim grey road in front of them a slightly greyer shadow, a shadow that limped amid the clanking of chains. The Connemara mare, now masquerading as a county Cork cob, asked for nothing better. If it were a ghost, she was legiti-

mately entitled to flee from it; if, as was indeed the case, it was a donkey, she made a point of shying at donkeys. She realized that, by a singular stroke of good fortune, the reins were lying in loops on her back.

A snort, a sideways bound, a couple of gleeful kicks on the dashboard, and she was away at full gallop, with one rein under her tail, and a pleasant open road before her.

"It's all right!" said Rupert, recovering his balance by a hairbreadth, and feeling in his heart that it was all wrong, "the Craffroe Hill will stop her. Hold on to the rail."

Fanny said nothing. It was, indeed, all that she could do to keep her seat in the trap, with which the rushing road was playing cup and ball; she was, besides, not one of the people who are conversational in emergencies. When an animal, as active and artful as the Connemara mare, is going at some twenty miles an hour, with one of the reins under its tail, endeavors to detach the rein are not much avail, and when the tail is still tender from recent docking, they are a good deal worse than useless. Having twice nearly fallen on his head, Rupert abandoned the attempt and prayed for the long stiff ascent of the Craffroe Hill.

It came swiftly out of the grey moonlight. At its foot another road forked to the right; instead of facing the hill that led to home and stable, the mare swung into the side road, with one wheel up on the grass, and the cushions slipping from the seat, and Rupert, just saving the situation with the left rein that remained to him, said to himself that they were in for a bad business.

For a mile they swung and clattered along it, with the wind striking and splitting against their faces like a cold and tearing stream of water; a light wavered and disappeared across the pallid fields to the left, a group of

starveling trees on a hill slid up into the skyline behind it, and at last it seemed as if some touch of self-control, some suggestion of having had enough of the joke, was shortening the mare's grasping stride. The trap pitched more than ever as she came up into the shafts and back into her harness; she twisted suddenly to the left into a narrow lane, cleared the corner by an impossible fluke, and Fanny Fitz was hurled ignominiously on to Rupert Gunning's lap. Long briars and twigs struck them from either side, the trap bumped in craggy ruts and slashed through wide puddles, then reeled irretrievably over a heap of stones and tilted against the low bank to the right.

Without any exact knowledge of how she got there, Fanny found herself on her hands and knees in a clump of bracken on top of the bank; Rupert was already picking himself out of rugs and other jetsam in the field below her, and the mare was proceeding up the lane at a disorderly trot, having jerked the trap on to its legs again from its reclining position.

Fanny was lifted down into the lane; she told him that she was not hurt, but her knees shook, her hands trembled, and the arm that was round her tightened its clasp in silence. When a man is strongly moved by tenderness and anxiety and relief, he can say little to make it known; he need not—it is known beyond all telling by the one other person whom it concerns. She felt suddenly that she was safe, that his heart was torn for her sake, and that the tension of the last ten minutes had been great. It went through her with a pang, and her head swayed against his arm. In a moment

she felt his lips on her hair, on her temple, and the oldest, the most familiar of all words of endearment was spoken at her ear. She recovered herself, but in a new world. She tried to walk on up the lane, but stumbled in the deep ruts and found the supporting arm again ready at need. She did not resist it.

A shrill neigh arose in front of them. The mare had pulled up at a closed gate, and was apparently apostrophizing some low farm buildings beyond it. A dog barked hysterically, the door of a cowshed burst open, and a man came out with a lantern.

"Oh, I know now where we are!" cried Fanny wildly; "it's Johnny Connolly's! Oh, Johnny, Johnny Connolly, we've been run away with!"

"For God's sake," responded Johnny Connolly, standing stock still in his amazement, "is that Miss Fanny?"

"Get hold of the mare," shouted Rupert, "or she'll jump the gate!"

Johnny Connolly advanced, still calling upon his God, and the mare uttered a low but vehement neigh.

"Ye're deshtroyed Miss Fanny! And Mr. Gunning, the Lord save us! Ye're killed the two o' ye! What happened ye at all? Woa gerrl, woa gerrlle! Ye'd say she knew me, the crayture."

The mare was rubbing her dripping face and neck against the farmer's shoulder, with hoarse whispering snorts of recognition and pleasure. He held his lantern high to look at her.

"Musha why wouldn't she know me?" he roared. "Sure it's yer own mare, Miss Fanny! 'Tis the Connemara mare I thraigned for ye! And may the divil sweep and roast thim that has it told through all the counthry that she was killed!"

E. C. Somerville and Martin Ross.

BATTLES IN FICTION.

Sonnez, trompettes et clairons, wrote the candid war-poet of a bygone age:

Afin que bon butin gagnons,
Et que puissions bon bruit acquerre,
Entre nous, gentilz compagnons,
Suyvons la guerre.

We must assume that this appeal was originally addressed only to the *hommes d'armes* of whom the poet speaks, but in those days, as in our own, the invitation might appear almost equally significant to the man of letters. The minstrel, or ballad-singer, the novelist of the Middle Ages, sang only of war when he did not sing of love; and if the novelist of our own time would reap the spoil, *le bon butin*, and the *bon bruit* of literary renown, let him, in spirit, *suyvre la guerre*, and describe the result as convincingly as he may.

His influence is, in a sense, wider than that of the historian; his public is larger, more ignorant, and less critical. But, on the other hand, his task is harder, and his influence, though far-reaching, is more difficult to acquire. The historian has done his duty when he has collected his facts, and set them intelligibly in order; the result may or may not be inspiring, but no conscientious student has the right to demand more. To the novelist the mere possession of undoubted historical knowledge is of little or no avail; if it were otherwise the proper appreciation of his efforts would require a degree of information not usually found among the readers of novels. Those whose names are most prominently connected with warfare in fiction—such writers as Tolstoy, Zola, Erckmann-Chatrian—are pronounced by authorities to be above reproach as regards correctness of fact; the last

named have even been quoted by historians as an example of accuracy; but to the average novel reader who, in all justice, should here be allowed an opinion, this technical exactness seems a small thing indeed compared with the gifts of insight and imagination which make their work unforgettable. Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, where the hero's mind and character, in battle or elsewhere, are revealed as perhaps no character has been revealed to us since Hamlet; Erckmann-Chatrian's *Conscrit de 1813*, where the prosaic outlook of the principal figure is so marvellously turned to account by the authors' imaginative power; Zola's *Débâcle*, which changes the whole French army from a historian's machine into a colossal living figure; all these depend for their effect not upon any special acquaintance with military tactics, but upon the writer's perceptive and imaginative faculties acting on those of the reader. *Ce qui importe*, for a writer of fiction at least, *c'est l'évocation des sentiments justes*, and should he grow careless in matters of historic fact, we may safely assume that there will be no lack of chroniclers ready to point out his error.

Records of personal impressions—genuine, not fictitious—have never been more in favor than at the present day. Still, letters and diaries notwithstanding, it is, and must be, the privilege of the novelist to write in detail of actual mental sensations. We know that every individual who has taken part in any action must have had, throughout it, thoughts and feelings of his own, yet it is manifestly impossible that such personal emotions should ever be treated as a matter of history, even in these days of mental analysis. We must be content to know nothing concerning them which can be proved,

nothing that research can help us to discover. The most gifted and industrious historian can tell us little more of what Nelson or Jervis felt at the battle of St. Vincent than of what passed in the mind of the least conspicuous seaman who was present on the occasion. We should instinctively resent it if he were to make the attempt; for if the novelist who overwhelms us with his tactical knowledge is exceeding his proper sphere, how much greater is the offence of the historian who mingles inferences and surmises with what should be a plain statement of facts. Details of incident he may admit to any extent, but as for comment or conjecture, the description of any truly picturesque or dramatic occurrence is infinitely more impressive without them; and here we light upon one of the chief difficulties which must beset the author of a war novel. There can be no doubt that nothing is more stimulating to the imagination than the perfectly unadorned statement of facts which in themselves are striking and heroic; such records as may be found in the logs of our men-of-war dealing with the great sea-fights of a hundred years ago; or again in that "monument to Britain's greatness," James's *Naval History*. Unfortunately the style adopted, not of set purpose, but of necessity, by the master of the ship, whose duty it was to keep the log, is most emphatically denied to the writer of fiction. "At 2 A.M."—so runs the log-book of H.M.S. *Majestic* at the battle of the Nile—"the ship on our starboard quarter left us dismasted." The *Majestic* had lost her captain early in the engagement. "At 3 our main and mizen masts went by the board. Left off firing. Employed clearing away the wreck. At quarter past 4, having got clear of the wreck, began the action again." Pages of rhetoric could not better give the idea of stubborn and glorious combativeness; and

on the evening of the same day we find: "Mustered the ship's company, and found the number killed in the action to be 50, and wounded 144. . . . At 4 committed the body of the deceased Captain Westcott to the deep, and fired 20 minute guns. Read to the ship's company Admiral Nelson's thanks for their gallant behavior during the action." Such a scene absolutely defies comment; it is enhanced, if possible, by the unmoved manner in which the writer passes on, after the next full stop, to "Employed knotting and splicing the fore rigging." But who could fill a novel with items of this kind, by turns magnificent and trivial? The charm of the contrast lies in the fact that everything is set down in the exact order in which it was observed by an eye-witness, and one who could not by any possibility have been concerning himself as to the way in which his phrases would strike the unofficial mind. If the novelist would succeed in conveying an equally forcible idea of action he must preserve at least the appearance of simplicity, but he knows, and we know, that his simplicity is in reality the outcome of art. Indeed the modern fashion of apparent ingenuousness has been known to produce results no less truly, though more subtly, artificial than the most stilted effusions of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. It needs but the suspicion of self-consciousness, and mere simplicity of language is of little avail.

We cannot blame the military novelist if, unlike the masters of his Majesty's ships, he has ample space for the development of affectations. But we can and must pity him for the colossal difficulty of his task. He must exert his own imagination to the utmost, and yet the barest hint, to the reader, of this same exertion, strikes a false note which nothing can remedy. There are other chroniclers, less laconic than

those worthy seamen, who might serve him as truer models, for, not being under official supervision, they are at liberty to give some personal details which the log-book would sternly reject. These writers flourished before the age of "impressionism"; they wrote down what they heard, and saw, or could discover, respecting various occasions, but they never indulged in speculations, nor did they ever deliberately invite their readers to "picture the scene." When Clarendon wrote of Chalgrove Field he probably was not conscious of any definite wish to present the field of battle to our mind's eye; he intended nothing more than that we should know as clearly as possible how and why certain events took place. Therefore he simply states that Prince Rupert waited for the enemy "in a fair Plain or Field" near a bridge, bordered by lanes and the river, and that "his Horse were all tired and the sun grown very hot, it being about eight of the clock in the morning in June." Most of us know what the country can look like at eight of the clock on a summer morning, and the whole scene is at once irresistibly suggested. The novelist who wishes to produce the same impression cannot do so without considerable practice in the art of deception; but if once he can establish the illusion that he treats of an occurrence because it took place, and not because he thinks it will impress the reader, his success is assured, and a few details more or less will not signify.

Again, there is the passage from *Heath's Chronicle*, which tells of the Royalists' last stand after the battle of Preston; how

at a place called Redbank the Scots made a stand with a body of pikes, and lined the hedges with muskets; who so rudely entertained the pursuing enemy that they were compelled to stop until the coming up of Col.

Pride's regiment of foot, who, after a sharp dispute, put those same brave fellows to the run. They were commanded by a little spark in a blue bonnet, who performed the part of an excellent commander, and was killed on the spot.

Whether art or the want of it enabled the writer to make this powerful appeal to our feelings, and to convey in one sentence a complete idea of the leader's appearance and character and of his heroic death, we shall never know; in either case he has achieved that which many novelists might envy; he has told us just enough of his principal character to make us genuinely anxious to know more. The historian cannot, if he has a conscience, tell us more than he knows himself; he has only to set down a vivid impression, like the one recorded above, and his point is gained. But it must require considerable strength of mind in a writer of fiction first to conjure up, by a few phrases, a figure who will be distinctly present to the reader's mind and then to dismiss his creation entirely from the scene. In those immortal works of Erckmann-Chatrian, *Waterloo* and *Le Conscrit de 1813*, there are many soldiers who come and go on the battlefields, and who seem absolutely to live before us. They live, not by reason of what they say, for many of them are scarcely mentioned a second time, but by the extraordinarily life-like presentment of character, as reflected in the outward man—Marshal Ney reviewing the troops at Aschaffembourg, in the rain, "son grand chapeau trempé de pluie, son habit bleu couvert de broderies et de décorations, et ses grandes bottes. C'était un bel homme, d'un blond roux, le nez relevé, les yeux vifs, l'air terriblement solide"; or, as a fancy portrait, *le sergent Rabot*, at Ligny; "un petit vieux, sec, mal bâti, mals dur comme du fer; il clignait de l'œil, et devait avoir été roux dans sa

jeunesse. Rien qu'en parlant de lui, je l'entends dire tranquillement: 'La bataille est gagnée! Par file à droite, en avant, marche!'

This *conscrié* of 1813, who re-appears among "*les anciens*" at Waterloo, and who serves as a mouthpiece for the authors throughout both volumes, is above all things a man of peace; an Alsatian by birth, whose ideals are not so much French as German. He is essentially honest, industrious, and prosaic, with a reserve of rather stolid sentiment for the inevitable village girl to whom he is betrothed. The idea of military glory scarcely enters his head; a picturesque or heroic attitude he indignantly repels. "Plusieurs racontent," he says, of Waterloo, "que nous étions tous réjouis, et que nous chantions, mais c'est faux! Quand on a marché toute la nuit sans recevoir de ration, quand on a couché dans l'eau, avec défense d'allumer des feux, et qu'on va recevoir de la mitraille, cela vous ôte l'envie de chanter." Yet through this unpromising medium we are given a series of battle-pictures as convincing as any that have ever been penned; a work of the truest imaginative quality, where the requisite simplicity is maintained by the consummate skill of the authors in focusing the whole scene from what appears to be a highly unimaginative point of view; in other words the point of view of Joseph, the *conscrié*. Their soldier of the 6^e de ligne is a plain man, and tells, in plain words, exactly what he heard and saw at Lutzen, at Leipzig, and at Waterloo. That is the effect produced; but the authors take care that we, too, shall hear and see it. The contrast between the artlessness of the narrative, on the one hand; the homely philosophy of the speaker, who stood where he was told, and let off his musket at the word of command, but to whom war was simply the occasion "de se faire casser les os pour des choses qui ne nous re-

gardaient pas"; and on the other hand the gigantic struggle which he depicts and in which he played such an unwilling part, is as direct and effective as that between the alternating items in the log-book.

The absolute success of *Le Conscrié* as a narrative in the first person is, perhaps, as exceptional as it is striking. No doubt that particular work could not make anything like the same impression on the reader in any other form; but the precedent is a dangerous one. The initial difficulty of introducing any battle into a work of fiction, so as to give a definite and intelligible idea of it to the civilian reader, is quite considerable enough, without the author's laying himself under the obligation to write "in falsetto"; and it is a recognized fact that the hero who tells his own story is seldom attractive, and not infrequently dull. Moreover, the device, in most cases, is quite unnecessary. Zola's picture of the French before Sedan would gain nothing by being put into the mouth of any one of the characters. The author of *The Red Badge of Courage* keeps matters in his own hands, though we feel he is ready to sacrifice everything to vividness, and though we may question whether it would not have been better to let the hero speak for himself, than to refer to him consistently as "the Youth." Tolstoy, though he never relinquishes the use of the third person, is none the less convincing when he gives us Austerlitz and Borodino through another man's eyes. His Russian nobleman, Prince André, might serve as a specimen of the type which is the exact opposite of Erckmann-Chatrian's Alsatian bourgeois. Both are drawn with the same appearance of unflinching truth. It need scarcely be said that André is incomparably the most interesting and attractive of the two; but speaking, as we are here constrained to do, of the battle-scenes alone, the advantage does

not seem to be as entirely with Tolstoy as might be supposed. His descriptions may give evidence of more profound intuition, but they are surely not more full of vigor and movement. Every tactical detail is supplied with an elaboration which goes near to defeating its own end, by hopelessly confusing the uninitiated reader, who, if necessary, could procure exactly the same information from any reliable book of reference on the Russian campaign; and all the while the cause and result of the battle interest us so far less than the personal impressions of André and his friend Pierre; those impressions which no historian, and scarcely any novelist, could give us with the same unmatched assurance. Whether Prince André's reflections before Austerlitz, or when he lay among the wounded, on the heights of Pratzen, or when, seven years later, he went to his death at Borodino, are as true to life as they seem, who shall decide? We can only say that this particular writer was at least as likely to know how a man feels on going into action as to be able to describe accurately a girl's sensations at her first ball, and many can testify that in the latter case he is absolutely successful. His insight is so nearly superhuman that it never fails to inspire confidence, even in matters of which neither the author nor the reader can speak from experience. More important than all, we feel that what we are told of the thoughts and emotions of these men, of Pierre, André, or Nicolas Rostov, is indeed the natural outcome of their several characters; no one of them is felt to be the medium of the novelist's opinions alone; each of the three is placed before us with the exactness of photography, and the inspiration of the best portrait-painting. We are told of André's ever-recurring thought, the night before Austerlitz; "If I do wish to win glory, to be famous, to be loved by

men: surely I am not to blame if I ask nothing but that! I will speak of it to no one, but I cannot help feeling it";—ashamed as he is to confess it, even to himself, he imagines that he would sacrifice every tie—"for one moment of glory, of triumph; to gain the love of men whom I do not know, and never shall know." This state of mind may or may not be creditable, but we feel as we read that it is absolutely characteristic of the man, at that stage of his development; just as much so as the practical and touching prayer of the *Conscrit*, before Lutzen, is natural to that unpretending warrior. "Je prie Dieu de préserver mes jours et de me conserver les mains, qui sont nécessaires à tous les pauvres pour gagner leur vie."

The scope of Tolstoy's work is so large, and includes so many episodes which, as the title suggests, do not touch upon war at all, that his account of the actual warfare must suffer in one respect. The scenes of home-life are, of course, quite beyond praise in themselves; but when our attention is constantly being turned aside to follow them, we cannot feel, as we are made to do in some great war-novels, that the army itself takes its place among the principal characters of the book. There is much to be said in favor of the method which conveys this impression; the unavoidable background of history appears less incongruous; we are spared the shock experienced in reading *War and Peace*, when we leave one of the most fascinating heroines ever created, to find ourselves confronted by a plan of Borodino; and the scene of battle falls into its proper place, without having the air of being forcibly introduced to give the hero an opportunity of distinguishing himself, or, worse still, in order that the author may display his powers of description. Tolstoy can scarcely be accused of such an offence; but Victor Hugo, in

Les Misérables, comes perilously near it. Zola gives the French army of 1870 a very definite character, and by means of this personification the interest of *La Débâcle* is sustained. Erckmann-Chatrian did the same for the army of 1814, and in their work, as in Zola's, we follow the disastrous campaign, step by step; our sympathy is never allowed to be diverted, even for a moment to any other object. Tolstoy's creative power enables him to take liberties which would be fatal to a less gifted writer. We may admit that the "war" section of his great work would at times be tedious if we were not already interested, for private reasons, in the principal figures; but, on the other hand, it is almost impossible to imagine circumstances in which these figures could fail to arouse interest. And the fact remains that it is they, and not the battles, who rivet our attention; they would be almost equally engrossing if there were no question of fighting at all. Authors who can make an event of such overwhelming importance as a battle appear genuinely subordinate to the interests of their own creations, are rare indeed; therefore, if the right proportions are to be observed, it is necessary, in most cases, that we should be forced into a real and individual sympathy with the army as a whole, and the battle then becomes as personal a matter as a duel between two private gentlemen. Zola's characters, taken singly, are, for the most part without charm, without intellectual attraction; their voices are as one voice of a starved and suffering army; their cry is painfully intense, yet we remember them scarcely as men, but rather as phantoms who might haunt a battlefield. Because they fought we can read of them; if they had *not* fought, if they had been merely Jean and Maurice, Lapoulle and Chouteau, living more or less peacefully in their native haunts, what should

we have cared to know of any of them? We accept Austerlitz and Borodino for the sake of André and Pierre, but we accept Lapoulle, Chouteau, and their like, for the sake of Sedan and the burning of Paris.

Anything more depressing than the Franco-Prussian campaign, as represented in *La Débâcle*, it is impossible to imagine. Not to Frenchmen only, but to impartial readers, to the Prussians themselves, it must seem a discouraging record of all that is most gloomy and hideous in war. And if, by means of sheer descriptive power, the army of 1870 can be made to compel our interest through page after page of defeat and misery, how much more stimulating a character is the army of 1814 in the supreme, unavailing struggle of the *Campagne de France*, *La Débâcle*, *Le Conscrit*, *Waterloo*—we might add *La Désastre* of Paul and Victor Margueritte—each is the history of a failure, yet of all these the first alone is truly dispiriting; needlessly dispiriting, we cannot but feel, for surely even defeat in battle may be treated with a certain dignity which will not make the description less life-like. Yet no one knows better than the author of *La Débâcle* how to use the right detail and simplicity in telling of a heroic action. What could be more tragic, and at the same time less depressing than his *L'Attaque du Moulin*? From first to last it is one of the most ideal fights in fiction; the whole story has the completeness of a poem, where not a word fails in its effect of sound or sense. And we may trace the same hand, the same power of forcing the reality of warfare upon us by bringing it into contact with an absolutely peaceful daily life, when the soldier in *La Débâcle* looks down from the plateau where he is stationed during the fight, and sees in the valley "un paysan qui labourait sans hâte, poussant sa char-rue attelée d'un grand cheval blanc.

Pourquoi perdre un jour? Ce n'était pas parce qu'on se battait, que le blé cesserait de croître et le monde de vivre."

Within the limits of a short story, such as *L'Attaque du Moulin*, a certain amount of restraint is compulsory. In the six hundred pages of *La Débâcle* there is no restraint, and the author who dispenses with it assumes such a total lack of imagination, on the reader's part, as to be almost insulting. The more serious advantages and disadvantages of realism cannot be here discussed; but, from an entirely superficial point of view, the deliberate piling up of horrors, even though we may be well aware that such things are inseparable from a field of battle, ends by defeating its own object. It may provoke disgust, and possibly some writers would prefer to cause disgust than to rouse no emotion at all. But the fascination which a certain tangible and yet partly imaginative horror can be made to exercise is hopelessly lost. When we come to the inevitable description of an improvised hospital for the wounded, we find in *La Débâcle* an insistence on surgical particulars which in time ceases to produce any effect; the whole passage may be a masterpiece of accurate observation, and still the inspired touch is absent, which can distinguish that which is impressive from that which is only disagreeable. An example of this indispensable gift is to be found in a like scene in *Le Conscrit*, dealing with the treatment of the wounded after Lutzen. "A cinq ou six paillasses de la mienne"—it is, of course, the hero who speaks—"était assis un vieux caporal, la jambe emmaillottée"; this veteran, turning to his neighbor, "qu'on venait d'amputer," says, "'Conscrit, regarde un peu dans ce tas; je parle que tu ne reconnais pas ton bras.' L'autre tout pâle, mais qui pourtant avait montré le plus grand courage,

regarda, et presque aussitôt il perdit connaissance. Alors le caporal se mit à rire, et dit: 'Il a fini par le reconnaître! C'est celui d'en bas! Ça produit toujours le même effet.' Il s'admirait lui-même d'avoir découvert cela, mais personne ne riait avec lui." Nothing could be simpler than the telling, and no amount of gloating over *chair sanglante et massacrée* could be more effective. Here we have the intellectual perception of horror, which separates men from beasts, whereas the scene in *La Débâcle* might be treating of the slaughter of cattle. Not only is the want of reserve undignified, but it leaves no scope for the necessary appeal to the imagination; and in no class of fiction, more than in the war novel, do we need the imaginative quality which can make that which is withheld seem as forcible as that which is told.

In respect of battles, our English novelists are no doubt at a disadvantage, compared with those of some other nations. They cannot know, as every Frenchman or woman must, who, thirty years ago, was of an age to see and hear, what it is to have war carried into the heart of their own country. In Russia, or in the United States, the traditions of battle are more remote, but they are still within the easy recollection of living men. In lands where the surrounding influence of war has scarcely died away, the author has little difficulty in creating the right atmosphere for a military novel; it is already half-existent in the public mind. Our sympathies may have been quickened in the last three years, but compared to those nations who have actually suffered invasion, we are as an unprepared soil. We must go back more than a century before we can recall a battle fought on British ground, and, up to the present day, the tendency of our battles in fiction is correspondingly old-fashioned. In almost every case, not excepting

Conan Doyle's spirited accounts of Sedgemoor and Waterloo, the direct influence of Scott may still be easily traced; an influence admirable on many points, picturesque, agreeably elevating, with the true dignity of spirit which does not come only from using the language of bygone years; but hampered by tradition, and in fact closely related to the battles of the stage.

When Scott, in *Old Mortality*, sets out to describe the battle of Drumclog, his eye for dramatic effect is unflinching; but the whole action is represented from the point of view of the stage manager, and with precisely the same limitations as would affect the writer of a "cloak and sword" drama. We are told nothing of the personal impressions of any single character who was present. We are not even told what the weather was, although to any reader attempting to form a real idea of the scene, this point is most essential; no one will ever forget the rain of Waterloo, and the soaked troops in the long wet corn; or the magnificent summer's day of *L'Attaque du Moulin*. The conversation, too, of Claverhouse and his officers, we feel to be so excellent in its way, and yet so absolutely in accordance with stage principles. "Pshaw!" said the young cornet, 'what signifies strong ground when it is held only by a crew of canting, psalm-singing old women?' 'A man may fight never the worse,' retorted Major Allan, 'for honoring both his Bible and Psalter. These fellows will prove as stubborn as steel; I know them of old.' 'Their nasal psalmody,' said the cornet, 'reminds our major of the race of Dunbar.' 'Had you been at that race, young man,' retorted Allan, 'you would have wanted nothing to remind you of it for the longest day you have to live.' Or, there is the famous encounter, on the same field of battle, between Francis Stewart, called Both-

well, and John Balfour of Burley, when the former swears an oath "too tremendous to be written down," and they engage with "A bed of heather or a thousand merks!" said Bothwell, striking at Burley with his full force. 'The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!' answered Balfour, as he parried and returned the blow." How well it would sound across the footlights, and how fortunate we might think ourselves if the modern writer of historic dramas could produce anything as good. The author himself would scarcely have thought it other than a compliment that his work should instantly suggest the stage; the conventions of novel-writing had at that time scarcely freed themselves from those of the theatre, and what was suited to one was considered appropriate to the other. Scott was not to blame if, with all his greatness, he failed to realize that a battle is among the subjects which it is impossible to treat adequately, either on the stage itself or while maintaining stage traditions in literature. Had he lived to profit by the later development of his art, instead of struggling as its pioneer, his battle pieces might have been the pride of the whole English-speaking race; but no man can dispose of convention at a single blow, and so we must be content with *tableaux vivants*; the best of their kind, it is true, but still *tableaux vivants*.

Of one thing we may be fairly certain; no man would have appreciated, more than the author of *Old Mortality*, the truest masterpieces of the later school. Among English novelists, his own descendants, he would especially have rejoiced in Conan Doyle's charge of the dragoons at Sedgemoor, and the last stand of Monmouth's men; the indescribable "sound and fury" of the horsemen's approach, and the waiting squares of the rebel force, till "a great shout went up from either side as the living wave broke over us." It may

be objected, and with some truth, that the language is a trifle too classical for one of Monmouth's peasant army; but a good deal may be forgiven to an author who can bring home to the inexperienced some notion of the actual, deafening noise, which must be one of the principal features of such a scene. We are almost ashamed to fall back again upon a quotation from *Waterloo*; but to illustrate the importance of this point we may remember that, at the supreme moment of the day, it is the appalling effect of sound, rather than any other influence of battle, which rouses the hero into almost the only flight of patriotism in which he indulges throughout two whole volumes.

Ce que je n'oublierai jamais, quand je devrais vivre mille ans, ce sont ces cris immenses, infinis, qui remplissaient la vallée à plus d'une lieue, et tout au loin la grenadière qui battait comme le tocsin au milieu d'une incendie: mais c'était bien plus terrible encore, c'était le dernier appel de la France, de ce peuple courageux et fier, c'était la voix de la patrie qui disait "A moi, mes enfants! je meurs!" Non, je ne puis vous peindre cela!

Yet there are battles in fiction where one might suppose nothing was to be heard but the voices of the two or three principal characters.

To return, in conclusion, to our English writers, the name of *Waterloo* suggests a scene which, though it cannot be said to deal directly with an actual field of battle, must be remembered in every discussion of warfare in fiction: the *Waterloo* of *Vanity Fair*. Like the persons of the story, we see nothing, we hear nothing, except "a dull, distant sound coming over the sun-lighted

roofs," yet all the while, through the details of ordinary life, which are even insisted on; while Mrs. Rawdon Crawley is selling her horses, and securing herself a seat in the Sedleys' carriage, we are as conscious of the vast and wonderful event which is taking place a few miles away as if the scene were laid on the battlefield itself. It is as though the overwhelming greatness of *Waterloo* filled the air, simply by virtue of its own supreme importance, without any effort on the novelist's part; it is a triumph of the power of suggestion. What the precise facts of history were concerning the Duchess of Richmond's ball, the exact date of that entertainment, and the moment when the news of the enemy's advance first reached Brussels, are matters which can be proved only by external evidence; but no one who has read *Vanity Fair* will ever doubt again how the English inhabitants of the city looked and felt during the days which followed; no evidence is needed there but that of our own human nature, which tells us that this is, beyond question, the way in which certain men and women would have acted under the circumstances; and if a writer has once succeeded in basing his appeal to our imagination upon that experience of human nature which we all possess, it is incredible how convincing he can be. We should only be thankful that it did not, apparently, occur to Thackeray, or Tolstoy, or to Erckmann-Chatrian, to indulge in the perversion of history; for, if they had done so, however wild their flight of fancy, we should have had no choice but to believe them.

Eveline C. Godley.

SOME EXPERIMENTS AND A PARADOX.

When one steps on a stretch of sand left smooth and wet by the receding tide, all round one's foot the sand becomes light in color and dry. When the foot is raised there is a puddle of water left in its place. The facts are so familiar that nobody thinks of inquiring why it is so; every one knows that that is how sand and water naturally do behave. If any one gave it a second thought, a holiday mood might lightly dispose of the question: the sand all round goes dry because the water is squeezed out of it by the pressure of the foot; and the puddle is left—well, because the sand is pressed down and leaves a hole for the water to run into. A little consideration will show that this will not do; some other explanation must be devised, and when it is found you have, says Professor Osborne Reynolds, found nothing less than the clue to the mechanism of the universe, the key to unlock all the mysteries that have been hidden until now,—what is the nature of space; how it transmits heat and light and electric waves; how it is brought about that masses attract one another; and why the ultimate particles of a body bind themselves together to give it strength and coherence.

It is a tremendous claim to make, and it was made in the oddest and most delightful way. In among the crowd of frivolities that go to make up the Cambridge May Week there is sandwiched the solemnity of the Rede Lecture, delivered each year by some eminent man appointed by the Vice-Chancellor. The Rede lecturer for 1902 was Professor Osborne Reynolds; his subject, "On an Inversion of Ideas as to the Structure of the Universe." On the 10th of June the Senate-House was

half-filled with heads of houses and less august seniors with their wives, with undergraduates and sisters and cousins, taking a reconstruction of the universe with the boat-races and balls, as all part of the May Week fun. The lecture was profoundly unintelligible, but there were experiments,—miracles they seemed at the time, "paradoxical, not to say magical."

"I have in my hand," said the professor, "the first experimental model universe, a soft indiarubber bag, with a small aperture to admit of its being filled with small shot, which aperture is partly closed, sufficiently to prevent the shot from coming out, by a glass tube." The model universe was filled up with water in between the shot; the shot were shaken down tight till the indiarubber ball was full, and the water stood nearly at the top of the tube. Then the ball was squeezed in the hand. The water did not overflow, as might have been expected; it did not even continue to stand at the same level, but it sank steadily down the tube as the pressure was increased until it had all been drawn into the ball. And this was not a conjuring trick, but an honest experiment!

It was repeated on a larger scale. The soft rubber bladder of a football was filled with sand and water and connected up to a pressure-gauge and a tall jar of water. The taps were turned off and the bag squeezed in a strong press. It had become as rigid as steel. The tap leading to the gauge was turned on, the bag suddenly changed its shape, and the gauge showed that the strong pressure had created a partial vacuum. There was no tendency at all for the water in between the sand to squeeze out; on the contrary, the stronger the pressure

the stronger the suction inwards; and when the way leading to the jar of water was opened, at least a pint was drawn in against a pressure on the sides of the elastic bag of some hundreds of pounds.

It was really a very odd experience, sitting in the familiar Senate-House, and seeing miracles done with these very commonplace materials, sand and water and indiarubber balls. Every now and then one caught a gleam of light in the darkest places of the lecture. The research had occupied twenty years, and had now revealed the *prime cause* of the physical properties of matter. The results are of marvellous simplicity, but so contrary to previous conceptions as to entail an inversion of ideas hitherto advanced. Empty space is made of close-packed grains ten thousand times as dense as water; matter is of the nature of a thinning out of the space-grains, a partial vacuity, bounded by "a singular surface"—a wave. We are all waves! And then we were lost again in a tangle of single sentences summing up whole reams of mathematics, negative inequalities which attract, and positive inequalities which repel one another, and complex inequalities which are electricity.

There was another experiment. A thin rubber toy balloon was filled with sand and water and its mouth tied up. It was squeezed flat to the shape of a Dutch cheese, and burst in the process. Another was produced, and that burst; so there was no strength to spare in the skin that confined the wet sand. A third bag was flattened successfully and stood up on its edge. To pressure on either side it was soft and pulpy; but when a board was balanced across the top and weights of a couple of hundredweight or more were piled on it, the bag that had been soft in one direction was rigid in the other, and stood hard and firm as a rock.

This was the end. These experiments, said the lecturer, performed as long ago as 1885,—some of them were shown to the British Association at Aberdeen in that year,—suggested the idea of the granular nature of space, and were recognized as an obvious clue to gravitation. Since that year a mathematical theory has been worked out which, with this idea as a basis, accounts entirely for all known properties of matter and of the ether which is supposed to fill space. "And thus we may have the fullest confidence that the structure is purely mechanical, and that ideas, such as I have endeavored to sketch, will ultimately prevail, displacing for ever such metaphysical conceptions as that of action at a distance, and accomplishing that ideal which, from the time of Thales and Plato, has excited the highest philosophical interest."

We came away vastly impressed. If Osborne Reynolds were right he would be counted in the future a greater than Newton, and we had been present on a great occasion. But is he right? No one could tell, for the proof lies in the mathematics which is yet unpublished,—hundreds of pages, probably, of the most difficult stuff that was ever conceived,—that will carry conviction slowly to a few profound people, if it carries conviction at all. For the rest of us, we shall have to wait for their verdict. We ought to wait. But there was one at least of the audience who went home and constructed a model universe for himself; and when he found with surprise that the miracle worked in his own garden, and could be performed after dinner over the wine, for him there was no longer any question about it. The way that the universe is worked had been discovered.

For a few months it was a delight to work the model; make the water sink in the tube when the ball was

squeezed; and argue with botanists and suchlike people who propounded all sorts of cock-and-bull explanations of the immortal experiment. But the other day the lecture was published,¹ and the spell of the miracle vanished. The explanation was found in a property of matter that is equally true whether the universe is inverted or not. Moreover, it is perfectly easy to understand—perfectly obvious when it is pointed out, and yet has been hardly so much as recognized. It is something like this. We may imagine a layer of hard balls, all of the same size, packed upon a table as close as they will stand, and another layer packed on top of them. In the ordinary course of things each ball of the upper layer would settle down partly between those balls of the lower. But if a suitable constraint were applied all round the boundary of the upper layer it could be made to stand, each ball exactly over a corresponding ball of the lower layer, and in that arrangement the same quantity of balls would occupy a greater space. Translated into more general terms, it comes to this—that if we have a pile of hard spherical balls, by suitably squeezing the boundaries of the pile we can make it grow bigger. If the balls are packed as closely as possible to begin with, any squeezing whatever at the boundary tends to make the pile expand; and therein lies the reason of the experiments. Shot and sand are, roughly speaking, hard spherical balls, more or less of the same size. Pack them tight in an elastic bag with water, tie up the bag, and squeeze it. The arrangement of shot tries to grow larger, and wants more water to fill up the spaces between. So long as the bag is closed and no water can get in, the change of shape cannot take place without

causing a vacuum, and the pressure of the air outside prevents that. But open the way into a jar of water, and the pressure of the air outside is taken off. The arrangement of shot can then expand and suck in water. Hence the working of the "model universe," which looks so extraordinary when one first sees it.

And hence comes the explanation of the footprint on the sand, which started us on the subject. The wet sand is packed close and filled up to the surface with water, like a sponge. When one treads on it, the pressure of the foot makes the arrangement of sand grains expand, and they want more water to fill up the interspaces. They draw it from the nearest source, the unstrained sand all round, which for a minute, till it can suck up more water from below, runs dry. When the foot is raised the strain is taken off the sand below, and it goes back to its old arrangement. There is then an excess of water, which comes out by the quickest way at the top, and makes the puddle.

There remains the case of the soft bag, squeezed flat and stood on edge, which supported a great weight without flinching. This too can be explained, though the explanation is not at first very easy to follow. The secret of it is that, when the bag is tied up, rather more water is left in it than is wanted to fill up between the grains when they are packed their closest. And while the bag is being squeezed flat it is kept shaken, so that the sand is not expanded under the strain but remains at its densest, and there is always a little water to spare up to this point. When the flat round cake enclosed in its indiarubber skin is taken out from between the boards which pressed it flat, the elastic skin

¹ On an Inversion of Ideas as to the Structure of the Universe. By Osborne Reynolds, M.A., F.R.S., Professor of Engineering in the Owens

College, Manchester. Cambridge, at the University Press, 1902. Price 1s. 6d.

tries to regain its spherical shape, produces strain along the breadth of the cake, expands the sand inside until all the spare water is absorbed, and then it can go no farther. Squeezing the sides tends to undo the effect of this last action and compress the sand again. There is no resistance to this at first, and the bag feels soft and pulpy. But a strain in the other direction, along the breadth of the cake, tends to continue the expansion which the elasticity of the bag carried on until all the water was used up in filling the interspaces. Further than this one cannot go without making a vacuum, which the pressure of the air outside prevents, up to a certain point. So that when the bag is set on edge and a board is laid across it, weights can be piled up on the board to a surprising total, and the bag does not budge. The explanation here is rather hard to follow, but thinking it over a few times will help, and doing the experiment is better. There is something altogether fascinating in doing these things for oneself,—they want so little preparation and such simple materials, and the results are so seemingly paradoxical.

We have it on the authority of the man who devised them that they give an "obvious clue" to the structure of the universe! Doubtless many people before Newton's time found delight in shaking apple-trees, and watching the apples fall, but somehow it escaped their notice that the fall of an apple is an obvious clue to the law of universal gravitation. So may we—all of us who are not profound geniuses—be pardoned if we fail altogether to understand how this tendency of an arrangement of grains to expand under pressure is any help towards clearing up all the mysteries that puzzle us when we begin to ask ourselves how gravitation and other things really work. Space may be granular and very dense;

all that we know as solid matter may be a thinning out of the dense space; from these startling inversions of our ideas it may be possible to build up a mathematical theory that will account for everything; but it does not follow that we should ever really conceive how the thing is worked,—it does not follow, indeed, that we need ever have, even in our minds, a picture of the arrangement as a working model, before we can be convinced of its truth. Mathematics has in a case like this an extraordinary power. The curious experiments which we have described might suggest to a mathematician, What would happen if space had this peculiar property of expanding under strain? He would express the property in what Clerk-Maxwell called "the tenuity and paleness of a symbolical expression," and deduce purely mathematically, and without any further appeal to experiment, what would be the effect of his hypothesis. And if it should turn out that the known laws of matter and light and electricity all follow if we grant this one property to space, then there would be the strongest reason for believing that the original hypothesis was true,—that space does behave as if it were composed of solid grains. And this is what we are asked to believe has been done. Professor Reynolds claims that, if space is granular, if its grains have the size and the density and the other properties that he has found for them, then his mathematics will show how gravitation, and all the phenomena of light and heat and electricity, follow as a matter of pure reasoning. "Then, considering that not one of these phenomena had previously received a mechanical explanation, it appears how indefinitely small must be the probability that there should be another structure for the universe which would satisfy the same evidence."

There is one advantage that a scien-

tific man enjoys above all other men, namely, that he lives in the most interesting and exciting times that ever were. For him there are no regrets for lost arts and lost traditions. He spends no time in contemplating an unapproachable past, and there are plenty of worlds left for him to conquer. If he has a spark of enthusiasm in him he thanks heaven in private that he is alive in such a surpassing present, though if he is wise he dis-

Blackwood's Magazine.

sembles his enthusiasm in public, for there are superior persons about. A serious and apparently successful attempt to show how the universe is constructed has led to the paradox that emptiness is full, and we and all our possessions are partial emptiness. Whether this be a case for enthusiasm or not, it is a wonderfully interesting notion: a paradox is apt to have a peculiar charm for minds that are not too empty—that is to say, too dense.

VIDREQUIN'S.

There are in Paris—as, in fact, there are in most of the great cities of the world—four ways of taking food: the expensive and nice; the expensive and nasty; the cheap and nice; and the cheap and nasty. Most of us prefer the first—we get it habitually, occasionally, or never, according to the length of our own or our friends' purses. The second is not popular; but you only learn how to avoid it by dismal experience. It is useful, in this connection, to remember that an inferior band of music, waiters of stealthy manner and cat-like tread, a *maitre d'hôtel* of unimpeachable deportment, fine linen and purple—all these are not necessary concomitants of a good dinner. They are the things that add much to the reckoning, but nothing to the quality of the meat and drink. For you do not eat the *maitre d'hôtel*.

Let us suppose that you, my friend Tityrus, wish to leave the shade of your spreading beech-tree, and to dine comfortably with me in Paris—comfortably, and yet cheaply. Then you must come with me to—

VIDREQUIN'S.

When we walk in, remember that we

are going to dine for one shilling and a halfpenny, or for twopence more, if we mean to be extravagant, and asparagus and strawberries are in; and, remembering this, do not expect to find a band of perspiring musicians, in shabby blue uniforms, discoursing sweet music somewhat out of tune, and superb creatures waiting on more superb clients, triumphs of the tailor and the coiffeur. The young person sitting at the receipt of custom, or of the brass *jetons*—tokens of discharge, and liberty to re-enter the crowded boulevard—may or may not accord you a smile of welcome. It depends upon the work that she is engaged in: the making or mending, apparently, of some article of wear—not for men.

You must expect the company to be various; the manners you will find less so. You may have to sit next to a gentleman in a blue blouse or an old lady from the country in what looks like a nightcap, but isn't. Or fate may bring you into the society of a priest or two, or of some business men who will work through their dinner with the same negligence of its details, and the same absorption in the Stock Exchange quotations (of the evening paper that a shabby, sodden personage is

selling at the door), as any of their London brethren. You may even hobnob with people whose names are written in Debrett. But you must not be puffed up if this last should be your lot, or depressed by society that seems unworthy of you. Let me point out to you that your neighbor in the blue blouse has clean hands, and uses his serviette with ease, almost grace. If you gave a serviette to an English gentleman in a blue blouse, he would sit upon it, and employ the back of his hand in its place. By the way, did you bow to the room on entering? I think not; but Blue Blouse did.

Now Jean or Pierre comes bustling up; spreads a clean table-cloth for us (this is not a special tribute to our dignity—everyone gets it); bangs down a serviette, a foot of bread—you can have a yard if you like—two yards—it is *à discrétion*—knives, spoons, forks (very well, examine them as closely as you like; you will find them beautifully clean), and takes our orders for *rouge* or *blanc*—referring to wine, and not to any game of chance. They are real good fellows, these *garçons*, and take a lively personal interest in the customers, to whom they will give, if asked, excellent advice as to the best selection to be made from the *menu*. They wear white aprons and short jackets; but “what matter how the head lies” (what matter white aprons and short jackets?) “if the heart be right?”

The French certainly understand how to live well on a little: I believe every Frenchman is a cook at heart, and knows how things should be done, and will have them so. And *à propos des bottles*, your Paris *cocher* is a sound judge of wine, and will only drink good stuff. So when you see many driverless *voitures* drawn up before an *estaminet*, however humble it looks,

Mark it, and write its number in your book.

But now for dinner. You can have *potage*, or *hors d'œuvre*, and a large choice of either; soup thick, soup thin, or sardines, anchovies, olives, pickled herrings, and so on. These last things will remind you of your *demi-bouteille* of *rouge* or *blanc* waiting to be uncorked. It is not Château Lafitte or Beaune. You do not get these wines in a one-and-a-half-penny dinner, my good sir; but it is not at all bad—almost as good as our own “barley-broth”—and better for you in this warmer climate. Drink the wine of the country wherever you are—even the turpentine of Greece. You should put a little water with your *rouge* or *blanc*, but let it be in the modest proportion of one to three. You are not drinking heady Falernian or Massic; the brawls which old Horace so much feared will not ensue even if you take your half bottle unadulterated.

The choice of *entrées* is so large that I often call in Pierre or Jean to help me make up my mind as I hover between the prosaic but wholesome, and the romantic but indigestible. If you do not know what dyspepsia is, you may take anything in the list: all is of the best. You may even have a *vol-au-vent*. Now I have only one fault to find with the French cooking, and that is in the matter of their pastry. I cannot say technically what is wrong; but, speaking as an amateur, I should judge that there is too much pastry in their pastry. At any rate, for me, it is like that horrible little book which the prophet dreamt he had eaten with such uncomfortable results. You are not obliged to have a *vol-au-vent*; you can choose a “bifteck” (if your British soul can swallow the spelling), a *côtelette*, mutton in many forms, veal in more (and, if you like calves' liver, this is your chance), and so forth.

A very difficult question now presents itself: shall we be economical, and have fish or vegetables, or shall

we plunge into wild extravagance, break our fathers' hearts, and, for an extra twopence, take both? Let us plunge. We will have whiting or mackerel, and then squander ourselves on a salad, asparagus, potatoes, *sautées* or *purées*, French beans, or *oselle* with an egg (why do we not eat sorrel more at home?). I hardly like to suggest further rioting and excess, but I will mention that for yet another penny we can get an excellent little omelette. However, this is most unprincipled; we came out to dine cheaply, and if we are not careful we shall soon run into about fifteenpence.

And so we had better end. We can have cheese (I can assure you, my friend, you do not get many better things in that way than a little *suisse*, a sort of cream cheese that you eat with powdered sugar, or with pepper and salt), or we can wind up with dessert, or with an apricot *compote*, or with pastry. Pierre or Jean is quite satisfied with a penny from each of us, and hands us our *jetons* with a cheerful "*Ci, 'steu, bonsoir, 'steu.*" The young lady at the door relieves us of our *jetons*, and with our umbrellas (of which she has taken charge, out of sheer love of the human race), gives us a more or less absent smile of farewell according to the state of her work.

If you want to see Vidrequin's clients at their happiest and best, you must dine there—at the cost of a little

Temple Bar.

crushing and noise—on a Sunday or a *fête* day. Then you will find all sorts of cheerful groups: two or three young conscripts; a pair of shop-boys, evidently having a blow-out, and greatly impressed with the magnificence of life; a father and mother with their tall cadet son; and paterfamilias with his brood—the girls all pigtail and propriety, and the boys kicking their sisters under the table, and generally regarding not God or man.

Sometimes one of the youths in training for the high office of *garçon* is called upon to relieve the goddess of the *jetons*. He takes his place in sulky dignity, which is ruffled by the fact that all the girls of his acquaintance, as they pass, chuck him under the chin and pinch his cheeks. Nobody has as yet kissed him, but this will happen some day, and then I shall see

VIDREQUIN.

He will rise from his modest obscurity, this great man, to rebuke such impertinence. He will come from the cellar, or the kitchen, or the *cabaret* next door. He will have the head of a philanthropist and a Pierrepont Morgan combined (not that one excludes the other necessarily). I believe he will have wings and a cornucopia.

But perhaps he is a Company. Then, as far as I am concerned, he may stay in seclusion, and work out variations on his one-and-a-halfpenny dinner.

Charles Oliver.

WHEN DAYLIGHT WANES.

When daylight wanes, the sun's once fiery sway
 Relaxed, a lucid calm o'er all obtains,
 And softest shadows fall aslant the bay.

All is subdued: along the country lanes
 Wan tollers tread, voicing an old-world lay,
 Whilst weird gray mists steal upwards from the plains.

Perchance this song-sweet scene doth but portray
 Some crude forecast of all that He ordains
 For faithful ones who humbly ask the way

When daylight wanes.

Geo. H. Ludolf.

Chambers's Journal.

THE RAVEN.

CONCLUSION.

My intimate personal acquaintance with the raven dates from 1855, nearly half a century ago, when I was a boy of fifteen years old, at Milton Abbas School, Blandford. The circumstances may be worth relating. I had, for some years, been fond of birds and not merely in the sense in which Tom Tulliver was "fond of them"—"fond, that is, of throwing stones at them." Some six miles from Blandford, between it and Wimborne, at the end of a stretch of open down and near the park of Kingston Lacy, there stands, on high ground, a noble clump of Scotch firs, younger and smaller trees outside, older and bigger within. Round the clump run several concentric circles of fosse and rampart, the work of bygone races, British, Roman, or Saxon, which give to the whole the name of "Badbury Rings." There, from time immemorial, so tradition said, a pair of ravens had reared their young, and many attempts had been made without success to

reach their eyrie. The trees selected were too big in girth to swarm, and the lower branches, for forty feet upward, had disappeared. The raven, I knew, was the earliest of all birds to breed, earlier by some weeks than the rook and the heron, which are the next to follow it.

It was the 24th of February, and the snow lay thick on the ground. When school was over at noon, I applied for leave to go to Badbury Rings. My good master, the Rev. J. Penny, after a decent show of objection—"the snow was so deep that we could never get there," "the tree so hard that we should never be able to climb it," "the season so backward that no sensible raven would be thinking of laying her eggs yet"—gave me the necessary permission. I was accompanied by J. H. Taylor, now of Trinity College, Cambridge. We bought a hammer and a packet of the largest nails we could get, some sixty in number and some

ten inches long, and we set out on our expedition; but, what with the weight of the nails and the hammer, and the depth of the snow, and our losing our way, for a time, near the halfway village of Spetisbury, we did not arrive till half-past three o'clock. As we approached, we heard, to our delight, the croak of the ravens, and saw them soaring above the clump or wheeling round it, chasing one another. We entered the clump. There were two or three raven-like looking nests, apparently of previous years, and we did not want to assail the wrong one; so we crouched down and watched till we saw, or thought we saw, the raven go into one of them. We crept up and gave the tree a tap, and out the bird flew; still, as birds often go into their nests and "think about it" some days before they lay in them, we did not feel sanguine as to the result.

The tree was just what we had expected, and there was nothing to be done but to go at it, hammer and nails. It was a task of delicacy and difficulty, not to say of danger: to lean with one foot the whole of one's weight upon a nail, which might have a flaw in it, or might not have been driven far enough into the tree; to cling with one arm, as far as it would reach, round the bole, and, with the other, to hold nail and hammer, and to coax the former into the tree with very gentle blows—for a heavy blow would at once have overbalanced me—and then to climb one step upwards and repeat the process over and over again. The old birds, meanwhile, kept flying closely round, croaking and barking fiercely, with every feather on neck and head erect in anger, and often pitching in a tree close by. It was well that they did not make believe actually to attack me; for the slightest movement on my part to ward them off must have thrown me to the ground. In spite of the exertion, my hands and body were

numbed with the cold. I had taken up as many nails as I could carry, some six or seven in a tin box tied round my waist, and let it down with a string, from time to time, to get it refilled by my companion. As I got higher, the task seemed more dangerous, for the wind told more, and a slip would now not only have thrown me to the ground but have torn me to pieces with the nails which thickly studded the trunk below. At last, the first branch, some fifty feet from the ground, as measured by the string, was reached, and the rest was easy.

There are few moments more exciting to an enthusiastic bird's-nester than is the moment before he looks into a nest, which he has had much difficulty in reaching, and which may or may not contain a rare treasure. One can almost hear one's heart beat; and to my "inexpressible delight," if I may quote the phrase used in my diary for that night, my first glance revealed that the nest contained four eggs. It had taken me two and a half hours to attain to them. Two of the eggs are still in my possession. They are speckled all over with grey and green, twice the size of a rook's egg, and perhaps a third larger than a crow's, and if the value one puts upon a thing depends very much, as I suppose it does, on what it has cost one to get it, I have the right to regard them as among my most treasured possessions. The nest was a huge structure, nearly as big as a heron's, but with larger sticks in it and more compact and better built. The eggs lay in a deep and comfortable hollow, lined with fibres, grass, dry bracken, a few feathers, some rabbit's fur, and, strangest of all, a large portion, of a woman's dress, probably a gipsy's, for in those days, gipsy encampments were common thereabouts. The descent would have been comparatively easy except for the darkness, which had come on apace and made it difficult to

find the nails. We did not reach home till nine o'clock P.M., worn out with cold, hunger, and fatigue, but proud in the possession of the first raven's eggs I had ever seen.

It may add a touch of interest to the story to mention that Badbury Rings is identified by Dr. Guest with Mount Badon, the scene of the great victory of King Arthur, the national hero of the Britons, over the West Saxons, which delayed the course of their invasion for some thirty years; and it adds still another touch of interest to record that there is a version of the "Passing of Arthur" which must have been unknown even to Lord Tennyson. The immortal knight of La Mancha, Don Quixote himself, tells us that King Arthur did not die, but was changed by witchcraft into a raven; that the day is still to come when he will assume his former shape and claim his former rights; and that, since that time, no Englishman has ever been known to kill a raven, for fear lest he should kill King Arthur! What place could be more appropriate for King Arthur to haunt during his inter-vital state than the scene of his great victory, Badbury Rings? Long may he haunt it! The raven has continued to build, with few intermissions, every year since 1856 at Badbury Rings or in the adjoining park at Kingston Lacy, safe under the protection of its owner, Mr. Ralph Bankes, who will, doubtless, be doubly anxious to protect it now, when he is assured on the authority of Don Quixote himself, that the violent death of a raven on his estate may not only involve—as it has long been held in the neighborhood to do—a loss to his family, but also a loss to the nation at large.

The great German Emperor, Frederick Barbarossa, who was drowned, while on the Third Crusade, in a little river in Cilicia, was believed, for centuries, by his subjects not to have died

at all, but, like King Arthur, only to have "passed," and to be lying in a cave in the mountains, whence his red beard could occasionally be seen flashing through the mist, waiting till it should be time for him to awake and give unity to distracted Germany. Prince Bismarck has done his work for him; and I do not suppose that his sleep will ever now be disturbed. But one incident of the legend must be recorded here. He wakes from time to time, and asks sleepily "whether the ravens are still flying round the mountain." The answer is that they are still flying; and the great Emperor sighs and goes to sleep again, considering that the time for his resurrection has not yet come.

My other ravens' nests I must dismiss more briefly. The next I found was two years later, in Savernake Forest, while I was at school at Marlborough. Savernake Forest, take it all in all, is the finest bit of woodland scenery in England and a very paradise of birds. A paradise and a sanctuary it would be in one, if it were not for the near neighborhood of so many hundred boys. Of this, however, I should be the last to complain, seeing that nearly every spare hour of my three years at school was passed within it. It has every species of game from herds of red and fallow deer to pheasants, partridges, and rabbits, and, what is more to my purpose to remark, it is also the happy home—as so many wild tracts of woodland and noble parks might still be in England,—of large numbers of interesting birds of prey, the sparrow and the kestrel hawk, the white owl and the brown owl, the crow and the magpie. With jays and jackdaws it literally swarms. Its primeval oaks or beeches, as they gradually decay, afford easy boring and nesting room for every species of climbing bird, the woodpecker, green and spotted, the nuthatch, the wryneck and the tree-

creeper. The kingfisher I have known to build in its marlpits two miles from running water; while small birds which are not common in other parts of England, except in specially favored spots, such as the wood wren, the redstart, and the hawfinch, are not uncommon there. All that seemed requisite to crown its sylvan glories was a raven and a raven's nest. Vague rumors indeed had reached me that a stray raven had occasionally been heard or seen within the forest; but, in all my wanderings hitherto, I had seen or heard nothing of it myself. I started, on a somewhat forlorn hope, with my friend, now Sir Robert Collins, on the 11th of March, 1859, and as we neared a clump of splendid silver firs at the far end of the forest, beyond the reach of the ordinary bird's-nester, we heard the croak of a raven, saw it flying, and found its nest. It contained five eggs, which, in due time, were safely hatched. For how many years before this the ravens had been building there, and how many years afterwards they continued to do so, I know not. I only know that they are not there now.

The next nest was in quite a different, but in an equally ideal place, near my own home at West Stafford. It was in a wood of old Scotch firs on Knighton Heath, the same of which I spoke, in my previous article, as having, within by own knowledge, been the home for nearly half a century, of a pair of long-eared owls. It is the outpost, as it were, of that large expanse of wild moorland and woodland—brightened in springtime by brakes of gorse and broom and hawthorn, and intersected by quaking bogs, fragrant with bog myrtle, and, in autumn, often rich in color with sun-dew, and asphodel, and the flowering rush, and the dark blue bog gentian—which begins with Knighton of the Yellowham Wood, and stretches away, with few

intermissions, by Wareham, Poole, and Christchurch, through the New Forest, and so right on to Woking or Bagshot. The nearer part of this wild country, it may interest many to know, is that which has been made famous by the genius of Mr. Thomas Hardy, under the name of Egdom Heath.

The tree was the biggest in the wood, looking out upon the heath, and a few yards below it was a "silent pool," half overgrown with grass and rushes, to which we gave thereafter the name of Raven Tarn.

The coot was swimming in the reedy pond,
Beside the water-hen—so soon affrighted;
And in the weedy moat the heron, fond
Of solitude, alighted.

The moping heron, motionless and stiff,
That on a stone, as silently and stilly,
Stood, an apparent sentinel, as if
To guard the water-lily.

And now, the presence of the raven made the eeriness of the place complete, and for four months in each of the next five years—in January, when the old birds began to repair their nest; in February, when the eggs were laid; in March, when they were hatched; in April, when the young birds, already dressed in their complete and final plumage, were beginning to find their wings—I was able, from time to time, to watch the progress made, and put to the proof the solicitude of the parent birds for each other and for their young, to admire their aerial movements, and to listen to the curiously varied intonations of their deep-voiced throats. The augurs and necromancers of old are said to have distinguished sixty-five intonations of the raven's voice—a wide field for augural science or chicanery; but there are quite enough varieties—his croak, his bark, his grunt, his chuckle—to attract the ear and call for close attention.

There is no bird whose movements are so varied and so graceful, especially when the nest is preparing and the cares of motherhood have not yet begun. They will toy with one another in mid-air, and often tumble down a fathom or two, as if shot, or turn right over on their backs in sheer merriment. When the wind is high, the "tempest-loving" ravens shoot up in the air like a rocket or a towering partridge to an immense height, and then, by closing their wings, drop, in a series of rapid jerks or plunges which they can check at pleasure, down to the ground. The male bird, while his mate is sitting, keeps anxious watch over her, and croaks savagely when any one approaches, or sallies forth in eager tournament against any rook, or crow, or hawk, or larger bird of prey which intrudes on his domains. If you can manage to evade his watchful eye, and enter the wood unobserved, you can sometimes lie down quite still, in sight of the nest and see all that is going on. You will see him perch on the very top of an adjoining fir-tree or whet his beak, as he is fond of doing, against one of its branches, or fiercely tear off others and drop them below. You will hear him utter a low gurgling note of conjugal endearment, which will, sometimes, lure his mate from her charge, and then, after a little coze and talk together, you will see him, unlike many husbands, relieve her, for the time, of her responsibilities, and take his own turn upon the nest.

The raven always pairs for life, and the strength of affection, the fidelity, the dignity which this implies seem to me to raise him indefinitely, as it does the owls, above birds which congregate in flocks, and so abjure family ties and duties through a great part of the year. Still more does he rise above birds which choose a new mate with each new love season or which, like the daintily-stepping cock-pheasant or the

wanton mallard, are polygamous by nature, and summon with a lordly crow, or cluck, or quack, now one, and now another, of their humble-looking wives or drudges, to their presence.

The young ravens, long before they leave the nest, are, except in strength of leg or wing, completely developed both in color and in form; while birds of lower orders have to pass through a long apprenticeship before they can be said to be perfect in either. A young robin or a young thrush remain, in appearance, a young robin or a young thrush for many weeks after they have left the nest; while birds like the harrier, the gull, the gannet, the great northern diver go, for years, through a very kaleidoscope of changes, before they can be pronounced to have come of full age. And it is on this early maturity of the raven, as well as on his high physical and intellectual development, that Professor Newton relies, when he places him at the top of the ornithological tree.

The last raven's nest in which I was specially interested was further within the heath country, on the Moreton estate, belonging to Mr. Frampton, an estate which, by its extent and its beauty, by its clear streams, by its big fir plantations and its clumps of high trees on isolated knolls dispersed over the heather, is calculated to attract not only wading and swimming birds which abound there, but birds of prey, and, above all, the king of birds, the raven. I was walking home, late one evening, early in April, regretting that no raven was now to be seen at Raven Tarn, or in the whole neighborhood, when I heard one single low note which I felt sure must be that of a raven. I looked up, and could just see him flying high in air, inward from the sea, and going, as hard as he could go, towards Moreton. I watched him out of sight, making, as it seemed to me, right for a clump of firs on a conical hill called

Millicent, some five or six miles "as the crow," or as, I might say in this instance, the raven "flies"; and I was convinced that, at that time of the evening, he must be going straight to his home, and that, at that time of the year, his home must be his nest and his little ones. Next day, I followed, as nearly as I could, in his viewless track, and there, in the biggest tree of the clump and looking over a wide swamp, was the raven's nest, and in it five fully-fledged young birds. I managed to bring one of them safely down in a handkerchief, in my teeth; and, for seventeen years afterwards it remained one of the most delightful of our pets and most amusing of our companions at Harrow.

A few words about the raven as a pet. No bird, I think, is his equal in this capacity, whether we look at his intense sociability, his queer secretive-ness, his powers of mimicry, his inexhaustible store of fun and mischief. You have never got to the bottom of him. He is always learning something fresh. No bird has a more elaborate development of the vocal organs, and no bird, not even a parrot, makes more use of them. He will catch up any sound which takes his fancy, from his own name Ralph, or Grip, or Jacob, to a short sentence, and the latter he will practice, with only a few "flashes of silence," by the hour together. His voice is so human that it has often been mistaken for a man's. Anecdotes about him abound. Here is a sample or two of them. One raven, kept near the guard-house at Chatham, managed more than once to "turn out" the guard, who thought they were summoned by the sentinel on duty. Another, the favorite of a regiment, of which I used to hear much when I was young, would walk demurely on to the parade-ground, take his place by the side of the commanding officer, and, in defiance of military discipline, repeat, with appropriate in-

tonations, each word of command. The stable-yard of a country inn in the olden time, a brewer's yard in more recent times, formed an excellent "school for scandal" for a pet raven, who would not only learn to imitate all the sounds made by all the animals or birds which frequented the spot, but would pick up "stable language" or brewing language with a somewhat objectionable facility. One raven, kept at the "Elephant and Castle," when that famous hostelry was the resort of four-horse coaches rather than of omnibuses, would take his place in an outward-bound coach, the observed of all observers, by the side of a coachman who had won his heart, and return in a homeward-bound coach which he met on the road, by the side of another favorite Jehu. Another raven, kept at the "Old Bear" inn at Hungerford, struck up a close friendship with a Newfoundland dog. When the dog broke his leg the raven waited on him constantly, catered for him, forgetting for the time his own greediness, and rarely, if ever, left his side. One night, when the dog was by accident shut within the stable alone, Ralph succeeded in pecking a hole through the door, all but large enough to admit his body. Another, kept in a yard in which a big basket sparrow-trap was sometimes set, watched narrowly the process from his favorite corner, and managed, when the trap fell, to lift it up, hoping to get at the sparrows within. They, of course, escaped before he could drop the trap. But, taught by experience, he opened communications with another tame raven in an adjoining yard, and the next time the trap fell, while one of them lifted it up, the other pounced upon the quarry. Wild ravens have, in like manner, been observed, upon occasion, to hunt their prey in couples.

The strange story of yet another raven. I owe, in outline, to Mr. John

Digby, of the Middle Temple, who got it from his friend, the owner, and saw much of what it relates. A female raven, known at that time to be sixty years of age, and who had passed much of her early and middle life with a strange companion, a blind porcupine, was given, in the year 1854, by Mr. J. H. Gurney, the well-known ornithologist, to the rector of Bluntisham in Huntingdonshire. She seemed so disconsolate at the loss of her surroundings, that her new owner, failing to get another raven, managed to secure a seagull as her companion. A warm friendship soon sprang up between the birds. They followed one another about everywhere, and the raven used often to treat her companion to pieces of putrid meat which she had buried, for her own consumption, in the shrubberies. These were delicacies in the eyes of the raven, but they were not so good for the gull. In course of time, whether from indigestion or not, the gull fell ill and the raven became more assiduous than ever in her attentions, never leaving him and plying him with her most nauseous tit-bits. The gull grew worse, as was, perhaps, natural under the treatment, and less companionable; and, one day, when he positively refused to touch a more unsavory morsel than usual which the raven had denied to herself, and, doubtless, thought to be a panacea, the raven, in a fit of fury at the ingratitude of her patient, fell upon her friend, killed it, tore it to pieces, and, burying half of it for future consumption, devoured the rest.

We know little enough of our own hearts, still less of one another's, but how infinitely less do we know of the animals who are our most constant companions, most of all, of our pet birds! Such intense affection, followed by such uncontrollable rage at a fancied slight, one may have known in man, but who would expect it in a

raven? Was it a reversion to type, to original savagery, just as a Negro, apparently civilized and Christianized, has been known, on returning to the Niger coast, within a year, to go back to his human sacrifices and cannibalism, or as the Fuegians described by Darwin, who, after a long visit to England, reverted, after their return to their native land, to their old customs, the eating of putrid whale blubber, and the suffocating of their old women? Or was it a crowning proof of love, such as is given by some animals to their young, when they think they can save them in no other way, or by such savages as those described by Herodotus, who thought it was the basest ingratitude *not* to kill and eat their aged parents? We know not; but any bird which has a nature so inscrutable, so passion-ravaged, capable of such fierce extremes and such violent revulsions of feeling, possesses a personality of its own, and has that within it, from which a whole Greek tragedy, nay, a second Medea, might be well evolved. It should be added that the bird was still living in 1874. At that extreme age, she bethought herself, for the first time, of making a nest on the ground, in which she laid some eggs, all of which she soon afterwards devoured.

Of course, a tame raven is an arrant thief, and if you let him loose you must expect to pay for your amusement. Anything bright especially attracts him. A butler who had lost spoon after spoon, and had thrown the blame upon everyone but the real offender, at last saw Ralph with the proverbial "silver spoon in his mouth," watched him sneak off to the hole which served him for a savings bank, and found therein not only the spoon which he had missed, but others which he had not. The bank, on this occasion, paid compound interest on the deposit.

One of my own tame ravens, a native of Raven Tarn, had the run of a

stable-yard, of a garden, and of a field—in fact, pretty well also of the whole of the adjoining village of Stafford; and no small boy, home for the holidays, for the first time, from school, could prove a greater imp of mischief than he. He led the pigeons, the ducks, the hens of the stable-yard a sad life; but he gave the cocks a wide berth, except when they were busy fighting, and then he would attack them in safety and with perfect impartiality, from the rear. When a favorite cat was walking demurely and daintily across the yard, Jacob, with a few quiet side-long hops, would come up behind, his head also on one side, as always when meditating mischief, give her a sharp nip in the tail, and testify his delight at the panic he had created by a loud croak. He had private stores everywhere of sticks, bones, buttons, nails, thimbles, and even halfpence, some of which were not discovered till after his death, and then chiefly by his namesake, and successor, and residuary legatee. If you ever noticed him putting on a particularly *nonchalant* air, you might be quite sure he had some stolen treasure in his mouth which he was particularly anxious to stow away unobserved. He was the friend of everyone in the village, but the marplot of all who had any work to do in it. Did he see the gardener bedding out, with especial care, any particular plant, he would select it for his special attention, as soon as the gardener's back was turned. Did he see a laborer in the allotment "setting" a row of his beans, as soon as he was gone, the raven would follow in his footsteps, dig them up one by one, and drop them, one on the top of another, into a hole of his own. Did a well-dressed man, something perhaps of a dandy, drop a new lilac kid glove, the raven would be off with it in a moment, dodge all his pursuers, and, the moment the pursuit

slackened, would begin to pick it to pieces and would continue his work, each time the pursuers halted for breath, till it was a thing of shreds and tatters. He would follow me about for a walk of a mile or so, and if he happened to meet a dog, there was a great show of excitement and fury on both sides; but each had too much regard for his own safety to come to close quarters. It was a case of *cave corvum* quite as much as of *cave canem*.

Most villages in Dorset—as is, I suppose, the case in other counties—have at least one happy or unhappy imbecile, living among them who—such is the kindness of the people—is almost always the village pet rather than the village butt. The raven soon detected the weakness of the Stafford imbecile and would demonstrate around him and make vigorous attacks on his legs whenever he passed through the yard. He showed similar insight and contempt for intellectual weakness, when I kept him for a term or two in the gardens of Trinity College, Oxford. The son of the gardener, who helped his father in the more mechanical part of his work, happened not to be strong in his mind. The raven instantly recognized the difference between them, and while he never molested the father in his work, he never left the son alone in his. Sometimes he would fly up to my window while I was giving a lecture, it may be on some Greek play, to my pupils, and would interpolate remarks which, if they were a sore interruption to the lecture, seemed often quite as much to the point as some of the remarks of the Chorus, through which we were painfully laboring. He was quite impervious to rain or frost or snow. When the snow was deep on the ground, he would play in it or roll over in it like a dog. He chose for his roosting-place the ridge of a thatched wall in a very exposed place in the allotments, and stuck to it through all

weathers. Pets usually come to a sad or premature end. Waterton's pet raven, Marco, perished from a blow of one of his best friends, an angry coachman, on whom, in a moment of play or of excitement, he had inflicted a sharp nip. So sharp and strong is a raven's beak that he can hardly ever touch the hand without bringing blood and cutting rather deep. Dickens's pet raven "Grip," developed an "unfortunate taste for white paint and putty," and died of the slow poison, as is narrated in Dickens's own preface to *Barnaby Rudge* and at greater length in his *Life* by Forster. My pet raven, "Jacob," met with the most ignominious and unworthy fate of all. He either walked or slipped into a barrel of liquid pigs'-wash and was found by me therein. An open verdict of "found drowned" was all that could be said about him.

Another pet raven from Millicent Clump could not be allowed such unfettered liberty at Harrow, as he might have had in his native air of Dorset. He was kept in a large aviary where, if his opportunities for mischief were less, his progress in language was greater. His own name "Jacob" and that of the gardener, "Holloway," he would repeat in half-a-dozen different tones. "Come on" he would say, now in a commanding, now in a hectoring, now in a persuasive tone, and, now again, in the most confidential of whispers. This last was a great effort. He would bend his body right down to the perch on which he stood, open his wings, and every feather in his body would stand erect or would move in sympathy with it. But his pleasure was in proportion to his pain. He loved, as a clever parrot does, to call forth a peal of laughter, and though he could not laugh himself—it was almost the only human achievement that he did not attempt—his eye showed that he knew all about it. "How's

that?" "Out," was a question and answer which he picked up for himself from a cricket-yard at some little distance. A bad cough, which I had, he managed to imitate so well that people who passed down the adjoining lane thought it inconsiderate of me to expose a gardener who had such a hacking cough to all weathers in my garden. He was a capital "catch." Blackberries thrown to him—as boys throw a ball to one another when practising themselves at "catch"—he would manage to intercept, whether thrown high or low, quickly or slowly, from his central perch, by a dexterous movement of his neck and beak, without ever shifting his position, and hardly ever missing one, even on its rebound, when thrown against the opposite wall of the cage. Morsels of food given to him he would pack, one after the other, into the expansive skin of his lower mandible, till it was puffed out like a pouch; and he then would look at you with a queer and knowing "where-are-they-all-gone-to?" sort of expression. When he had given you time to guess, he would gravely reproduce them, one after the other, and proceed to hide them in various parts of his cage, patting them down under sand or stones or rubbish of any kind, and then again would disinter them as quickly as children do a doll which they have buried in their play, with a genuine *εὐρηκα* look. The key of his cage-door, if it were left open by chance, he would whip out in a moment, and hide it in his very best hiding-place, and visibly enjoy the trouble he gave you in looking for it. He pecked a small hole into the next compartment of the aviary, in which I kept, sometimes an eagle owl, sometimes a kestrel hawk; and it was his supreme delight to filch away a bit of food which the owl or the kestrel, in their comparative stupidity, sometimes left near it. One day, the kestrel himself, in a moment of for-

getfulness, came too near the hole. The raven caught him by the leg; and it was soon all over with him.

It may be well, before I close, to say a word or two upon the thoughts that men have had about the raven. How is it that, while some nations appear to regard him with affection, with respect, with religious veneration, others look upon him with fear, with hatred, with disgust? How is it that, in some latitudes, he is sacrosanct, in others, an outlaw and an ogre? A prophet may be a prophet of either good or evil, and the raven has been almost universally regarded as a prophet of evil. Is it best to propitiate or to ignore and defy him? When observed by the Roman augurs he was generally on the left hand; and he not only foresees evil, he gloats over it, he helps to bring it on. Danger and disgrace, disease and death, are to him the breath of his life. In them he holds a ghastly revelry. Like the splendid personification of Death itself in *Paradise Lost*, he can sniff them from afar. He hovers over a house in which there is to be a death, even before the disease, which is to be its precursor, has appeared. He is on the field of battle, ready for the feast, long before the carnage has begun. His mysterious, his uncanny powers, his means of avenging himself for a wrong, do not cease with his life. The enchantress Medea, when she is mixing a life-potion by which to restore, in defiance of the Fates, her aged father to the bloom of his youth, drops into the cauldron, like the weird sisters, first the most potent herbs and simples of her country, then the bones and body of an owl, then some slices of wolf, and, last and best of all, the head and beak of a raven who had seen nine generations of men pass away. The medicine man, among the North American Indians, is said, when he is peering into the future, to carry on his back three raven-skins

with their tails fixed at right angles to his body, while on his head he wears a split raven-skin, so fastened as to let the huge and formidable beak project from the forehead.¹ In Sweden, it was long believed that the ravens which croaked by night in the forest swamps and wild moorlands were the ghosts of murdered persons, whose bodies had been concealed there by their undetected murderers, and had not received Christian burial. Beliefs like these have often given a partial protection to the raven in countries where he most needed it. People, like the Highlanders, who are quite willing that others should kill the raven, are not often willing to kill one themselves. Others, who would on no account shoot a raven, are willing to put down a strychnined egg for him, leaving him to be, as they flatter themselves, the agent of his own destruction. "Wickedness proceedeth from the wicked, but my hand shall not be upon thee." To this day, in England, the prosperity of many a great family is supposed to depend upon the safety of the raven which has deigned to make his domicile under its protection. If he meets a violent death, a member of the family is sure to die within the year.

Is it true or not true—another curious and current belief—that the raven lives to an immense age, some say to a hundred or even to three hundred years? Old Hesiod is the father of the belief, and he is supported, more or less, by a host of ancient writers, the elder Pliny, Cicero, Aristophanes, Horace, Ovid, and Ausonius. Popular opinion in modern times quite agrees with them, as expressed in the Highland proverb, somewhat modified from Hesiod:

Thrice the life of a dog is the life of
a horse,
Thrice the life of a horse is the life
of a man,

¹ N. Stanley's "British Birds," p. 187.

Thrice the life of a man is the life of
a stag,
Thrice the life of a stag is the life of
a raven.

There cannot be so much smoke without some fire behind it; and I am inclined to think that a raven does live to a great age for a bird, and that Horace's epithet for the raven, *annosus*, and Tennyson's "many-wintered crow" are justified by facts. But the belief in its extreme age rests, I suspect, on one of its most touching characteristics, its intense hereditary attachment to the spot, a particular cliff, a particular grove, a particular tree, where its ancestors, where itself, and where its young have been born and bred. The most striking instance that has come within my own knowledge was at the home of my own grandfather, the Down House, Blandford. In a fine clump of beeches in a plantation named Littlewood, in the middle of the down, a raven used to build year after year. Year after year, the hen bird was shot upon the nest by an insensate gamekeeper; and, year after year, the male bird came back with a new mate to share her predecessor's fate; at last, the male bird was shot as well, and the gamekeeper thought that he had done with them for ever. But a fresh pair, doubtless birds of the same stock which had been hatched there safely before the reign of the blood-thirsty gamekeeper had begun, came next year and shared the same fate. Since then, the place knows them no more.

The same spirit of local attachment, I have repeatedly observed, brings a pair of ravens, which, for some reason or other, have forsaken a former home, to revisit it. Flying high in air over it, they drop, as it were, from the clouds upon it, perch upon the favorite trees, and outdo themselves, while there, in their garrulity, chattering, as is probable in so intensely conservative a bird, if not of Elijah and of Odin,

at all events of the good old times which they have themselves known. Now it is probable, I think, that it is this local attachment of a pair of ravens to a particular wood or tree which has given rise to the belief that the raven is a very Nestor among birds, a Nestor in age, as well as in wisdom and eloquence. Two or three generations ago, a "raven-tree," "the pest or the pride of the village," it might be called according to the point of view, could be pointed out in many spots, in almost every county in England. The oldest inhabitant, a man perhaps of eighty or ninety years, could not "mind" the time, nor his father before him, no, nor his father again before him, he would say with honest pride, when "the raven" was not there. He must therefore be older than himself, as old, probably, as his grandfather, his father, and himself put together!

But if the raven has been a bird of evil repute and has had a bad time of it in many parts of Europe, it has been quite otherwise in Scandinavia and its dependencies; for there the raven was the sacred bird of Odin, his spy, his messenger, his pioneer, his minister for war all in one. The banner of those "kings of the sea" was itself made in the shape of a raven, and was so constructed that when a fresh breeze belied it, it looked as if the raven was fluttering its wings for flight; and surely, no banner that was ever borne before a conquering host, not the Labarum of Constantine, not even the Crescent of the Saracens, not the Cross of the Crusaders, nor the Oriflamme of the French, carried such terror with it, as did the raven of the Norsemen among those on whom he was to make his fatal swoop. But happily the raven-standard did not always lead its followers to victory; and the capture of one such standard was a turning point in the fortunes of the English nation

and of the best and greatest of English kings. Ragnar Ludbrog, a famous sea-king, was believed to have been stung to death by serpents, in the dungeon of the Northumbrian king, Ælla, who had taken him prisoner. His sons swore to avenge him by conquering England, and his daughters managed to weave, in one noontide, the mysterious "Rae-fan" or raven-standard, which was to accompany them, and to help and to witness the conquest. Did it appear to flap its wings as they marched into battle, it was a sure omen of victory. Did they hang listlessly by his side, it was a sure presage of defeat. The fortunes of Alfred the Great were in that year, the year 898, at their very lowest. England had been reduced by the Danes to Wessex; and Wessex had shrunk to the Isle of Athelney. The first battle was fought in North Devon. Whether the raven flapped or drooped his wings, the Saxon Chronicle does not tell us; but 890 of the warriors who followed it were slain, and the raven itself was captured. The good news put fresh heart into the faithful few who had clung to their king in his distress. He burst forth from his island fastness, and the capture of the raven was soon followed by the crowning victory of Ethandun, by the surrender and baptism of Guthrum and his followers, and by the Peace of Wedmore. Wessex was saved, and, through Wessex, England.

One more appeal, as in the case of the owls, to those who love, or who are capable of loving, what is wild in nature, and I have done. Cicero tells us that, after the wholesale plunderings of Verres in Sicily, the duty of the guide who took you over a town which had formerly abounded in the richest treasures of Greek art was no longer to show you those treasures, but only mournfully to point to the places in which they had once been. So is it with the ravens. The "oldest inhabi-

tant" of a village here and there may still point, with pride and pleasure, to a raven clump or a raven tree; but where now are the ravens? Sir Thomas Browne, writing of ravens in Norfolk two hundred years ago, said, "Ravens are in great plenty near Norwich; and it is on this account that there are so few kites there." And, as late as 1829, another observer in Norfolk says, "This bird is found in woods in every part of the county."¹ Now there are none at all. They have followed the way of the kite. Mr. Hudson was told by the old head keeper on the forest of Exmoor where ravens surely could do little harm, that, a quarter of a century ago, he trapped fifty-two ravens in one year. What wonder that now there is not one to be heard there? In Dorset, besides those spots which I have known, in my own time, to be tenanted and afterwards abandoned by ravens, I have ascertained that a generation or two ago they still built in Sherborne Park in one of the noble Scotch fir-trees planted there by Pope, and in Bryanston Park, on Rempston Heath and Bloxworth Heath, in Came Park and on Galton Common, at Milton Abbey and Buckland Newton, in the Coombe of Houghton and the Coombe of Bingham's Melcombe, and—perhaps the most fitting place of all—on the ruins of Corfe Castle, just as they once built on Glastonbury Tor, in the adjoining county of Somerset. What would not Corfe Castle and Glastonbury Tor gain in impressiveness, if there were ravens there still? If only they were to be strictly protected, as they always have been at Badbury Rings, they might, owing to that strong hereditary local attachment which I have described, be, even now, drawn back to some of their ancestral homes.

"The raven," says the author of

¹ "Birds of Norfolk," by H. Stevenson, p. 257.

Birds of Wiltshire,^{*} "is no mean ornament of a park, and speaks of a wide domain, and large timber, and an ancient family; for the raven is an aristocratic bird and cannot brook a confined property and trees of young growth. Would that its predilection were more humored and a secure retreat allowed by the larger proprietors on the land." The great landowner is, in my opinion, not so much to blame, except for the easy-going *laissez-faire* which allows him to put a gun into the hands of an unobservant, illiterate, and often blood-thirsty gamekeeper, and leaves him to do exactly what he likes with it. A great landowner does, as a rule, take some pride in "showing" a fox whenever it is wanted. A heronry, if he is happy enough to possess one, he regards as the crowning glory of his park, even if the herons do make free with the inhabitants of his waters. He likes to hear that a rare bird is to be seen on his estate, and he will sometimes tolerate, perhaps even rejoice at, the presence of an otter in his oslerbeds, or of a badger in his sandy hills. It is the non-resident "shooting tenant," or worse still, "the syndicate of shooting tenants," who are the arch-enemies of all wild life. A shooting tenant has, with few marked exceptions, hardly any bowels of compassion for anything but his game. A "syndicate" has none at all. A shooting tenant, of course with the same exceptions, values his land only for the head of game that he can get out of it, and visits it, chiefly or only, when the time for the battue has come. He pays his gamekeeper so much per head of game, and the gamekeeper makes it his business to destroy everything that is not game.

Under these sinister influences many of our most interesting birds and animals are ceasing to exist. The bustard

and the bittern, owing to the increase of the population and the reclamation of the fens, are things of the long past. The buzzard, the harrier, and the peregrine falcon are becoming rarer and rarer. The fork-tailed kite is as dead as Queen Anne. The Cornish chough is nearly as extinct as the Cornish language. The principle of a preserve for interesting wild animals, such as would otherwise be extirpated, has been established by the Americans, on an extensive scale, in the Yellowstone Park. It has been secured by the British Legislature, thanks chiefly to the exertions of Mr. Edward N. Buxton, in a part of Somaliland and elsewhere in Africa; and a similar preserve, on a small scale, which might be well extended to the New Forest, has been set apart by the Crown, in Wolmer Forest in Hampshire. No tribute could be more appropriate to the memory of Gilbert White, none would have given him more pleasure, than the consecration in perpetuity of a region through which he so often wandered, to the wild animals and birds which he so keenly loved.

But why should not every large estate, if its owner be resident upon it, as is still happily the case in most parts of England, and if he have any love for real wild life, become, in itself, a sort of sanctuary? There is a balance in nature which man never transgresses but at his cost. Witness it, the wholesale destruction of owls and hawks, and the portentous increase of rats and mice. There is a principle of "live and let live," which enlightened self-interest no less than the public good, sentiment no less than reason, demand. There may be as much game on an estate as any true and moderate sportsman can desire; but is there not also room in it for the wild swoop of the sparrow-hawk, for the graceful hovering of the kestrel, for the solemn hoot of the owl, for the

^{*} Quoted by Mr. Hudson in his "Birds and Man," p. 119.

harsh scream of the jay, for the cheerful chatter of the magpie and the jackdaw? And among all the birds which charm the ear with their resonant cries, the eye by the beauty of their form, their color or their flight, the his-

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toric imagination by the memories of the long past which are bound up with it, the raven, if only he can be induced to revisit and inhabit again the home of his ancestors, will always deserve the foremost place.

R. Bosworth Smith.

SERVANTS AND SERVICE IN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, TOWN AND COUNTRY.

I.

When Garrick in 1759 put on the stage that trifling farce of James Townley's, "High Life Below Stairs," he was recording, poor as play and plot are, one of those rounded little satires upon his day which Molière has taught us to look to for truth in miniature. Two sure mirrors to its social customs does every period set up, the comic stage and the comments of the intelligent foreigner—mirrors reflecting in isolated gleams and flashes those subtle influences within the house of life which underlie and yet never can crystallize into history, because so essentially the expression of human nature and human intercourse—varying, variable, yet always the same, constant in inconsistency—giving us, as it were, a series of skeleton pictures to limn in, salient characteristics which are the landmarks to the character of the whole.

Comedy is one-sided, true—the searchlight illuminating weaknesses, not the steady beacon-fire of impartial and well-regulated criticism. There was no idea in Townley's or Garrick's mind of presenting the brighter side of the question, those happier conditions which could and did exist even in the eighteenth century domestic relations between "master and man." His dra-

matic personæ are bad masters who make bad servants; good masters who are the prey to their own truth; with one good servant—who is distrusted for the very honesty which forbade plausible lying. Yet if an incomplete, it is an indispensable picture to any description of the century. The aping by the servant of the manners, morals, names, and speech of the guests and masters gives the play its title:—

"What an insufferable piece of assurance it is," says one of the masters, disguised as a spy and onlooker, "in some of these fellows to affect and imitate their masters' manners." "What manners must those be which they *can* so imitate!" comes the retort.

Come here, fellow servant, and listen to me,
I'll show you how those of superior degree
Are only dependants, no better than we.
Both high and low in his degree
'Tis here fellow servant, and there fellow servant,
And all in a livery.
See yonder fine spark in embroidery drest,
Who bows to the great, and if they smile is blest.
What is he, I' faith, but a servant at best?
Then we'll drink like our betters,
laugh, sing, and love,

And when sick of one place to another
we'll move,
For with little and great the best joy
is to rove!

And then follow "Advices for Conduct"
to Footman, Groom, and Coachman.

F. Let it for ever be your plan
To be the master, not the man,
And do as little as you can.

G. Never allow your master able
To judge of matter in the stable.
If he should roughly speak his
mind,
Or to dismiss you seem inclined,
Lame the best horse, and break his
wind.

C. If your good master on you dotes,
Ne'er leave his house to serve a
stranger,
But pocket hay and straw and oats,
And let the horses eat the manger.

There lies a whole world of meaning beneath the doggerel; it is the keynote to the governing principle of the society it satirizes. Never was there a period when in town circles—country life was more simple, and consequently more exempt from these particular temptations—the morality dictating the domestic relations was lower than during the eighteenth century; at the depths of degradation because governed by that worst form of immorality, self-interest and a money-standard. The conduct of the few statesmen, such as Walpole, Pitt, and Canning, who left office as poor as they entered it, only accentuates the utter corruption of the system of government they served. Bribery ruled politics: "interest" every avenue to advance in the professions. Disruption was in the air; constant plots and rebellions against the reigning dynasty at home, and wars abroad, had loosened the old feudal instincts, broken down the mutual dependence of class on class, weakened the natural social distinctions with their privileges and responsibilities, instead bringing in all kinds of half-di-

gested foreign notions and customs, incompletely understood, and then by the wrong people. The great Methodist revival did not touch the upper classes, nor as yet the new philanthropic movement which spells such names as Burke, Howard, and Ralikes, and whose ultimate results were to leaven society to its topmost layer.

What is one to think of a state of society which made it *possible* for such an advertisement as this to appear in a public newspaper? It is from the "New York Gazette," so late as May 1, 1774:

Servants, just arrived from Scotland, to be sold on board the *Commerce*, Captain Fergusson, master, lying at the Ferry Stairs, among which are a number of weavers, taylors, blacksmiths, nailers, shoemakers, butchers, hatters, and spinsters, 14 to 35 years of age. For terms apply to Henry White, or said master on board.

There was need of a Clarkson and a Wilberforce at home!

"Everyone laughs if one talks of religion," said Montesquieu, commenting upon what he saw of London life. There was nothing to promote disinterestedness, or fidelity, or the feeling of personal attachment, and meantime the spirit of successful commercialism and the desire for gain were sweeping in as predominating influences. Everything had its price, from a borough seat to the post of gaoler in a common debtors' prison. Walpole's cynical addition, "And every man his price," was true at least of the "system."

Extraordinarily obvious too must the evil have been, to draw out so harsh a comment as the Italian Jesuit Baptista Angeloni makes in his "Letters."

He came to England about 1736, describing his impressions of the English nation with the penetrating acumen given by his training, even if prejudiced in favor of foreign customs. He puts his finger at once not only on the

blot, but upon its cause—want of simplicity in living; that corrupting factor in social conditions, bound to bring in its train presently a host of low motives in conduct, a false conception of life's uses, a false estimate of its blessings, necessarily damaging to character, since the continual striving after effect simply in fact spells "self." "The servant hears this theory of conduct promulgated whilst he stands behind his master's chair; he sees him practice it in life, and like a good pupil follows his example. The kingdom," goes on Angeloni, "appears to me like those fruits which are extremely fair to the eye, and rotten at the core: the malady has begun from the heart. In this country profusion is luxury, and whatever costs most money is always extremely polite. For that reason," he continues sarcastically, alluding to the appalling custom that prevailed of *vails-giving*, "tipping" as we call it now, "it is polite to dine with the nobility, where you pay the servants for ten times as much as you eat!"

Now this "vails" system it is which marks down, as it were, the utterly debased condition of "service" in the eighteenth-century town circles. Contemporaries, both English and foreign, realized it.

This giving of vails (says Angeloni) makes the place of a domestic a more comfortable place than many small trades. The nobility of no nations appear so mean as the English. My lord looks on whilst his guest discharges the house by paying the servants, and no domestics are so insolent and so inattentive because they know it is not from his lordship's hands they receive their money.

Vails-giving was not an old custom, only reaching this height of absurd excess with the eighteenth century. It was an abuse of the time-honored *largesse* which on the conclusion of a royal visit used to be distributed by the

king amongst the servants of his entertainer's household, the host having the honor of kissing the royal hand. But, like many another well-intentioned and harmless fashion, it grew into accord with the temper of its age. Even so late as 1818 Dr. William King, Principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxford, described it as "a grievance demanding the interposition of law."

In 1799, Meister in his "Letters in England" comments upon the men in the packet boat asking for gratuities, and stoically observes: "It is a matter of account. In this country every individual from the lord to the coachman seems to know better than in any other what is his just due, and what his fare is to be." A foreigner might well be surprised at being called on to "pay for his dinner," while the host stood by! One "quiz" wrote up over the door of his entertainer, "Fees for dining here are three half-crowns to be paid to the porter on entering the house: peers and peeresses to pay what more they think proper!" The Duke of Ormond once asked Lord Poer, a Roman Catholic Irish peer, an officer of distinction and renown in the service of France, to dine. He refused, and on being pressed again and again, at last said, "If your grace will give me a guinea each time to pay your servants, I will. I am too poor else!"

It was said that an English nobleman seldom got away from a dinner party under ten guineas in "fees," distinguished foreigners being mulcted in twenty guineas!

There appeared in 1754 a letter in "The World" containing a scathing little satire which sums up very aptly the position in which both host and guest were placed by the abominable custom.

I will teach you how to dine with a duke without being in any sense under an obligation. You must know that this noble lord, like others of his quality, keeps a great number of servants,

which servants, when you sit down to table, his lordship, out of great complaisance, immediately makes over to you, and they become your servants *pro tempore*. They get about you, are very diligent, fetch you whatever you call for, and retire with the tablecloth. You see no more of them till you want to go away. Then they are all ready again at your command, and instead of that form which you observed them standing in at table, they are drawn into two lines right and left, and make a lane, which you are to pass through before you can get to the door. Now it is your business to discharge the servants, and for the purpose you are to take out your money, ply it first on your right hand, then on your left, then on your right, and then on your left again, till you find yourself in the street. And from thence comes that common method which all regular people observe of "paying as you go." I know not so ridiculous a personage as the master of the house on such occasions. He attends you to the door with much ceremony, but is so conscious of the awkward appearance he must make as a witness to the expenses of his guests that you can observe him placing himself in a position that he would have it supposed conceals from him the inhospitable transactions that are going on under his roof. He wears the silly look of an innocent man who has unfortunately broke in upon the retirement of two lovers, and is ready to affect, with great simplicity, that he has seen nothing!

Some hosts did indeed rebel against the indignity. The Duke of Norfolk, Sir Francis Dashwood, and Mr. Spencer amongst the leaders of fashion had the courage to abolish the custom altogether from their houses, increasing the servants' wages instead.

The Society of Clerks in Edinburgh in 1760 actually promulgated a "System of Defence" against it, enacting that after Whit-sunday 1760 all their servants should be forbidden to take vails, and that no members should give drink money. The reasons given were simple and obvious:

It is destructive of the morals of servants, and discreditable to the police of the kingdom; an interruption to hospitality and a tax on the hospitality of friends.

This example was presently followed by the Faculty of Advocates, the Opera Club in London, the members of the Grand Jury in Northumberland, and the combined gentlemen of Wiltshire. The attempt at reform showed how deeply rooted was the necessity.

Other less strong-minded persons succumbed to the evil, only making the best of a bad position by rendering it ludicrous. There is a story told of Lord Taaffe, an eccentric Irish nobleman, that his habit was to attend his guests to the door, and if they offered money, to say, "If you do give, give it to me, for it was I that did buy the dinner!"

Another, aptly illustrating to what a level the laws governing social intercourse, manners, and hospitality had come, is told of a well-known colonel, who, whilst sitting at dinner, inquired of his host the names of his servants; "for I cannot pay for such a good dinner, but I should like to remember the gentlemen in my will!"

One eccentric nobleman, passing through the double row of servants all drawn up in array, solemnly shook each expectant hand, inquired after the owners' health, and distributed *golden pippins*!

Another, after patiently redeeming his hat, sword, cane, and cloak, to the very bottom of his purse, turned to the two remaining fellows waiting obsequiously, laden with one glove apiece, and affably remarked, "Keep those, I will not trouble to buy them again. They are old and not worth a shilling!"

Life was made not worth living, certainly a dinner not worth eating, to non-payers, however. The harness was cut off the horses of "stingy" guests, or the axle pins of their carriage

wheels slyly taken out. The humorous side of this picture is well given by a correspondent to "The Tatler," who "dined and did not pay."

I am a marked man. If I ask for beer, I am put off with a piece of bread. If I am bold enough to ask for wine, after a delay which would take away the relish were it good, I receive a mixture of the whole sideboard in a gravy glass. If I hold up my plate nobody sees me, so that I am forced to eat mutton with fish sauce, and pickles with my apple-pie!

A servant, when "interviewed," remarked, in defence of the fashion: "It keeps off the impertinence of poor gentlemen, who may be glad of a good dinner, and supports a decorum and dignity!"

There could be no arguments in justification, but the reasons, and excuses, for the extent of the canker were succinctly summed up by some wag, who, while scarcely meaning to be taken seriously, has, in fact, placed on record an admirable illustration from his own times of the proverb, *Celui qui s'excuse, s'accuse*.

Many servants (says he) are in the service of younger brothers, where non-payment of wages can only be remedied by the bounty of ladies of quality, who are fond of a cold chicken at the lodgings of the said master. Secondly, the custom is necessary to the welfare of servants, since many ladies of fashion steal the card-money and wax candles [the recognized "perquisites" of the attendants] at the routs and dinners. Thirdly, the domestics of people of quality have nothing to do. They have, therefore, to amuse their idle hours somehow, which is expensive. And fourthly, others have such bad-humored masters that their spirits are quite broken, and really some compensation is necessary!

As to the servants being badly paid, Angeloni declared they received far higher wages and were better fed in

England than in any other country on earth. "The common maids have tea twice a day in all the parade of quality, they make it their bargain, and this very article amounts to as much as the wages of servants in Italy." Comparing the status of foreign with English servants, he remarks that in the Italy and France of his day a servant changing his situation lost his character, together with his chance of a pension in old age, and that so both French and Italian servants, though receiving half the wages of the English, not reckoning "vails," were on a much higher level, since faithful service was made its own reward, and good principles of character the essential conditions of employment. Angeloni was the critic of the world of fashion; but another contemporary, one of the Ducs de la Rochefoucauld, resident in England, and recording his impressions of provincial domestic life, seems to have been equally struck by the degree of actual comfort in which servants lived. He is describing the household of an ordinary English country gentleman, and according to him the servants formed the most expensive item in the yearly expenditure, on account of the lavish way in which they were clothed and fed. "*Cette nourriture est immense!*" he exclaims. "They are always at table, which is kept laden with cold meats, tea, and other things from morning to night; and are the laziest of people, with no duties beyond waiting at table, and occasionally dressing wigs!"

It is worth noting how amazed both foreigners seem to have been at the habit of constant tea-drinking permitted to servants. Tea was selling then at something like twenty-five shillings a pound; it was a fashionable luxury. Contemporary diarists are constantly referring to the "exorbitant practice of tea-drinking." In 1741 there was consumed about 750,000 pounds in

England. Only the rich could really afford it, and for servants to claim it as a right marks incidentally their strong position. Perhaps the scarcity—of women servants in particular, and in town—of which Defoe so bitterly complains, accounts in part for their being so well able to dictate terms. "Instead of thirty or forty shillings, they now ask six or eight pounds a year," he exclaims indignantly. His complaints, and picture of the Insubordinate Town-maid, unconsciously afford an excellent illustration of the contrast between the conditions of service in town and in the country. A country girl comes up, he tells us, to a place at three pounds a year, and no sooner is she settled than a committee of servant-maids wait on her, who force her to insist on higher wages or else give warning.

Nothing but silks and satins now for kitchen-wench; a hard matter it is to know maid from mistress by their dress! Immediately the change begins: the neat's leathern shoes must be exchanged for laced ones with high heels, yarn stockings for fine worsted ones with silk clocks! Her high wooden pattens are kicked away for leathern clogs, and she must needs have a hoop, while her good linsey woolsey skirts are exchanged for silk ones four or five yards wide!

Defoe is very rampant on the subject of reform. He proposed to make a law that forty shillings a year should be the fixed rate of wage for women servants, rising to five pounds, but not beyond, and only after seven years' service. It was probably very seldom that any town servant stayed seven years in one place, but we are reminded of an ancient custom which existed in the parish of St. Clement Danes, which bestowed a bounty of ten pounds upon any girl who remained seven years within its borders. Defoe also wished to make the wearing of liveries

compulsory and universal. They were already, however, a considerable addition to expenditure in houses where worn, being always provided at the master's expense. In a little book published early in the century we find a scale of expenditure laid down for a "gentleman's household consisting of twenty-five or thirty persons, with twenty or twenty-five servants," all to live "genteelly and pleasantly" on 1,200*l.* a year, which allows 170*l.* in wages and 50*l.* or 55*l.* for liveries. 1,200*l.* income then represents about 10,000*l.* in our money nowadays. The actual wages of servants in town were not fixed, "valls" and perquisites making their staple income. "Card-money" was the chief source, the servants being supposed to supply all cards used for play, and the players to leave some small sum behind them on the table. In those times of universal card-playing, when every man, woman, and child in London society made it their daily occupation, the "yearly revenue" must have been considerable.

The duties of servants, either in town or country, were extremely varied—in the former because of the entire lack of all domestic regulation; in the latter because the simplicity of life made of the household one family, and the servants so identified their interests with those of their masters that they were ready and willing to turn their hands to anything. Here in the "Public Advertiser" of 1776 we find a footman wanted to "shave, and dress wigs," a year's character being the only other qualification asked for. Another must be "used to rural affairs and the baking of household bread." Here is one gentleman who needs in an attendant only two qualifications—that he "must have had small-pox and be single;" and another who requires only "a sedate man, knowing chymestry." It is, by the way, rather interesting to note that the word "menial" originally

came from the Latin *intra mœnia*, and implied a privileged rather than a despicable person. What would be thought now of such an advertisement as this?

Wanted, for a family, who have bad health, a sober steady person, in the capacity of doctor, surgeon and apothecary. He must occasionally act in the capacity of butler, and dress hair and wigs. He will be required to read prayers occasionally and to preach a sermon every Sunday. The reason of this advertisement is that the family cannot any longer afford the expense of the physical tribe, and wish to be at a certain expense for their bodies and souls.

It is pleasant to read at least that "a good salary will be given."

There is a saying, "God made the country, man the town!" and while the incompleteness of the remark leaps instantly to one's mind, since the Creator of the country is also the Creator of man, it does suggest just this inner truth of how fundamentally the different conditions of life in the one as contrasted with those of the other are responsible for the diversities in human nature and consequently society. The very dullness and monotony, the narrowness of interests and prejudices of ignorance which characterized country existence a hundred years ago fostered that simplicity of feeling, and those primeval instincts of personal devotion—ties of man to man—which were so conspicuously lacking in court and London circles. Here is the first entry, September 29, 1774, in the diary of a yeoman-squire, Thomas Marchant, of Little Park, Hurst:

Set 4 pigs to fattening yesterday. Paid John Gun 1 guinea. Went by Henfield to Steyning fair, and received 31s. 6d. of John Goffe as part payment of 3 guineas I had lent him. Met with J. Gold of Brighthelmstone at Bramber as we were coming home, and concluded that he should have a load of my

wheat at 7l. 10s. We did not agree for any barley, because someone had told him that my barley was all mowburnt. Ned Grey kept holiday. The day was dry; we took in the evening 22 pigeons.

The very insignificance of the details is full of meaning contrast to the complex emotions and doings that went to a "town" day.

His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couch'd in a curious bed,
Where care, mistrust, and treason wait
on him!

Each life owes something to the "qualités de ses défauts!"

In the country familiar intercourse with and knowledge of each other controlled the relations of master and servants. There was, to begin with, a more free admixture of classes, less separation between the degrees of social rank. In a diary kept by a Mr. Turner, of Hothly, Sussex, is this entry:

My whole family at church—myself, wife, maid, and two boys (apprentices). We dined off a piece of boiled beef. I and the maid staid Communion.

Turner was a man of education, visiting on terms of intimacy the gentry and big landowner, yet could "equality" go further? All his household walk, eat, and live together. There was no lack of servants in the country, drawn from the yeoman and laboring classes; to get into a "good place" was considered a piece of good fortune for any young woman. Nor did they readily wish to leave their places. Very regular hours were kept; dinner at one or two o'clock, tea at five or six, a little card-playing and drinking, then to bed at nine, made up the day.

With regard to wages, here are some entries from the diary of Mr. Anthony Stapley, of Hickstead Place, in 1730:

Mary White began her year May 1st, and is to have 1l. 5s. if she stay until

May, 1731. Paid Edw. Harland and George Virgoe $\frac{1}{2}$ year's wages each, 3*l.* 5*s.*

An amusing entry in another diary occurs in 1700:

Paid John the coachman 4*l.* 3*s.* I payd him 2*s.* 6*d.* for Thos. Gates for a goos, but he kept it for ale, and to widow Goldsmith, for mending his stockings, 1*s.* 6*d.*

And what a contrast this next entry affords to Garrick's satire:

1704. Will Gates came to me as footman at 50*s.* per annum; he is to have a hat, coat, and breeches once in two years. If I turn him away the first year, I am to give him 5*s.* more, and take his livery.

He stayed nine years, till his death; but a state of service wherein the servant guarded himself against the chances of dismissal argues well for the conduct of the masters.

Two pounds and two pounds ten shillings were the usual wages for women servants; no man's seems to have risen above six pounds. One entry is worth noting—it occurs in the diary of Mr. Timothy Burrell of Sussex—since it marks a curious social point:

1743. March 25th. Richard Mitchell left my service, and I paid him 3*l.* 10*s.* He came again on the 29th!

This was to evade one of the provisions of the old poor law, which made a "service" of twelve months in any parish confer the right of receiving relief in case of sickness or old age out of the poor rates. It was a matter of parochial economy not to permit a "settlement," so masters regularly discharged their servants before the year was up, and then re-engaged them. The late Rev. Edward Turner has placed a personal reminiscence on record as to "faithful service," telling us that his

own grandfather's principal servant lived with him nearly half a century, and that it was his boast that he had waited at table on twelve squires, "in noways dahnted." Probably servants in those days were equal to any emergency. A curious book, published early in the century, called "The Compleat Servant-maid," gives us a surprising insight into what was theoretically required of them. The title goes on, "Directing them how to qualify themselves for any of these employments"—here follow a dozen "posts" from waiting-woman to under-scellery-maid. "With a suppliment containing the choicest receipts and rarest secrets in physick and chyurgery. Also for salting and drying English hams. Also compleat market-man and woman, in buying fowl, fish, flesh &c. to prevent cheating." The "rare secrets" may be dismissed! This "Recipe for the Plague" does not inspire confidence:

Take a spoonful of running water, a good quantity of treacle to the bigness of a hazle nut. Temper all these together, and heat it lukewarm, and drink every four-and-twenty hours.

Nor would we care for the housewifely ingenuity that invented the following mode of making "sower ale new":

Burn chalk and oyster shells, beat them to powder, and put it in a bag, which hang in the ale!

But it is worth noticing the "General Directions" as to conduct—they are refreshing indications of a national conscience. All maids were to say their prayers and attend church, rise early, and endeavor to please, being both humble and modest.

Be neat, cleanly, and housewifely in your cloths. Lay up what money can handsomely be spared. Do not keep familiarly with any but those with whom you may improve the time. If entrusted with secrets, preserve them.

Do not waste, or sit up a-junketing at night after your master and mistress are a-bed.

The practical education necessary for each kind of situation then follows. A waiting-woman was to learn to dress well, preserve and carve well, write well and legibly, know languages and good English, and have some skill in arithmetic. Minute instructions for self-improvement in these particulars include the three styles of caligraphy—"mixed, Roman, and Italian;" the right way of holding the pens—with the old, orthodox slant to the ear, elbow to the side, and fingers well cramped; also of "mending" them. She must have been a real treasure if ever existing, but the interest to us lies in the deliberate attempt to ennoble domestic labor, by showing the distinct place it held in social economy, while, by training the individual to a high sense of her or his own responsibilities, both service and servants were put on a dignified, if modest, footing of their own. In the "Gentleman's Magazine" of 1787 some letters on this subject ap-

The Cornhill Magazine.

peared, which shows that the matter was really claiming attention from the serious-minded of the nation.

A series of "Rules for Servants" are proposed, too long to quote, but embodying the highest principles of fidelity, loyalty, and honest service, which the writer suggests should be given to all children at school, to be learnt by heart, and repeated at the general meeting of trustees, a copper medal with the names of child and parish engraved, "suspended by a loop of black or dark-blue ribbon," to be placed with "solemn exhortation" round the neck of each child by some respectable gentleman in the presence of the congregation.

The closing injunction is worth quoting: it is to such preceptors and masters that the redeeming features of the century's idea of "service" are due.

Preserve your fidelity (he says), for a faithful servant is a jewel, and for whom no encouragement can be too great. And be strictly honest, for it is a shameful thing to be thought unworthy of trust.

Violet A. Simpson.

LETTERS TO A LITERARY ASPIRANT.

(Being an Anatomy of Art contained in a few Letters addressed to Mr.—, and now published by permission of the writer.)

I.

My dear Nephew,—With a view to benefiting your race, perpetuating your memory, obtaining a ready passport to agreeable society, and—incidentally—increasing your income, you propose to write a book. And with a modesty and candor that surprise as much as they delight me, you desire in the first place some knowledge of how to construct this edifice of fancy. I admit that you

might apply to a more responsible authority, but scarcely to one who would suffer so little inconvenience in parting with his philosophy. Furthermore, I observe that you give your mentor an entirely free hand, and apparently are prepared to welcome with equal cordiality his directions for compiling a theological treatise, a volume of roundels, or a book of cricketing statistics. That, no doubt, is the true spirit of learning, and by going to a sufficient

variety of sources you should in time accumulate much interesting information. My own contribution to this fund will, however, deal only with those works of Imagination in Prose which are known as Novels; and to the best of my ability I shall try to show you how these are done. I should like you to remember, by the way, that if, now and then, I instinctively make an ingratiating affectation of diffidence, this is not to be taken quite seriously.

In its relations to Life the Novel is like the letters L-I-F-E which spell it,—as much an affair of symbols, conventions, and associations, and composed on as arbitrary a plan, as the shape and order of those letters. It is as though out of an endless coil of string, inextricably tangled, one cut a little piece with two clear ends, arranged it in an orderly pattern, and drew a picture of that. This picture would neither be string nor endless tangle, and no more is the Novel Life.

Your question now is (or ought to be if you are attentively following the argument), How am I to perform with Life the equivalent of this feat?

Well, my nephew, you first choose from the tangle of loving and lying and disinheriting and sinning and repenting and quarrelling and dying, and all the other things that go on in the world, some bit that already suggests a pattern. This is the Original Idea, and the thinking of it is technically termed the Inspiration.

Next, you cut out this bit or idea from the rest of the tangle and arrange it nicely, so as to have two ends, with some neat little loops and flourishes between. That is to say—to come more literally to the business in hand—you furnish the idea with suitable details, and provide the necessary characters, cutting into their lives at the moment the story opens, leaving everything in their existence unrecorded while they are on your stage except the events

you wish them to take part in, and finally dismissing them for ever when these events have come to an orderly ending.

This is called the Plot, as it is, or should be, in your head, and it is evident that already a great departure has taken place from the real complexity and illogicality of life.

Lastly, you draw a picture of this; that is to say, you put your plot into the most appropriate words your vocabulary supplies. With this process, which is termed Literary Labor, all trace of actuality disappears. Instead of creatures of three dimensions and various colors performing a million of complicated motions in a world as intricate as themselves; instead even of the bright, fragmentary picture of them in your mind's eye,—you have now merely some little symbols all black and of two dimensions only, which simply set the reader's mind working, and make it, if they can, retrace the actual road and see the countries of which they are the map. If your hero goes into battle and you wish to convey the roaring of cannon, you write the word "bang" with a note of exclamation. If he kisses the heroine, you describe this electrifying sensation by saying "he was transported with rapture." In fact you simply say to your reader, "Kindly conjure up so-and-so as vividly as possible. I shall supply you with a set of words to assist your imagination"; much as a doctor supplies a draught and the patient does the rest.

Your object, then, at every stage in your novel-making must be to discover the water-worn channels in your reader's mind, so that by means of one of these your own stream of romance may flow more readily and make a goodlier torrent; otherwise your symbols might be Chinese characters instead of English for all the images they will awaken in his brain. It is

precisely here that the cunning and experienced professional scores his points and makes his income; and the most useful, and I flatter myself unique, feature of these epistles will be the illustrations of how this is done, and the short cut you will learn thereby to the orchard of experience.

First for a moment let us consider this reader's mind, and let it be an average sample, the mind of "the man in the street," as the phrase is. It will be found to enter with pleasure to itself and profit to you into certain old situations and ancient problems, time after time, probably till life ceases on the earth. To give you an exhaustive list of these would scarcely be fair to less happily advised contemporaries, but here are one or two to try your new nib upon. Any obvious blend of the pathetic and heroic (*e.g.*, expiring soldier simultaneously saving colors and exclaiming "Mother!"); Impropriety seriously, and Religion melodramatically treated; Love when crossed, indiscreet, or what an eminent man has called "kitchy-witchy"; and the whole field of Crime. Dozens more you will doubtless discover for yourself, but each item I have mentioned may be guaranteed to have a path ready made for it in the mind we are considering.

Your obvious road to success, then, is along one of these paths, and in choosing your particular right-of-way I should strongly advise you to follow one of two principles. Either take a well-trodden, advertised-by-all-tourist-agencies, popular road—as, for instance, a county family with a doubtful succession to the baronetcy and a mystic bracelet; or else make a daring affectation of originality. Let your hero be a red-haired amateur chimney-sweep, for example, and let him have an encounter with a rattlesnake in a flue; the scene being laid in some South American republic nobody has

yet written about. All Defoe and most of Smollett can thus be palmed off as "fresh," or even "striking."

Sometimes, it is true, the most astonishing results may be obtained by an appeal to seldom-touched sympathies and curiosities; or by simply holding up to Nature so bright a mirror that passers-by are arrested by the very clearness of the reflection: but to do these things successfully requires a habit of independent reflection and a self-confidence in employing material thus ground out of experience, that I cannot take for granted in laying down general principles for a Man of Letters. Besides, if you are so much cleverer than your uncle as this would imply, what is the use of my instructing you?—Your affectionate and well-intentioned

Uncle.

II.

My dear Nephew,—To come now to the kernel of the matter. You have decided, let us say, to make an appeal to that love of robust adventure and the more elementary virtues which so honorably distinguishes Englishmen. Suppose you select as your original idea the fascinating notion of a young man who shall come into his own, or somebody else's, patrimony after many hair-breadth adventures, winning on his way a beautiful wife, though owing to her excess of maidenly innocence he shall not at first perceive that she reciprocates his affection. (This, you will remember, is called the Inspiration.) Make the period some epoch in history when stirring events would naturally be imagined by your reader to occur; and to convey an even livelier glamour of gallantry, let the scene be France, as has been so fashionable of late. Finally, let your hero tell his adventures himself in a simple and confiding fashion.

In the following illustration of this

method notes upon the mechanism have been placed in rectangular brackets.

It was in the spring-time of 1546 [the last three figures being transposable], upon a day thereafter printed indelibly upon my memory, that the Duc summoned me to his ante-chamber. As I passed down the long passage leading from the battlement to the armory I saw through a crevice in the venerable stones one fleeting glimpse of white clouds, blue river, and green fields that uplifted my boyish heart like Bordeaux wine.

[Or, grey clouds, black river, and white fields that depressed, etc., like a Bordeaux pigeon. The whole tone is given in this meteorological sentence, while the simile is intentionally French in either case.]

"M. le Duc is strange this morning," said Pierre.

He stood on guard before my uncle's apartments, as he had guarded my grandfather's before him in the Wars of the Jacquerie and League.

[Note how the relationships of all these persons and the precise period of history are neatly indicated in one brief sentence. There is no pausing over uninteresting preliminaries in romantic fiction.]

"How so?" I asked.

"He has not called for his chocolate," responded the grizzled henchman.

[This is subtle. "I have noticed a stream of blood flowing under the door" would be the obvious retort. It would indicate an amateur hand, however.]

I drew aside the curtain and entered, and then I paused in uncertainty how to proceed. Instead of the customary "Parbleu, Anatole, vous êtes toujours!" with which my uncle welcomed me on the rare occasions on which I was summoned to his presence, I heard nothing but the ticking of the Rhenish

eight-day clock and the tap-tapping of ivy leaves upon the window-pane.

[Observe the verisimilitude gained by reduplicating "tap."]

"Mon uncle le Duc, Je suis here! Where êtes vous?" I called out.

But there was no need to ask. With a dagger driven hard into his heart, the Duc Raoul Saint Cristophe de la Mangerie-Rôchvallénciène lay stark upon the floor of his boudoir.

Even in death he looked what indeed he was—a great nobleman of France; and then and there I dipped my young fingers in his blood and vowed that if I, Anatole Jean de la Mangerie-Rôchvallénciène, were given life and strength, his murderer would some day lie even as he lay.

[This terrible threat becomes even more terrible by its slight—and intentional—indirectness.]

"Close the doors! Down with the portcullis! Let not the assassin escape!" I screamed with all the strength of my youthful lungs.

I was answered by a light girlish laugh.

"Monsieur is very much in earnest," said a soft voice behind me.

I turned as though I had been struck, and there, in that chamber which the moment before had held only the dead and myself, stood a fair and slender figure crowned with an aureole of golden hair; and I found myself looking into a pair of eyes whose singular spell held me staring like a country booby while you could have counted twenty.

[This unaffected confession of weakness is characteristic of the modern romantic hero. See David Balfour and all his variations.]

"Mademoiselle—" I stammered.

"Monsieur?" she smiled.

"I am unable," I began, with all the dignity I could muster, "to account for this—"

"Intrusion?" she inquired.

"Honor," I replied with a low bow,

not unworthy, I thought to myself, of a de la Mangerie-Rôchvâllénciéne.

[In fact, it is quite unnecessary to account for it at all; for in this branch of art the incidents need merely be picturesque in themselves and follow so closely at the heels of one another as to leave no time for criticism. I shall give an instance of this now.]

Her lips parted to answer me, a smile was beginning to gather in the dimples of her cheeks, when a strange thing happened. The color suddenly flew from her face, leaving it white as the pallid Duc upon the carpet, and into her lovely eyes rushed an expression of terror that after all these years haunts me still.

Quickly following their frozen glance I turned my head, and there, seen for an instant through the oriel window, I beheld the face of—the Duc Raoul Saint Christophe de la Mangerie-Rôchvâllénciéne!

[By this neat trick attention is diverted from the mysterious entry of the lady—which might be difficult to explain without some constructive care; and if you waste time on this you may miss your market.

We will now suppose that our readers have been hurried through seventeen or eighteen similar episodes; that the lady is still partly wrapped in obscurity, though her name is discovered to be Antoinette Enaspic de Cotolette, and herself the high-spirited representative of a rival and much-injured house; that the mystery of the two Ducs has merely thickened; that a wicked Archbishop and a designing Count have appeared on the scene; and finally that our hero has come to Paris for reasons which have been evaded by a similar device to that described above. Let us now assume we are at chapter 20, and let us do the Earl's-Court - Exhibition - old - Paris - street-scene so popular with devourers of these romances.]

The landlord conducted me up stairs interminable and along corridors damp as vaults, where the arras rustled stealthily as we passed and the bats flitted noiselessly through the radiance of our lantern, till at length he paused before a door high up in this labyrinth of a hostelry and turned a ponderous key. I looked over his shoulder in time to catch a glimpse of two gigantic rats scampering across an uncarpeted floor.

"Monsieur will find company," he said with his mocking leer.

"The company will find monsieur," I retorted with as cheerful an air as I could muster.

The fellow grinned at the jest [a fair sixteenth-century sample], and withdrew. I was alone at last!

Rapidly I cast my eyes round the room to make sure that I was unobserved, and then drew from my wallet the precious packet. The seal was still unbroken!

I smiled with renewed satisfaction and approached the window.

The stars were twinkling peacefully over Paris, as though they twinkled upon a Paradise instead of this huge cesspool of passion and hate. Far down below I looked upon a dark pavement and gleaming gutters, where the passing watchman with his cry of "Vive la France encore, mon ami!" and the muttered countersign, "Ma père, mon mère!" alone broke the deathly silence.

Right opposite I saw a jumble of peaked gables, latticed windows, and timbered fronts, and about half-way down the perpendicular wall of darkness confronting me I could just perceive a glimmer of light escaping from a narrow loophole.

It was my only chance.

Carefully measuring the distance with my eye and finding that it was only 52 kilometres 8 ells [this has a fine Franco-archaic sound; what it is in miles I cannot tell you, but no one

will stop to inquire at this exciting juncture], I commended my soul to Saint Julienne de Potage and leapt into the dizzy void.

Unfortunately I had miscalculated the distance. Instead of 52 kilometres it should have been 152! Round and round I spun in the cold midnight air till I had lost all count of my revolutions. I told my beads more hurriedly than I care to confess, and then stretched out my hand at a venture. What exactly happened I can scarcely describe; I only know that I caught a glimpse of the lighted loophole, grasped the projecting iron bar as I shot past, and with an almost superhuman effort seated myself astride the sill.

[After this feat our hero may with advantage witness a murder through the aforesaid loophole, fight a single combat with the murderer, bury the victim with a spade and a dark lantern, and in the act of doing this make the acquaintance of some popular historical character, such as Richelleu, Talleyrand, Henry the Fourth, or a Bourbon. He then rescues the heroine from a coffin, where she has been laid while drugged, confounds the machinations of the wicked archbishop, and all ends happily somewhat as follows.]

"I leave the decision in the fair hands of Mademoiselle Antoinette," said his Majesty with a courteous inclination.

I looked toward her, and my heart stood still. My fate was sealed indeed; her coolness for the last two days could have but one explanation. She had resolved to have my life.

I removed my breastplate and cried—"Strike, mademoiselle! A Mangerie-Rôchvallénciène knows how to die!"

To my astonishment her beautiful eyes filled with tears.

"Anatole!" she exclaimed, stretching out her arms, "quelle rôti aujourd'hui!"

"Mademoiselle has decided," smiled

the king. "Kneel down, monsieur; I have a *souçon* else for you."

A moment later I rose with a cardinal's hat upon my head and the Countess Antoinette upon my arm.

You see now how it is done. Nothing can be simpler, and few things more likely to be substantially appreciated.—Your affectionate and well-intentioned
Uncle.

III.

My dear Nephew.—The illustration I am now going to give you is an example of what may be styled the North British Melodramatic Idyll, one of the most popular brands at present in the market. The principal points to attend to in the construction of these remunerative epics are as follows.

In the first place, you must understand that the North Britons possessed at one time a language of their own as distinctively national as their marmalade, and fragments of this, together with certain phrases from the Venerable Bede, the Bible, and Mr. R. L. Stevenson (such as whithersoever, whereby, and peradventure), have been skillfully blended to form what is technically known in the hardy North as "a' oo' blethers." A few moments must certainly be employed in mastering this.

Secondly, it is highly advisable that the tale be put into the mouth of one of your fictitious characters, lest your friends should really suppose that this patois is the habitual outlet for your feelings.

Then a certain strain of sentiment must be caught. It is hard to exactly define this, but perhaps I can most nearly describe it by asking you to conceive the simplicity of an Oxford freshman united to the uncontrollable emotions of a Salvation Army captain, and illuminated by flashes of intelligence at

about the intervals at which they occur in a senile alcoholic patient. Place a hero thus equipped in a quagmire of hazardous adventures, give him the devil's own luck in getting out of them, and you can easily see that four-and-sixpence will not be too great a price to put upon his experiences.

And now, with these principles in mind, let us begin.

God wots I am but a feckless loon, and the ongoings I herewith give to the world only the clavers of a dreich and waesome peat-hag; yet it behoveth all men to speak of what they have seen, particularly should the profession of the ministry have given them (as by the grace of Providence it has given me) the gift of what they call in our parts the gab; and so will I e'en take up the tale upon a frosty morning in the latter part of November towards the close of the Fatal Year. Fatal indeed it had been for the old house of Auchterfechan. Two braw sons snippit awa' by the tattie-bogles, the kye blithered but and ben, and the winsome bit lass Miss Buttercup wrestling now with the dread curse of the Drumwharrochs. For the mallow had erstwhile withered her rosy cheeks, and the doctor's nag stood even at that instant before the sneck kallyard.

Wae's me that I should have come into the parish on that day! The birken shaws that late had coyly smiled upon the keeking kisses of douce September, hung now so snell and drear that my heart almost failed me as I lingered in the Wabster's Wynd. The very curly-doddies seemed to have won some inkling whereby they might read the portents of the morrow.

[And so on for as many pages as the glossary employed continues to supply you with epithets. Throw them in like a snowstorm while it lasts, even should you have to lapse into English by the middle of the volume. The compara-

tive clarity of your latter chapters will be forgiven by the unsuspecting Sassenach, and possibly even by the surfeited Caledonian.

This introductory outburst may be termed the brose or first course of your Scottish refection, and the experienced reader will soon begin to look out for the love-passage which inevitably occurs in the course of chapters 2, 3, 4, or 5. It must of course be a girl-and-boy affair, a case of simple-hearted, impulsive, pre-adolescent affection; what, in fact, is popularly termed "pretty," and known more technically to North Britons as "havers." Thus:—]

"Buttercup," said I, "now that I am become a man, 'tis time my beard 'gan sprout."

["'gan sprout" equals began to sprout; a melodramatically idyllic manner of expressing it, calculated to produce a kind of poetic effect.]

"Man?" quoth she, laughing, and shaking her elf-locks at me with very merriment. "Thou a man!"

["Thou" used for same purpose.]

"And why not man?" I answered stoutly, though I felt my face reddening 'neath her laughing gaze. "I am going to Glasgow College come Martinmas a se'nnight."

"That will not make a boy into a man," she said more sedately.

"'Twill make a sony lass into a flint-hearted woman," I retorted, with a strangled uprush of tears that eftsoon bechoked my utterance.

With mischancy divination I saw her in my mind's eye as I was after to see her in the flesh, enclasped by the black arms of Bloodyaxe 'neath the pitying twinkle of the stars.

"Ye neep-heided gomer!" she scoffed. "A man like you to 'greet! Think shame to yourself!"

Yet her look was kinder than her keen-edged wit, and suddenly, ere I had time to catch my breath, she had kissed me roundly on the neb.

"Tammas, lad," she cried, "am I no' nicer than haggis after a'?"

"Whiles," I replied, pressing her snowy bosom 'gainst my homespun jerkin.

[This delicate morsel of poetry having been digested, and found not to lie too heavy on the "stammick," we shall now suppose our readers carried breathlessly through the assassination of Grey Jock by his hereditary rival Muckledowp of Middenbraes, through the moonlight landing of the Clan Collop on the shores of Cookypen, and through the fifteen or sixteen murders, hamesuckens, robberies, and abductions to which this untoward event gives rise. Our hero, who has hitherto borne a blameless character in the ministry, becomes involved in an attempt to fire the Kirk by the horrid yet ingenious device of steeping the elders in paraffin and grouping them round the stove. This occurs through no fault of his own, but merely as a natural consequence of the disposition and acquirements indicated at the beginning of this letter. However, just as one thing leads to another in kindred fields of life (such as the nursery and the asylum), so the joys of arson lead our archaic *raconteur* to consecrate himself to a life of gore. A magnificent opportunity for Turkish-bathing in undiluted pathos is afforded by his farewell to the survivors of his congregation and the cinders of his elders. Thus:—]

For the last time I ascended the steps of the pulpit, whence Sabbath after Sabbath, through hirpling May and wowf November, I had striven as well as a man might to daunt the faithful and controvert the heresies of the schismatics. For we were sore troubled with the Free Kirk in Auchterfechan. The effects of my thoughtless violence were still to be seen in the roofless vestry and charred precentor, but of

these manifestations I took but little heed at that moment. An I had possessed a belly stiff enough to face the moved countenances of my flock [note the forcible vulgarity of this phrase; it is one of the hallmarks of the N.B. epic], then peradventure I should have spied salt tears in eyes that never grat before, but my heart was too full to jalouse them.

"My poor friends and brethren," I began—and you could have heard a bawbee drop for very silence when I oped my lips,—"you are going to be bereft of me. Would that I might continue to sustain, fructify, and inspire you, but, my friends, it is not to be. A higher calling awaits me, a louder voice booms in my lug. I have tasted the joys of brandishing claymores on the moorlands, of enthusiastically loving hoydenish maids, of burying mine enemies by the half hundred, of swimming the waterfall and leaping the precipitous ravine, and nothing more is needed to convince me that herein lies my duty. Yet I shall aye think of you kindly, and hope to meet the best among you hereafter."

At these words my voice failed me, my mind clouded, and all I can now remember is being carried by Andra Sneckett and Cristie Mackay towards the Kye trough in Thrums Lane.

At this point I shall leave you to finish the epic as you think best. The only two essential points are these: You must not leave too many characters surviving at the fall of the curtain, or you will have a blood-fed public demanding back their four-and-sixpences: and you must appropriately reward your hero for his exertions by legally uniting him to that exuberant product of amorous innocence, Miss Buttercup of Auchterfechan.—Your affectionate and well-intentioned *Uncle*.

I WONDER WHY.

I wonder why the world's so bright,
No matter what the weather,
So full of beauty and delight
For us to share together;
I wonder why the sky should be
So deeply blue above you;—
Perhaps it's just because, you see,
I love you!

I wonder why my heart should sing
All day a song of gladness,
Why every season should be Spring,
No thought of care or sadness;
Why every night the stars should glow
With meanings just above me;—
Perhaps it's just because I know
You love me!

Mary Farrah.

The Leisure Hour.

THE SUCCESS OF AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS.

Some time ago I held conversation with a Spanish gentleman who had been making a tour of England. "Yes," he said, in reply to an inviting question of mine, "I have seen many things that have filled me with wonder: the rush of business in London, the magnificence of your buildings, the keenness in trade. I have seen your great steel-works in Sheffield, your busy Black Country about Birmingham, your ship-building yards on the Clyde-side, and your great cotton-factories in Lancashire. It is all marvellous. But I wouldn't like to be an Englishman. I am glad to be going back to my own sunny Spain. We're a poor people, but we get some brightness out of life. We've got no great commerce to be proud of; but then we've got no country bleached of all beauty, as I've seen in your Black Country; we've got no

crowds of young men and women in consumption from working in mills, as in Yorkshire and Lancashire. You're a great people, a mighty industrial nation. But what a price you are paying for it! I'm going back to my orange trees and sunshine and happiness."

At the time I thought little of my friend's outburst. Recently I have been recalling it every day. For I have returned from a mission of inquiry into industrial conditions prevailing in the United States. I have been coming in contact with many British manufacturers, and the reply they have invariably given, when I have pictured to them the dash, the sweeping success of industrial America, has been, "Oh, yes, the Americans are a great people. But we in England don't live to work: we work to live. What is the good of being alive if you have to slave from

morning to night as those Yanks do? Look at the price they are paying! They are old men before they are forty. They are all anxious and careworn. They can talk about nothing but money-making. We've no city of suicides, as Allegheny is, outside Pittsburg—where the life is sapped out of the workpeople—and, thank God, we have no hustling commercialism as in Chicago. We can do without the rush the Americans think so necessary. We haven't got so many millionaires, but we've got healthy men. Old England is good enough for us."

As I have heard something like this from manufacturers in all parts of Great Britain, my recollection has skipped back to what the Spaniard said. The thought has crept into my mind that the Spaniard was a little envious of England's commercial greatness, and yet made himself quite happy by giving a modern turn to the old story of the fox and the grapes. And, honestly, I have not yet convinced myself that the average British manufacturer—in his inclination to suggest that he could do as well as the American if he were disposed, but that he does not simply because he doesn't think it worth while—is not taking up a point of view regarding America the same as the Spaniard took regarding England.

It is a happy but a dangerous point of view, because it is so plausible, because it produces a placid contentment and a serene, superior smile that the Englishman is not such a fool as the American. At the best, however, it is a little bit of ingenious self-deception.

What we British people have first to get rid of in considering industrial America is the Spanish attitude. We have only to look round our own country to admit in our minds, if we hesitate to express it with our lips, that the reason British manufacturers do not commercially go the pace is not because

they do not want to, but because they cannot.

As the result of my investigations in the United States two things came out most prominently: first, that the British artisan is superior to the American workman; and, secondly, that the American manufacturer, the employer, the director of labor, is infinitely superior to his British prototype. The chief reason America is bounding ahead as an industrial nation is not excellence of workmanship, but ability in administration, in control, in being adaptable to the necessities of the day.

We in England must go back thirty or sixty years to find the origin of most of the huge manufacturing concerns in Great Britain. They began in small, insignificant ways, and they climbed to eminence in far less than a generation. Their founders were, in the main, superior artisans; long-sighted, industrious men, having little concern for anything outside their own trade; concentrating all their physical and mental energies; tumbling back, year after year, all their earnings into the business, and so rearing firms famed the world over not only for capacity but for the excellence of work. Those men sprang from a robust, unpampered common people. Their grammar might have been shaky, but they knew everything about every department of their works. They had rather a contempt for the tinsel life of society. They gave body and soul to business.

Such men, builders-up of Great Britain's industrial greatness, belong to a past generation. Their works are now under the control of their sons or their grandsons, excellent men, but lacking the grit of the man whose portrait, in oils, hangs in the main office. It is not in any reason to be expected they should have that grit. They have lacked the essential that spurred the founder of the business to success—necessity. They were born into success. They

have spent several years following academic courses at a university; they have developed cultured tastes; their range of interests has been widened; the calls of public life have induced them to give a portion of their time to educational, philanthropic, municipal, or political affairs; the demands of society have not infrequently led them to sporting with time in a way which must make "the old gentleman" whose portrait is in the office positively spin in his grave with wrath. They are charming men, the heads of Great Britain's industrial concerns; they play golf and they entertain well. But they would never have been as wealthy as they are if it hadn't been for their fathers or grandfathers. They are touched with the inertia consequent on riches. The reputation of their firms has been so high for a quarter of a century that they think it as solid as the British Constitution. They have had no incentive to slog and slave like the Americans. They belong to the second or the third generation.

All this is, of course, a generalization, and, like most generalizations, cannot be made to apply to particular cases. But it is, I believe, a generalization which accurately represents the position of the mass of British manufacturers.

The American manufacturers of the present day are of the first generation. They are the kind of men, with differences, such as we had in England half a century ago creating mighty industrial concerns. Take up a catalogue of big American firms, and you will be surprised at the tiny percentage that did not start from practical nothings, and whose heads did not launch first into business with the proverbial shilling. Once I was talking to a millionaire, and in reply to an airy question of mine what was the first ingredient to make a man as wealthy as himself he replied, "Poverty!"

Here, then, is one of the foundations of the colossal success attained by so many American firms: that their directors came from rough stock, many of them immigrants or the children of immigrants—men who had the initial courage to break with the old ties in Europe, to forsake their homeland, their friends, and go into a strange world with a healthy determination as their only asset; men, indeed, who have had to shift for themselves, who have not sunk because they have been obliged to put forth all their energies to swim, who have had the whole world to combat, and who, by the necessities of the struggle, have been obliged to put every ounce of brain into their work.

The American has had the best of incentives—"Had to"—and his brain has been strained, often to snapping, to gain all points that mean advantage. These men are often loud-mannered and bragging-tongued; they display a lack of refinement which makes a cold shiver run down one's back in talking to them. But probably the fathers and grandfathers of our present-day British manufacturers had like failings. The point, however, to be considered in this matter of comparison is that the Americans have been through the mill: their whole life is absorbed in their business; their conversation hardly ever gets beyond the radius of how more dollars can be made. You can never forget that here are men who give every moment of their life to their work. I do not put it forward as a noble life, but it is the life that makes successful business men.

The American is a polyglot composition. We British folk chaff him on his habit of "blowing," of always making out his firm as twice as successful as it really is, and of declaring his machine will do three times as much as it can actually do. Still, we have a fondness for the American. But the

fondness is not returned. Ambassadors, I know, say agreeable things in after-dinner speeches at Fourth of July celebrations. Go, however, among the common people and read the "Yellow Press"—and if the common people and the Yellow Press don't represent educated America they do represent American feeling and sentiment and antipathy—and there you will find a resentment toward the nations of Europe. There is nothing of this to be seen in the pleasant social circles to which the average visiting Briton is introduced. It exists strongly, undeniably, among the masses, and these are the people, more than in any other country, who count in America. The reason is not far to seek. The majority of Americans are not more than a single generation removed from being Europeans themselves. They left the old countries with no love in their hearts. For a long time they have been the butt of ridicule to polite society in Europe. They have felt as the new rich always feel—that in manners they are not standing on safe ground; they have resented the contemptuous smile of the other countries, and they have convinced themselves that European countries "are back-numbers anyhow, and don't cut no ice!"

It has not been the paupers of Europe who have gone to make the American people, but rather men determined, and maybe a little rancorous under a sense of curbed ambition, who have thrown off old ties. The immigrant races are mixed by marriage. So a new race—not a branch of the Anglo-Saxon at all—has sprung into existence with that alertness of brain you invariably find in the offspring of mixed peoples. They start fresh, with no local customs, with no traditions, with nothing but the feeling they are a new nation, somewhat sneered at by the other nations of which they have to get abreast. Not quite confident where they are

exactly, the Americans make a bold shot and declare they are first. This, indeed, is the perpetual song of the newspapers. In England we constantly tell one another Great Britain is going to the devil. Americans always tell one another America is the leading nation on the face of the earth. An English manufacturer receives a big order and is not at all desirous other firms in the same line should know it. When an American manufacturer receives an order it is blared to the world, and he is interviewed. The English manufacturer has ideas about "reserve" and "dignity." The American sticks all his goods in his shop-window for the world to gape at. He is cocksure; he is buoyant; he is absolutely certain of success. So, breezily, with slapdash rush, "joshing"—not being accurate in his facts—he pushes ahead in a way that startles the Englishman.

Therefore, in considering America at work there are these important factors not to be lost sight of: that the American is always enthusiastic; that he is the son of a virile race, with a quickness, an adroitness of intellect that is the result of mixed breeding; and that the heads of firms are mostly men who sprang from the people, are the makers of their own lives, and know their business through and through.

It is within the reach of every American to be a landed proprietor for himself; at least, to own sufficient ground to provide for himself and his family. It is this bottom fact which accounts for high wages in the United States. Where every man can work for himself, extra pay, compared with what he could get in other countries, must be offered to induce him to work for another man. Therefore wages are much higher than in Great Britain. Wages, however, are only comparable when you take into account their purchasing power. To the rude immigrant, the Irishman, the Swede, the German, the

Hungarian, the Italian, the French-Canadian, American wages are phenomenal. To the British working man, however, the wage is only large as a figure. Wages both in England and America are on the upward trend. But while wages in America have, within the last ten years, increased 2 per cent., the cost of living in the Eastern States has increased 10 per cent., and westward, in a place like Chicago, it has gone up 40 per cent. So the real wages of the American worker are considerably lower than they were ten years ago. I know that in many industries the increase of wages has been 10 per cent.; but in striking an average it has to be borne in mind that in all work not actually physical—that is, in all work that is clerical, administrative, supervisory—the wage has decreased. And here we get just a glimpse of a state of things coming about in America that we are very familiar with in Britain—a fondness of the new generation for the towns rather than for the country, a distaste for labor that means grimy hands and mucky clothes, and a flocking to work which gives a clean collar and passable cuffs, but a wage inferior to that of a mechanic.

Wages vary in different parts of the continent, and the extraordinary fact is that where the wages are largest in cash they are the smallest in value, because the purchasing power is less. For instance, wages are lower in Massachusetts than in Illinois. But the working man, if he keeps a bank-book, would have a better balance to show at the end of a year were he in Boston than if he lived exactly the same way in Chicago. Speaking in the aggregate, however, I may say that whilst the working man in America earns quite half as much again as the Briton, he has to pay three times as much for rent, twice as much for clothes, whilst the food, roughly speaking, comes to about the same. Having gone carefully

into this question I find that the working man in the East is better off than his British friend, whilst the working man in the West is less well off, despite the fact that he receives excellent wages in cash.

The great fact to be reckoned with is that the American manufacturer has to pay big wages in producing an article which is going to compete in cash value with a similar article produced in countries where wages are comparatively low. In the home market he has largely resisted foreign competition by means of excessive tariffs. His woollen goods are rather beneath contempt, not because he cannot produce a much better article—he did that when the tariff was lower and English cloth was a thing to be considered—but because he has no competition from the outside. A curious point is that, in those industries which are most fully protected by tariff, Americans do not at all show that adaptiveness remarkable in all other industries where there is fierce competition—the iron trade and shoe industry are random instances—chiefly because there are no circumstances of competition to which they are called upon to adapt themselves.

The line of progress in adaptability has been in those trades that have had to grapple with European competition. On one side of the Atlantic there have been low wages, on the other side high wages. But manufacturers who have paid and are paying high wages are frequently wresting trade from those who pay low by producing a similar article at a lesser price. Labor-saving machinery has given them the power.

Cause and effect are at work in all things, and labor-saving machinery has been brought into existence in America, not because the American happens to have the inventive faculty more largely developed than has the European—indeed, all who have considered this matter scientifically know

that the American mind is not creative: it is adaptive, appreciative of the value of invention—but because that stumbling-block of high wages, which stood in the way of competition with cheaply produced European goods met in the open market, had to be overcome.

If you are in New York, take a walk along Broadway—or, indeed, any of the main streets—and glance at the names of the shopkeepers. It is rather the exception to see a name with a British flavor. Go, however, to the Patent Office at Washington, and run your eye along the lists of inventors, and you are amazed at the vast majority of names being British. Not by any means are they all of Americans who come from a British stock; but a great many of them are of men with a British domicile who have patented their inventions in the United States because the American Patent Office is infinitely superior to our own, and because the American manufacturer is keen after anything and everything that is novel and an improvement. In England, when a man thinks he has invented something, and has patented it, and has possibly leased it to a manufacturing firm, there is the likelihood of an action at law for infringement put forward by some other inventor or firm. Having it decided in the Law Courts, whether a thing is a patent or not, is expensive. I can well understand British manufacturers hesitating to make a mighty plunge with a new idea, because of the dread of having to defend an action for infringement. There is, however, no such trouble in America. The administration of the law in the United States is almost as dilatory as in Turkey—and there are other points of resemblance—but as regards the law on patents it is effective and decisive. A man sends his invention to the Patent Office at Washington. It will take anything from six months to two years

to get it through. It is the staff of the Patent Office which finds out whether there is an infringement or not. If it decides it is a new idea—that, indeed, it is a patent—a document to that effect is issued, and then no small firm which takes up the idea need be in any dread of having to fight a big firm in the Law Courts.

Neither the British employer nor the British workman is so alive as the American to the practicability of an invention. The British manufacturer is sometimes suspicious of a new invention brought to him. In considering it he focuses his criticism on possible drawbacks; he says he will think about it; that perhaps he will give it a trial; that he will see how some other firm prospers before he spends any money on it! When there is a mishap he rather prides himself on his sapience, and reminds you of his original opinion with "I told you so." The American manufacturer is hardly ever an adverse critic to a new idea simply because it is a new idea. He doesn't want to see how other firms get on with it before he ventures: if there is anything in it, he wants to get right away ahead before anybody else has a chance. He sees quickly enough where faults are. He doesn't, however, throw a thing on one side because of the faults. He sets about trying to put them right. It is the idea he is after, and, as a practical man, he will work out the ideas. Let me give a remarkable instance. Nikola Tesla is regarded by many electricians as a visionary, a flamboyant expounder of the impracticable. They do not see beyond his theatrical posing. But Mr. George Westinghouse, head of the Westinghouse Electrical Works at East Pittsburgh, has seen beyond. Through much vapor he has discerned germs of genius. As placed before him by Nikola Tesla many ideas were unworkable. But there were the ideas, the

suggestion of possibilities, and Mr. Westinghouse himself is a practical man and he has practical engineers in his service. Much has been discarded; yet some of the most valuable inventions belonging to the Westinghouse Company were, I am informed, the outcome originally of Nikola Tesla's brain.

Many inventions in active use in America to-day are the creations of Englishmen which no manufacturer in England thought well to take up. In the first state they were probably not worth taking up. But it was the American who grasped the thing, who altered, adapted, and improved the invention, and made it valuable. It is to be noted how many are the inventions respecting railway engineering, brought out by Englishmen, not used in Great Britain, but in general adoption in America.

The most striking recent instance of an English invention not being appreciated in England, but being adapted in America, is the Northrop loom. Here is an ingenious loom invented by a Yorkshireman, which automatically, when a warp breaks, stops the machine instantly, and does not go on weaving defective cloth. It requires an English girl of experience to look after three or four ordinary looms, being ready to run to a machine the moment her quick eye discerns a break, to stop it and repair the warp; and she is not always successful in avoiding a stretch with a missing thread because, while she is repairing one machine, another may go wrong. With the Northrop loom, however, a little girl, fresh from school, with not more than a fortnight's experience, can look after *twenty* looms.

When I went through the cotton-mills at Fall River last autumn I saw thousands of the Northrop looms at work. Until quite recently there was not, I believe, a single Northrop loom in all Lancashire—the centre of the cotton industry of the world—and even now,

I understand, only one firm has adopted them to any extent. The criticism of Lancashire manufacturers against the loom was that the English warp was so fine it would not bear the strain of the automatic mechanism, and the reason its use has been possible in the States is that the warp is rough and stronger. But it should not be forgotten that when the loom was first taken to America it was by no means perfect, even for rough and strong warp. There was no doubt, however, about the invention being of use the moment it was adapted. English manufacturers hung back from any attempt at adaptation, and only now, when improvements have been effected by the Americans, are our own manufacturers waking to the possibility—probability, maybe, very likely—that the Northrop looms can be made serviceable in the Lancashire mills.

Now, whatever trade-union leaders say to the contrary, there is in the mind of the British workman an objection to labor-saving machinery. The motive of resistance, from his limited point of view, is not altogether unworthy. He has a wife and children to keep, and increased machinery may throw him out of work. Certainly it will reduce the number of workmen, and if he himself does not suffer, then his fellows are likely to be dismissed. It is the same feeling which causes him to "ca' canny," to work much slower than he can work. If he does twice as much work as he has been doing, that implies, to his mind, he is keeping some other chap out of a job. "Live and let live" is his easy philosophy. Trade unions have laws which absolutely restrict the output, most pernicious in effect on trade and bad for the good worker, because they make him set his pace to that of the slow man, and keep his earnings down though they help up the wages of the incompetent.

Already in America there are signs of

the trade unions urging restriction of output. But there is no animosity to labor-saving machinery.

The British workman is the most intelligent of his class in the world. Give him time, and he will turn out a better article than anybody else. Send him to America, and, when he has got rid of his sluggishness, the American worker becomes but a boastful second-rater alongside him. But the American is alert, and does not feel that new machinery is going to displace him. It is exceptional indeed for a British employer to get an improvement on machinery suggested by a workman. In the first place, the British workman has not that zest for his work which the American has; in the second place, it is none of his business to invent; in the third, even if he thought of an improvement, he has a shyness about approaching the employer; fourthly, the chances are he might be snubbed for his trouble.

Nothing like this exists in America. There is a much closer relationship between employer and workman. The one calls the other "boss," but it is only a term, and is no admission the employer is his master. He gives good work for good dollars. On how a thing should be done he will "cheek" back his employer. There is no "Yes, sir," and doing the thing the wrong way simply because the employer proposed that way. The workman knows if he strikes an improvement it is going to be a good thing for him personally. If he thinks of some alteration whereby he can turn out twice as much, he knows the employer won't expect him to turn out twice as much for the same pay. They are partners, and the workman will get at least half the advantage. So there is an incentive to all the mechanics of America to adapt. They make it their business to improve, and it is by this wholesale adoption of labor-saving machinery that the diffi-

culty of high wages has been largely overcome.

But there is another result. With almost everything being done by machinery there is no need for skilled artisanship. The brains are in the machine, and all the manufacturer requires is somebody to look after the machine. That is often a simple matter. So what a British workman learns to do after seven years' apprenticeship is, in America, done by a machine looked after by a lad who has had only a fortnight's tuition.

That is why as the Englishman walks through American workshops he is startled to see so few middle-aged men. What is done by a man of forty in England is done by a lad of twenty in America, and where we would employ lads the Americans employ girls. Go into the Westinghouse works at East Pittsburg, and you will see a thousand girls engaged in making delicate electrical appliances. Go into any of the big shoe manufactories at Brockton or Lynn, near Boston, and again you will see thousands of girls. The increase in the employment of women and children is altogether out of proportion to the increase in the employment of men in the States.

Here, then, you have the American manufacturer equipping himself for commercial competition by getting the brains into the machines and getting cheap labor to work them—cheap labor, that is, in comparison with what he would have to pay were his workmen skilled artisans, as they are in a British workshop. But he goes further. He specializes. He does not try to make twenty things in engineering. He makes one thing, be it bridges or locomotives, or reapers, or machine-tools. He focuses on one thing, makes his splash in advertising that one thing, gets a reputation for that one thing. But in it there may be a hundred parts. He specializes his workpeople in mak-

ing those separate parts. They have one little thing to do, and they do that, and nothing else, year in and year out. It may be the punching of a hole. I have seen an American workman do a monotonous thing a thousand times a day—a thing which you cannot get out of your mind as positively deadening to the intellect, and which you would think would drive a man of intelligence to madness in a fortnight. It is all done with a speed that is amazing, and which I fancy no English workman would continue for a week. But the American finds fascination in his adroitness, in the very clatter of multitudinous repetition. He is unequalled as a worker; but put him alongside an English artisan and you find that in excellence he is far surpassed. Yet over all that specialization is the marvellous administration of the employer, so that parts meet parts and, like the action of a beautiful piece of clock-work, the article is brought to completion.

Here arises a very legitimate criticism, often heard in Great Britain, that in wear and tear the American article does not last as long as the British. That is correct. But the American tells you, with a smile, that he doesn't make things to last an eternity. He makes them to last only sufficiently long. Take the manufacture of boots, about which we have lately heard a great deal. The American manufacturer has invaded the British market, and while the sale of British boots has decreased in our colonies, that of American boots has increased. This is not because the American boot wears better than the British. It does not. A finely made British boot is the best in the world. But in the average boot, the boot which the average person wears, which he buys ready-made in a shop at from 12s. 6d. to 25s. a pair, the American article is more popular. It looks neater; there are so many differ-

ent widths and half sizes that it fits at the start; you have not to be satisfied with its being "all right in a few days, sir." The British boot manufacturers tried to laugh American competition out of existence. Then they took to American methods, and to-day all the largest British boot manufactories are fitted with American machinery. Indeed, all the most ingenious devices in the manufacture of a shoe came from the other side of the Atlantic. It is not enough to tell the public the British shoe wears longer than the American. We don't buy our boots and shoes to wear to the last eighth of an inch. We buy them to fit us and serve us for a time, wanting them to look neat and not be heavy and clumsy. There the American showed the way.

Take railway locomotives. Several of our big lines have tried American-built engines. Generally speaking, they have been pronounced a failure: they consume more coal than English engines, and they spend too much of their time in the repairing-sheds. But there are several things to be borne in mind. The American builds a locomotive to last ten years. The British maker takes pride in pointing out engines in this country that have run forty years. The American engine is built to drag immense loads. It has an enormous haulage power; it consequently consumes much coal. In England or the States it uses the same amount of fuel. But whilst in the States it has a giant's work to do in haulage, in England it has only an infant's work by comparison. "Put the same weight behind our engine in England," says the American maker, "as we do in America, and then you will find while it consumes more coal it earns more money by the increased haulage capacity."

It is by the adoption of enormous cars and having locomotives of great haulage power that the cost of conveying freight in America, which formerly

was the same as in England, is now less than one-third per average ton. One sees American locomotives all over the world. So one does British, but not in the same proportion. British makers have recently been getting big orders from abroad. This is not because the American engine is being discarded. It is because America is so prosperous—there is such a boom in the home trade that American makers have no opening to fulfil new contracts for two or three years yet. The point, however, is that the American railroad companies have for a number of years been solving the question of freight charges by the adoption of engines of huge haulage power and cars of thirty-ton capacity. Only recently have the British railways made a move in the same direction.

The American manufacturer has vim and something of the gambler in him. He is thirsty for new ideas; he is daring. Where the Englishman would hesitate and think and calculate, the American will plunge, neck or nothing, at a venture. He can see ahead further than the Englishman. In British works new machinery is fitted up when the old has begun to wear out or when nearly everybody else has it and it is necessary to have it also if trade is to be held. Those are not considerations which weigh with the American manufacturer. His constant criticism against his cousin on this side of the Atlantic is that the Britisher doesn't know the value of a scrap-heap. An American will spend, say, 30,000*l.* in putting in the latest machinery. Six months later some fresh appliance which will do more work and quicker is invented. He does not wait till the machinery he has put in is worn out before adopting the new invention. The machinery fitted six months back, may hardly have got into proper working order. But he rips the lot out, he "scrap-heaps" it, and has the very latest machinery. He sees ahead. He sees how he has practically

thrown away 30,000*l.*; but he also sees the gaining of 100,000*l.*

We, in this country, set much store by experience. The American sets more store by youthful enterprise. We think a man who has been in a business for thirty years is the one who ought to know most about it. The American thinks that a man who has been at it so long is certain to have fossilized ideas, and therefore not likely to keep abreast of the needs of the times. We think a youth thrown into responsibility will, likely as not, make a mess of things. The American thinks that responsibility brings ballast and with all the fire of his young manhood a youth will strive night and day to prove the confidence placed in him is well placed. And here the American is right. Time and time again, as I have gone through the workshops of the United States, I have almost been staggered at the mere boys who are managers and heads of departments; not the sons of proprietors, but young fellows who have started at the bottom, proved their grit, shown their energy, and been pushed on to high positions. It is not at all unusual to find a man of twenty-four years having the control of several thousand men. And the fact that a man is young and unmarried is no reason, in the employer's mind, why he should receive comparatively small salary. The question of how cheap you can get such men is not considered. No price is too big to give a lad who has brains and adaptiveness. It is recognized that by paying him well, appreciating him, you fire his enthusiasm.

The tendency within the next decade will be to pay lower wages in America for mere physical labor. The trend is to pay more, never mind what, for brains. Every young American knows this. That is why there is a positive rage for technical instruction and why the technical schools are ever crowded. We have nothing like the same eager-

ness in Great Britain. After being in America, seeing young mechanics almost starve themselves to pay for a university course—filling in their vacations by acting as waiters in hotels, or tram conductors or bath-chair men—it brings a chill to the heart of a Briton to come home and see hardly any such desire among the British youth, and to see our excellent technical schools appreciated only in a lukewarm way.

I readily recognize there is a stress and a strain in American industrial life which suggest the inquiry, whether, after all, the prize is worth the struggle? I have often shuddered at the thought of what is likely to be the effect on the race of making millions of workers little other than machines. Now and then I have been unable to

restrain an open smile at the tremendous conceit of the American manufacturer and his colossal ignorance about things European. But it is not by pooh-poohing his braggadocio, nor by moralizing about the grinding conditions of labor, nor by complacently saying British ways are good enough for us, that British manufacturers will stem the tide of American industrial success, which is already more than threatening fields of commerce we had considered exclusively our own. It is not sufficient to point to the fact that British trade is increasing, and so dismiss foreign competition as the nightmare of pessimists. Increase of trade can only be considered comparatively. And while we crawl, America bounds.

John Foster Fraser.

(Author of "America at Work")

The Nineteenth Century and After

THE CHILD.

Lone played the child within the magic wood,
Where fountains sang and sunshine ever glowed;
Half-hid among red roses on his way,
He came at last upon a dark abode.

He knew not sorrow, and when cries came forth
Of bitter grief, he could not choose but stay,
And turned from joyous paths his dancing feet,
To see what wonder in that dim house lay—

Met at the door a woodman stern and cold,
Who looked into the sunshine with blind eyes,
And saw behind him with a hidden face,
One who made sad the wind with sudden cries.

"And who are you," the man looked up and spoke,
"Who comes thus singing to the home of grief?"
"I am a babe," the little child replied,
"Who finds the world all fair beyond belief."

And at his voice the woman stayed her cries,
And at his laugh she raised her hidden face.

The Child.

"Dark is the day and drear the world," she said,
 "And lives no beauty in this barren place."

"Drear is the earth," the man spoke with a sigh;
 "Cold is the sun that long has ceased to shine;
 Chill is our house set in a desert place,
 And grief and sorrow on our hearth repine."

"I see the roses blossom on the roof,"
 The child replied, and raised a wondering gaze;
 "I hear the birds' glad singing in the woods,
 The sun shines ever through the long, sweet days."

He laid in each sad grasp his fingers small.
 "Lo, there," the woman said, "the roses see!
 They cling upon the roof like amber rain:
 For them the birds do sing a melody."

"And see," the man replied, "how fair the sun
 Doth warm the earth into a thousand flowers;
 See the long shadows of the poplars move:
 Short is the day that hath such golden hours."

"Will you not stay and teach us to be glad?"
 The woman cried; "We then indeed were blessed."
 "I am but little to go forth alone,"
 The babe replied, and nestled to her breast.

And so he stayed for many years to play
 Beside her hearth, and at each purple eve,
 When came the man soft singing from his work,
 All full of dreams he could but half believe,

The woman met him on their threshold; spoke
 In solemn wonder, with a "Hush!" and "Hark!"
 "To-day he drove out Sorrow from the door:
 With his small hands he shut her in the dark."

Or, "Go you soft: he slumbers like a bird
 That nests, half-singing in his pleasant sleep:
 To-day from our hearth-side he thrust out Grief—
 This wonder-child did laugh to see her weep."

So stayed the child and played before the door,
 And if a rose in languor over-sweet
 Would fall upon his way, the woman kissed
 The dimpled arches of his little feet.

Or if a leaf in loving leaned too far
From her high branch, and whirled upon his hair,
The woman ran to break it in her hand
And raise the sunny curl it lit on there.

And oft she kissed his throat all full of song—
Without excuse, to hear his laughter go,
Caught by some echo sung from tree to tree,
Into the distance like a streamlet flow.

So went the hours until one morn she rose
To find him gone, and sought him all the day,
Until at purple eve the man came home,
And loud with weeping she did stop his way.

"He is not lost," the man said with a smile,
And proud of heart he held her by the hand,
"He lingers but a little, for his feet
Are in a strange road still in manhood's land."

She looked and saw a youth upon the path,
With axe upon his shoulder, and his eye
All strong and clear to meet the world, and fight
A victor's fight, should one his claims deny.

Quick to her side he came with joyous step
To kiss her cheek that was so pale and wan;
And yet she saw his gaze go past her face,
Some stranger maiden so to rest upon.

But as he stood, the man soft murmuring
Looked, saying slow, "It is my son, my son,
So straight of limb, so comely thus to see;
Now is the glory of my life begun."

But when the night was still the woman went
Where slept the youth in his small room alone,
And from a hiding-place a casket drew,
With now a tear, and oft a stifled moan.

And from its perfumed hollow quick she brought
Two little shoes, and held them to her heart,
Stained them with tears, with many kisses cried,
"Oh, little feet that strayed from me apart."

"Oh, little child that I shall see no more."
She laid the casket in its hiding-place—
Then bent in prayer above her sleeping son,
Who smiled in dreaming of another face.

Dora Sigerson Shorter.

A HEBREW "JOURNAL INTIME."

The world has almost always acknowledged the fascination of any writer who could take it completely into his confidence. For the sake of candor men will forgive almost anything, so intense is the natural desire to analyze the human heart. It is the story of a man's thoughts, not his acts, that we all want to know; and it is just this story which so few men have power to tell. Perhaps it was never better told than two thousand three hundred years ago,—the date assigned by the latest Hebrew scholars to the Book of Ecclesiastes. We know what the writer thought about life and about death, about the poor and the rich, about men and about women; how the eternal problems of religion tortured his spirit in his youth, and what conclusion he came to in his old age. His conviction that there is nothing new under the sun is strangely illustrated before our eyes as we read his work to-day. The truth is the one thing that keeps fresh. Any affectation is like a fly in the ointment. The "Sorrows of Werther" are more stale now than those of the rich Jew who far away in another age wrote a *journal intime*.

The writer describes his outward state vividly and concisely. It is merely the gorgeous background against which he desires to show his inward misery. He is a very rich man, able, accomplished, probably of Royal blood. "Whatsoever mine eyes desired," he tells us, "I kept not from them." "I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards: I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruits: I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees: I got me servants and maidens, and had servants born in my house;

also I had great possessions of great and small cattle above all that were in Jerusalem before me: I gathered me also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings and of the provinces: I gat me men singers and women singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts. So I was great." Such was the home of a rich Oriental when we English were savages. It is possibly not so very unlike the home of a millionaire of to-day.

In the year 400 B.C., as in 1903 A.D., "the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing," and the master of all these delightful possessions finds them altogether vanity. Still cruder methods of obtaining happiness he tries. "I sought in mine heart to give myself unto wine," and "to lay hold on folly"; but in license, as in luxury, he finds only vexation of spirit. A very modern virtue distracts his mind from his enjoyments. He cannot get rid of the sense of pity. On the side of the oppressors is power, and the poor have no comforter. The sight of the "evil work" of these oppressors maddens him. He would gladly help the downtrodden. He despises those who suffer the pangs of compassion and do nothing to alleviate suffering,—the people who sit still and eat their hearts out. "The fool foldeth his hands together, and eateth his own flesh," he exclaims. Yet he himself cannot see what to do. Prosperity does not solve the question of the residuum. "When goods increase, they are increased that eat them"; and he feels, moreover, that the worth of all action is brought down by the constant menace of death. Philanthropist and pauper both perish together. The fear

of annihilation has a strong hold on him, and paralyzes him at every turn. In another mood the question of poverty appears to him in a fairer light. He envies the sweet sleep of the laboring man. The dignity of agriculture gilds the sordid side of toil. "The profit of the earth is for all," he reflects; "the king himself is served by the field." There are points at which the life of the laboring classes compares favorably with that of his own. Evidently he has been impressed by the serenity and patience of the poor in the face of suffering and death, while the rich man "hath much sorrow and wrath with his sickness." Again, with the strange moral insight which belongs to his race, and remains with its sons however earthy they may become, he perceives that the power to oppress is hardly a benefit. It is one of the evils which he sees under the sun that "one man ruleth over another to his own hurt." A great man may live in bondage to a tyrannical temper. "Better," he says, "is a poor and a wise child than an old and foolish king who will no more be admonished. For out of prison he cometh to reign." Inquisitorial power is to be eschewed by those who seek happiness. "Take no heed unto all words that are spoken," he writes; "lest thou hear thy servant curse thee: for oftentimes also thine own heart knoweth that thou thyself likewise hast cursed others."

Being a Jew, intellectual pleasures are exceedingly keen to him, and he is not without intellectual arrogance. Perhaps with knowledge will come satisfaction. "I applied my heart to know, and to search, and to seek out wisdom, and the reason of things"; but happiness still eludes him, and impossibility of philosophic assurance and the absolute certainty of death make him give up the pursuit. "Then said I in my heart, As it happeneth to the fool, so it happeneth even to me; and why

was I then more wise?" Diametrically opposed sentiments do not startle the reader in these pages. Every man who has the heart to note down the incidents of his inner life must register contradictions. His reason and his conviction are continually at variance. Consistency belongs to self-suppression rather than to self-revelation. "Though a sinner do evil an hundred times, and his days be prolonged," we find this philosopher declaring, "yet surely I know that it shall be well with them that fear God." Within a page he argues that "there is no better thing under the sun, than to eat, and to drink, and to be merry," because "there be just men, unto whom it happeneth according to the work of the wicked; again, there be wicked men, to whom it happeneth according to the work of the righteous." With cynical precision he declares that he has never met a really good woman, and seldom a really good man. "Counting one by one, to find out the account: which yet my soul seeketh, but I find not: one man among a thousand have I found; but a woman among all those have I not found." Then with a sudden revulsion of feeling: "Lo, this only have I found, that God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions." Continually he asserts the Epicurean doctrine. Life is so short. He will live for enjoyment. But as continually "the spirit of man that goeth upward" breaks through his determination, and makes him contradict himself.

In a search after wisdom no Jew could forget religion. As was inevitable to a man of his type, the ordinary religious services of his day failed to satisfy this ancient writer. The ceremonial of the Temple repels him. No wise man has ever despised, however, the reading of the Scriptures. "Be more ready to hear, than to give the sacrifice of fools," he says to himself. "God is in heaven, and thou upon

earth: therefore let thy words be few." Why should men elaborate their ignorance? he seems to wonder. "For a dream cometh through the multitude of business; and a fool's voice is known by multitude of words." Still, he does not call in question the existence of the Deity. "In the multitude of dreams and many words," he reflects, "there are also divers vanities; but fear thou God."

Towards the end of the book there is less reasoning and more giving in to convictions. The writer is mentally tired out. He sees that this ceaseless wondering and anxiety, this living in the presence of death, will tie his hands and make his life absolutely barren. He determines to cease speculating and to turn his face away from his last end. It is the only way, he realizes, to accomplish anything. He begins to "cast" his "bread upon the waters," to work without too much thought of results. "He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap," he declares to be his experience. There-

The Spectator.

fore, "in the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." As the time approaches when the pitcher shall "be broken at the fountain," and "the spirit shall return unto God who gave it," the terror of death seems to leave him, and out of the wearing sense of responsibility he has never wholly shaken off arises a hope of a future life. "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing," he concludes, and we feel that he would rather wake to judgment than sleep for ever.

Did this man really live so long ago? It seems impossible. The doubts and discontents he endured, the problems and possibilities he discussed, are so exactly like our own. We are constrained to believe his own words: "Is there any thing whereof it may be said, See, this is new? it hath been already of old time, which was before us."

THE SONNET.

The sonnet is always with us. This is an age when the hurried reader, impatient of the effort required for prolonged attention, demands short poems, which he can read and master in their integrity during a casual hour of leisure. The much less capacity of most modern poets for prolonged and sustained effort (which is an observable fact, explain it how you will), together with their tendency towards lyric rather than narrative or dramatic poetry, renders them very willing to meet this taste of modern readers. Now the sonnet is a ready-made form of brief

poem, consecrated by tradition and great example. It is not surprising, therefore, that it should have an unexampled vogue. Collections of sonnets have been beyond number these late years; and Mr. Bowyer Nichol's "Little Book of English Sonnets" (Methuen and Co.), which belongs to the "Little Library," adds yet another. Though on the whole well selected, it has nothing to distinguish it from other collections but the skilful adaptation to its miniature size, which the editor has secured by limiting it to the poets before Tennyson; about whose time be-

gins the extensive cultivation of the English sonnet. It interests us, nevertheless, by its preface, which is not only well written and judicious, but puts forward at least one view we have long entertained.

The sonnet is, of course, an essentially artificial form, and (so far as we can trace it with certainty) of Italian origin. It is not only artificial, but complexly artificial. Limited to fourteen lines, in its Italian or Petrarchan form (the recognized classical form), those fourteen lines are divided by an intricate arrangement of rhymes. The first eight lines (the *octave*) are divided into two portions of four lines each; the first and last lines of each *quatrain* (or four lines) rhyming together, while the middle two lines rhyme with each other. Moreover, there are but two rhymes throughout the octave (or first portion of eight lines); the first and last lines of the two quatrains being all on the one rhyme, while the middle couplets of the two quatrains are all on the same secondary rhyme. Represented by letters, the rhyme-scheme is: a b b a; a b b a. To correspond with this rhyme-construction, there should be a certain pause or division in the sense between the two quatrains (not necessarily a complete pause, that is, a full-stop); and a complete pause at the end of the octave. Indeed, the octave should exhaust and bring to a close one aspect of the single idea or feeling which forms the subject-matter of every sonnet. A second and closing aspect is taken up in the last six lines (the *sestet*). This *sestet*, or last six lines, the poet can rhyme as he pleases; save that the Italians (who should be the best judges) objected to their closing with a couplet. It gives too epigrammatic a character to the sonnet; which should rather die gravely and collectedly away, after reaching its climax in the close of the octave.

At the risk of pedantry we make this

explanation, because no discussion of the sonnet is possible without understanding its strict Italian form. The English form to which Shakespeare has given his name (though the Earl of Surrey seems to have invented it) is far simpler. It consists of three quatrains (or sets of four lines each) rhyming alternately—a fresh set of rhymes for each quatrain; with a rhyming couplet to conclude the whole (a couplet, need we say, being two lines rhyming together?). Such, in the clearest explanation we can give, are the chief rival forms, the Petrarchan and the Shakespearean. And Mr. Nichol contends that the Shakespearean is the more satisfactory for English use.

Coventry Patmore (the passage is quoted in his "Life") condemned the Petrarchan or Italian sonnet altogether, largely for reasons connected with its metrical structure. Without entering into questions so subtle, we are disposed to think it over-valued for English purposes—whatever may be said of it for Italian purposes. It is consecrated in men's eyes by Milton and Wordsworth, who employed it exclusively; since when (in the language of Pear's soap) poets have used no other—or seldom any other form. The Miltonic sonnet (as Mr. Nichol remarks, following Mr. Bridges) is an Horatian ode in little, so to speak. Milton attained this majestic and unified quality by neglecting the prescribed pauses, not only between the quatrains, but even between octave and *sestet*, and making the sense continuous, at pleasure, throughout the sonnet. Wordsworth imitated his licence with greater licence; sometimes adding besides a third rhyme in the middle couplet of the second quatrain. They attained noble effect. But why adopt a structure in form, merely to violate it in essence? Why not adopt a form which shall frankly accord with your design, instead of one you must wrest to your

design? The reason of the form being gone, it becomes meaningless; nay, the form means one thing, the internal structure another—they are contradictory. It is like the violation of the pause prescribed by the heroic couplet, so painful in "Endymion." The defiance of the sonnet-form is no whit more reputable because the intricacy of that form prevents the ear's swift recognition of the defiance.

But, say you, that is past; we can now write true Italian sonnets; there is Rossetti. There is Rossetti. At his best he triumphs, this beef-fed Italian. But at other times, even with him, the rhyme is apt to be unpleasantly prominent. With native-born poets it is often prominent, and one has a general sense of difficulty overcome which one should not have. The English muse does not breathe freely in the form. It has too much whalebone for her large movements. The Shakespearean form, without the Italian's crafty completion for its chosen aims, is simpler, native, capable both of sweetness and majesty; a better instrument, we think, for our English muse. As Mr. Nichol observes, Keats ended by using it, though he began with the Petrarchan model; and Keats had instinct.

Throughout the greater portion of her career, indeed (until, that is, the Victorian period), the English muse has not taken kindly to the sonnet. That is the reflection which comes to one in glancing through this little book. There is a disappointingly small proportion of first-rate merit, apart from its interest as experiment in an originally foreign form. A selection of lyric, or narrative, or any other manner of poems, during the like period would pan out far richer in pure gold. Wyatt (speaking always from the austere poetic standpoint) Wyatt is nothing, and

Surrey not much; Raleigh's sonnet is somewhat overrated; Spenser never so little found himself as in this medium; we cannot share Mr. Nichol's admiration for most of Henry Constable's sacred sonnets; Daniel is surely an ambler with fine lines (though it be treason to say so); vigorous Drayton has yet (like Daniel) but one quite fine sonnet, though others have partial power; Jonson, and Herrick, and Herbert fall in this who do not fall in other things; Habington is naught; the eighteenth century all but barren; and so we reach Wordsworth. The great names (apart from writers of an odd good sonnet or so) can be reckoned on the fingers: Sidney (we do not admire Mr. Nichol's selection from him), Shakespeare, Drummond of Hawthornden, Milton, Wordsworth, Keats. Add to these Mrs. Browning and Rossetti in our day, and you exhaust the list—not a long one for our opulently poetical England. One of the surprises of the book to the average reader, by the way, will be two excellent sonnets by Thomas Russell. Individual sonnets are not wanting. Two of Constable's are good; there are fine ones by Sylvester and William Browne; others of his and one of Campion's are like dainty lyrics more than sonnets. Donne's are well known and ruggedly strong. Gray and Egerton Brydges have each a fine and known sonnet. At least one of Lamb's, Blanco White's, one of Shelley's, and one or two of Hood's outstand from the book. And that, if we have any judgment, is all. Surely, we are driven to repeat, the sonnet is ill-suited to English genius. The present day tells a different tale, to some extent. Yet we question whether a simpler form be not needed; and we ask, with Mr. Nichol, why not the Shakespearean?

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